

FRONT

THE MAGAZINE THAT'S COMING DOWN YOUR CHIMNEY

ISSUE 27 JANUARY 2001 £2.70

EXCLUSIVE

**JORDAN
NAKED!**

**TOPLESS,
BOTTOMLESS,
EVEN THE HAT
COMES OFF!**

**TRAIN SURFING
IN NEW YORK**

The world's most
dangerous sport?

HOOLIGANS!

Toe to toe with top
boy Martin King

**KATIE
RICHMOND**
AND FRIENDS
GET CHEEKY IN
OUR CALENDAR
OF CURVINESS

**BONUS
BIRDS!**
BEAUTIFUL
BUSTY
BRUNETTES

**ENGLAND
v FRANCE**

The Frogs get
stuffed at Xmas

JIM SMITH

A journey inside football's
amazing millennium dome



PLUS

**DAVE HILL MAKING OF THE FRONT CALENDAR REDGRAVE AND PINSENT TALK
ROWLOCKS GREAT GUNS FRONT WEEKENDER BOYCIE MIDFIELD GENERAL**

'TRANSCENDENTAL'

EUPHORIA

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DARUDE, MOBY, DELERIUM, ELEMENT FOUR, 666, THRILLSEEKERS, STORM
QUO VADIS, ZOMBIE NATION, WAY OUT WEST, FATBOY SLIM, WARP BROTHERS

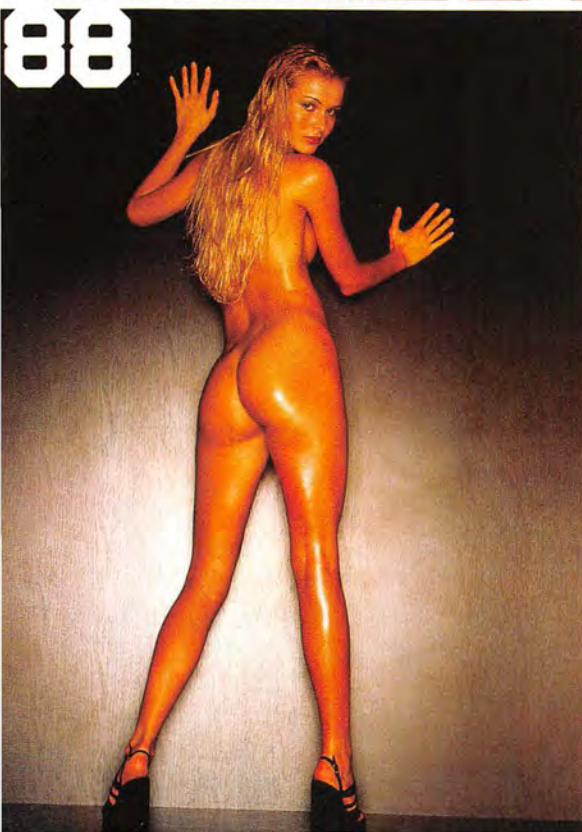


FESTIVE GREETINGS Ever felt a right tit? These shocking and deeply unflattering photos were taken the other night at the FRONT Christmas party after which, despite my best efforts, I went home alone. Now if you can't pull at your own Christmas party, you must be a complete tosser - I am. In retrospect, it's clear that I made the classic error of 'Marmiteing' ie. spreading myself too thinly. I should instead have focused my attentions on one or two tasty sorts early on and put in some decent groundwork. But what did I do? Muggins here ran around like a toddler in Toys R Us, so delighted by all the wondrous things on display, that by the time I'd chosen something to play with, the shop was shut. Idiot! If any good can be salvaged from this woeful situation, then let it be this: let none of you do the same this Christmas. Three words - focus, focus, focus. Two more words: have an absolutely blinding Christmas!

PHOTOGRAPHY: MARK FAGELSON

Piers Hernu

PIERS HERNU, EDITOR





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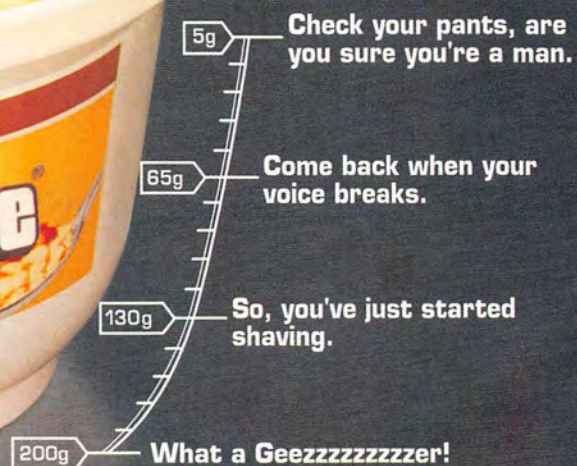
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200g IS TOO MUCHHO FOR SOME



CHILLED OR HOT IT'S DELICIOUSLY FILLING

müller

FRONT

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WRITE HERE, WRITE NOW

WRITE TO US AT: FRONT LETTERS, 374 EUSTON ROAD, LONDON NW1 3BL, OR E-MAIL US AT FRONT@CABALCOMM.COM

1 DELIVERY TWAT DEAR FRONT

The other day my dad came home from work killing himself with laughter. Apparently a new young bloke had started as a trainee and was told to run errands for the workers. Anyway, on this particular day he'd been given a list of requisites for the workmen. One bloke said, 'Get me 20 Benson & Hedges - if they don't have any, get me anything else.' When the teen returned he passed out all the goodies before approaching Joe saying, 'Sorry - there weren't any Bensons, so I got you this instead.' He then produced a pork pie. Is this the stupidest man in Britain?

Michael, Tyrone

We've had a few work experience scamps who've pulled the same stroke. A few licks of the slipper soon bucked their ideas up.



FOR FOX SAKE DEAR FRONT

That Sam Fox might be in her thirties but she's still a gorgeous, cheeky little lady. I'd still deal with her, no problem. Pass on my address for us. Cheers,

Gary, Whitstable

Taken care of Gary. Sam informs us that she'll be writing to you on or around the 12th of never.

ARSE SCRATCHING DEAR FRONT

I live in a small mining town called Paraburdoo, Western Australia. I just discovered FRONT and thought I'd give it a go. I liked it - lots of pommy chicks showing their tits and ass off... oh, and some good stories, too! Anyway, I found a scratchcard inside. I've never won anything in my life before, but sure enough I scratched the bastard and discovered I was a GOLD PRIZE WINNER. But being in

the outback you get things about two months too late, which put the prize well out of date anyway. Ah well, shit happens.

Michael 'Wagon Wheels' Weston, Australia

Fair dinkum, and tinnies of prawn shrimps to ya cobbler. A case of special high-temperature English ale is on its way... by ship.

TELLY BUM DEAR FRONT

I thoroughly enjoyed your recent article on homelessness in New York. I found it both moving and touching. However, upon closer inspection of the pictures, I noticed that one of the alleged 'tramps' was none other than Cedric from TFI Friday, the rubbish cult TV programme. I knew that they were hard up, but you'd think old moneybags Evans would sort him out, wouldn't you?

Nick, Aylesbury

Now there's food for thought - Evans and sort him out in the same sentence. Mmmmm!

COCKY OF THE NORTH DEAR FRONT

I'm writing about your magazine's alarming Are Animals Getting Too Cocky feature. I myself have noticed just how cocky dogs are getting. In fact, some dogs have got so damn cocky that they are now appearing in your Sofa Girls section, and one of the canine Crufts rejects is even cheeky enough to be smoking. What next, a toy monkey as editor? Oh,

actually, too late, someone's already done that.

Eddie High-Trousers, Manchester
Yes, they have indeed, Edward. Still, it might be more use than the hungover wastrel.



TOPLESS CHANCER DEAR FRONT

Any chance of setting me up with Jo Guest? Don't get me wrong, I think she's nice and all that, but I wouldn't say I'm head-over-heels about her or anything. The reason I'd like to hook up with her is that should we marry, then she'd have a surname that would give me hours of fun.

Alan Bemai (Guest)

Unfortunately Al, Jo's real surname is Gaylover. Still interested?

PUFFED-UP DEAR FRONT

After reading Gareth's letter (issue 25) praising Jamie Oliver, it sounded to me as though he wants to drop anchor in port arse. I enjoyed the part on Is Britain Getting Weaker - excellent comparisons. Skinny little punks known as lads may be replacing men, but me and all the bokes in my family fill out our T-shirts, arms and chest. See off the lad and bring back the MAN. Oh, by the way, you were bang on about Wayne Hemingway, but you forgot to call him a twat.

Pete Howell, The Wirral

Wise words, but sometimes there's no need to state the bleeding obvious. ➤

RIGHT! THAT'S IT SUNSHINE, YOU'RE BARRED

DEAR FRONT

I've bought your magazine for the past couple of years, since I arrived in the UK. There's no doubt that it's all good, but c'mon, enough is enough already! What is it with you guys and the USA? Let's get it straight, without us guys you would all be speaking German - we bailed all your asses out in World Wars 1 and 2, and where's the gratitude? Plus all the films you watch are American, all the music you listen to is American, your top TV shows are American, even the kids on the street wear our clothes and use our slang. Let's face it, Britain is a tiny little island off the coast of Europe - you are not the world power you think you are. And I don't even need to go into sport - the last time we played you guys at soccer (your national sport) we beat you. Accept it, you are our weak, inconsequential cousins, and we don't have a problem with that. USA ALL THE WAY!

Tyler, London (New Jersey)

Oh dear. Once again, it's truth time. Culturally the US is lost, which is why they lie about history in the movies. Films, music, sport, humour, swearing, ability to win wars - when Britain is on song we're bloody untouchable. Now sod off to the deli and stuff your fat gob with brunch on rye, to go with a Twinkie. You are banned from buying FRONT, period!



America's national dish

SICK OR TREAT? DEAR FRONT

Bloody Hallowe'en is a toss American import and should be stamped out over here. I've already started the backlash by sneaking round my niece's and forcing her pumpkin to down a litre of cider in one. Trick or treat that, brats!

Alex, Cardiff

Nice touch, but who put the diced carrots and sweetcorn in there?

STUPIDLY MASSIVE JUGS DEAR FRONT

Only you lot could deliver such superb topless pictures of Anna Nicole Smith. Christ, what I wouldn't give to put my head between them and go blubbe flubbe chubbe. Oops! That sounds like the front door. If my missus finds me up here writing to you lot about Smith, I'll wake up tomorrow afternoon from a drugged-up slumber minus me nads - she's a nurse!

Big Ben, Harrogate

If that happens, then there'll be no need for you to be looking at mucky pictures anyway.

WORKSHY STUDENT DEAR FRONT

I recently saw the article on Craig David in FRONT magazine. I'm studying for a sound engineering certificate at the moment, and for my assignment, have chosen to write about Craig David. If you could help me with a few facts to get me started, I would be very grateful. Anything would help! Cheers,

Nick, London

What the flipping heck has Craig David got to do with engineering? All you need to know, sunbeam, is that he's got a Jeremy Beadle beard and he does something on someone's boink. Now go and get a job. Asda's hiring, and there's plenty of trolleys that need putting away.

FREE THE HORSHAM ONE DEAR FRONT

Just thought I'd drop you a line to say nice one for the top interview last month with that bloke who was wrongly imprisoned for the Birmingham pub bombings. Fascinating stuff, and it seems that you lot are the only ones with the balls to get these sort of stories, instead of sitting on your fat arses and informing readers of 100 ways to wipe their own bottoms.

Interestingly enough, I too was the victim of wrongful imprisonment only last year. Fancying a kickabout, I pottered down to our garden shed to try and find my football, only to hear the click of a padlock as I was down on my hands and knees behind the lawnmower. How my little bastard brother laughed. Then, how he cried though, when Mam came back from work and let me out - that was one of the best kickabouts I've had in ages. I am of course, available for interview.

David, Horsham

Thanks for suggesting the arse-wiping feature. That's six pages of next month's mag sorted, then.

LATECOMER DEAR FRONT

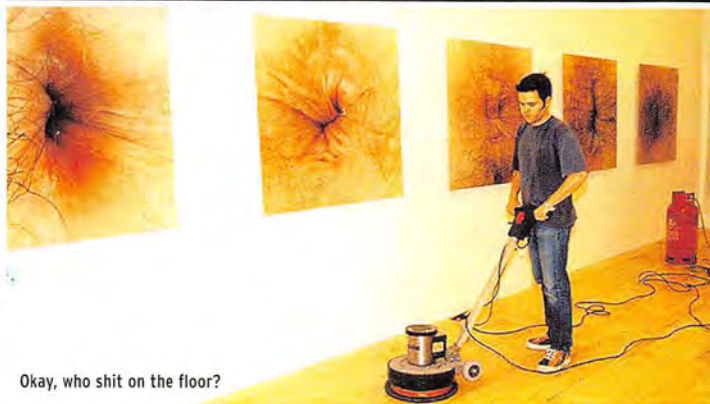
I'm just writing to say what a great magazine I think FRONT is. I also want to say, please don't put my letter right at the end of the page, cos no-one can be bothered to read that far and the last letter always ends up getting cut, so you don't



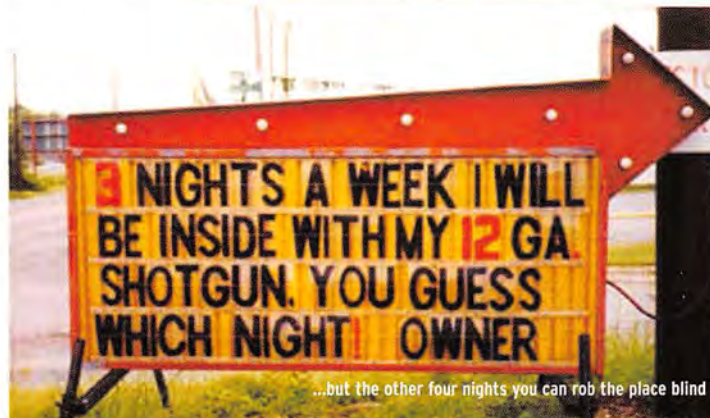
kitbag.com

Praise be for those glamorous souls at kitbag.com, who provide footy shirts aplenty for each month's most successful scribblers. Writer of the best letter receives any two shirts of their choice, worth £44.99 each, and a top-quality Mitre football - and there's a shirt each for the two runners-up (don't forget to name your teams). Log onto www.kitbag.com to check out their astonishing array of amazing clobber.

THE INTERNET GALLERY



Okay, who shit on the floor?



...but the other four nights you can rob the place blind



You've heard of doggy style... here's wolf style



Looks like your big end's gone as well, love



The latest in open-plan offices

Secs machine

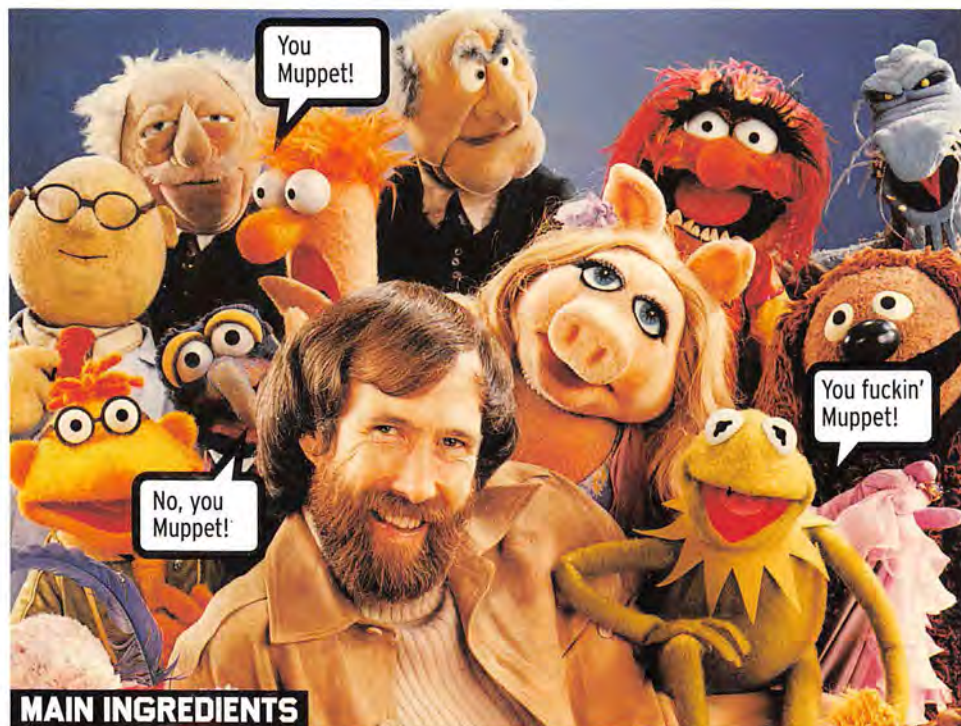
Adult entertainment legend
Shai 'The Toolmaster' Shahar,
wears the new accu.2 watch with
its unique seconds only display.



Shutter action. Mercury display
One size fits all. £75.

FRONT

IT'S THE BIT OF THE MAGAZINE THAT'S BETTER THAN ALL YOUR PRESENTS AND SHERRY



MAIN INGREDIENTS

GET THIS SHIT TURNED OFF

WE DEMAND TO HAVE GOOD TELEVISION AT CHRISTMAS

You may have noticed over the past few years a gradual reduction in how good Christmas is. This isn't because you're getting older, and it's not because you get these little sods swaggering about the streets in trackies shoving shit through pensioners' letter boxes. It's because Christmas telly has gone down the dumper.

The run up to Christmas Day was always a golden time of the year for British TV. You'd get a liberal sprinkling of sci-fi classics, semi-decent sitcoms, disaster films and well-written kids TV that even grown-ups liked to watch, like *The Muppets*. Even Val Doonican in his rocking chair, singing, 'There is a new-born king ra-romp-per-pom-pom,' made you tingle.

Two years ago, a new depth was plumbed for shit Christmas telly. The Beeb and ITV, buckling under competition from Sky, threw in the towel. It was a stinking Yuletide log. (Note:

no-one watches Channel 4 at Christmas. Or 5.) Grandparents were turning round at the dinner table saying, 'Ooh, the telly's shocking.'

Christmas Day is always an anti-climax and we rely on the telly to help us through the long afternoon. So what has there been, of late? Auntie's Spanking New Christmas Bloomers, Before They Were Famous III, Changing Rooms. Tell you what, bugged off BBC and make some proper programmes. Only *The Royle Family* saved us from boredom last year. And Morecambe & Wise, but that's from 1977, and offensive to licence payers.

On Christmas Day 1979, ITV boasted Star Games Final (where TV presenters and comedians kicked ten cans out of each other in a series of outdoor events); *Goldfinger*; 3-2-1 Dickensian Christmas Show (with Ted Rogers, Bill Maynard, Wilf Brambell and The Krankies), George and Mildred; Morecambe And Wise; and

The point of this section is to attack girl or boy bands with a verbal shovel across the spine. If their new record isn't up to scratch, they need a thwack. We will not accept talentless swinery.



LOOSE CHIPPINS
THE SINGLE GIRLS GETTIN NAUGHTY

OH WHOOPEE! ANOTHER GIRL BAND

Loose Chippins wear multi-coloured, shiny PVC outfits. This is to be applauded. The Chippos are marketed as clever: ultra-sweet, five business-wise girls who are tough, ultra-fit and - aren't they bloody all? - experts at kick boxing. On top of this, LC have bought a racehorse, will only sing live and often play in five-a-side football tournaments. The deputy ed saw these girls in action and remarked, 'They were dumpy and played dirty.'

Let's have a look at the video. *Girls Gettin Naughty* seems to indicate they're not misbehaving yet, but it's on the cards. Yep... dancing... yep... kicking... go on, snog each other. Sadly, this doesn't happen. This is as tame as pop music gets and the barrier of 'grrrl power' has not been pushed. 'We want to party!' they screech, and you wonder why they don't just get on with it. 'Everyone's going to be Loose Chippins tonight!' Well, they're probably not. Terrible name. We watch the video half-a-dozen times to see which ones we fancy. None.

Eric Sykes on *This Is Your Life*. At least they were making an effort.

It's no wonder people buy videos for loved ones - there's sod-all on the box. This should be how Christmas Day looks. All morning, kids telly. Puppets, Muppets, the flaming works. Dinner time; Corrie and EastEnders to keep the women smiling. Then we sit down for a treat. BBC2 can have all the old stuff. Steptoe, Eric and Ern, whatever. The main channels will feature *Dambusters*, Christmas Top Of The Pops, *The Simpsons*, Auf Wiedersehen Pet Xmas Special, something with animals being naughty, a new Only Fools, Festive Fast Show, League Of Gentlemen and Nationwide Extra.

Come on telly Christmas people. It's easy!



END OF THE EARTH

PREPARE YOURSELF FOR FIRE, HUNGER AND BLOOD POOS

On 21 September 2030, you'd better not make any plans. Cancel the old folk's excursion to Blackpool Illuminations, postpone the bowling match, give the little boy next door his football back. On this day, asteroid 2000 SG344 will smash into Earth.

The International Astronomical Union (IAU) says the object could have the power of 100 Hiroshima atom bombs.

On the new one-to-ten Torino Scale, a Richter Scale for asteroids hitting Earth, SG344 is a 'one'. It's about the size of a block of flats.

We'd better start enjoying ourselves. Be kinder to each other and stop gobbing greenies on the pavement.

***STOP PRESS** Hold up. A Technical Review Team at the IAU says the asteroid will now miss us by 11 lunar orbits. And it's not an asteroid. It's a man-made Saturn rocket booster.



THE TORINO SCALE

Assessing Asteroid and Comet Impact Hazard Predictions in the 21st Century.

EVENTS HAVING NO LIKELY CONSEQUENCES

0 The likelihood of a collision is zero. It's like your dad picking up his slipper, then realising you've done nothing wrong.

EVENTS MERITING CAREFUL MONITORING

1 The chance of a collision is extremely unlikely. It's like your dad throwing his slipper at you.

EVENTS MERITING CONCERN

2 A somewhat close, but not unusual encounter. Collision is very unlikely. It's like your dad swinging for your leg with his slipper, missing, and hitting the radiator.

3 One percent or greater chance of collision causing localised destruction. It's like your dad trying to clip your ear for backchat.

4 One percent or greater chance of a collision capable of causing regional devastation. It's like your dad trying to give your arse a crack with a paper for knocking over his cup of tea.

THREATENING EVENTS

5 A significant threat of a collision capable of causing regional devastation. It's like your dad barring your escape, with slipper in hand.

6 A significant threat of a collision capable of causing a global catastrophe. It's like your dad, upon realising that you've accidentally killed mother, running after you with a hammer.

7 An extremely significant threat of a collision capable of causing a global catastrophe. It's like your dad and all his mates chasing you down a dead-end alley with slippers, shoes, belts, etc.

Now look what you've done



CERTAIN COLLISIONS

8 A collision capable of causing localised destruction. These events happen once every 50-1,000 years. It's like your dad going over the top with the slipper, breaking your arm.

9 A collision capable of causing regional devastation. These occur every 1,000-100,000 years. It's like your dad booting you up the arse and smashing the whole of your seat region.

10 A collision capable of causing a global climatic catastrophe. Such events occur every 100,000 years or less often. It's like your dad cracking your arse with such ferocity that a black hole results, causing the planet's collapse.

THE DARWIN AWARDS

TALES FROM THE TOME THAT'S CRAMMED WITH THE WEIRDEST DEATHS FROM AROUND THE WORLD

A 39-year-old American by the name of Ned Hurt died in a freak accident involving his washing machine, according to police reports.

Ned tried to stuff three stone of laundry into his machine by climbing on top of the washer and forcing the clothing into the basin. Ned then accidentally kicked the ON button. When the machine began to fill with water, Ned lost his balance and both feet became stuck.



The machine started its cycle, and Ned began thrashing around.

Ned's head banged against a nearby shelf, knocking over a bottle of bleach that poured into his face, blinding him. Forensic reports say Ned also swallowed some of the bleach and vomited.

The smell of the vomit attracted Ned's dog. At the same time, a large box of baking soda fell from the shelf, startling the dog, who urinated. Urine, like vinegar, is acidic, and the chemical reaction between the urine and the baking soda resulted in 'a small explosion'.

The washer eventually went into its high-speed spin cycle, spinning Ned around at 70mph. Ned's head smashed against a steel beam, immediately killing him. A neighbour heard the commotion and called the police, but by then it was too late. Ned was dead.

The Darwin Awards, £5.99, is published by Orion. To buy a copy at the special price of £4.99, inc p&p, please call 01903-828503, quoting ref HWDAR.



UP THE JELLIES!

There's not been many football scoffs. United biscuits. Everton mints. Alan Brazil nuts. Haribo, German makers of bagged jelly sweets such as Starmix, Horror Mix and Sour Mix have come up with Football Mix and Football Players.

Football Mix contains footballers, goalkeepers and trophies, and costs 99p. Football Players is more your pick'n'mix giant jellies for special occasions, like a derby.

We look forward to the Wembley 4-2 Commemorative Mix, which Haribo will surely be producing in time for the next World Cup.



'Yeh, a whining Pommy caught it for me, cos he was the only one with any guts'

THEY WON'T SURVIVE

BY TIM THE YOWIE MAN, HIM DOWN UNDER

America's Big Brother equivalent, castaway show *Survivor II*, is being filmed in the Australian outback - and FRONT has discovered the top-secret location. Shiny TV execs in the US are NOT HAPPY.

CBS, producers of the series, have gone to extraordinary lengths to keep the exact location secret. The security guards have reportedly signed secrecy clauses worth up to £1.5m and the owners of the adjoining cattle ranches have apparently been paid £150,000 hush money.

However, FRONT managed to uncover the location in Savannah Woodland on the banks of the rugged and remote Herbert River, some four hours by 4WD southwest of Cairns in tropical north Queensland. FRONT managed to glimpse a large, wooden platform and an elaborate system of ropes dangling from cliff faces.

When we approached the site, down a dirt track, we were greeted by several security guards

who told us to disappear, or else. In scenes not unlike *Mad Max*, we were chased from the site by a pick-up truck, which tried to run us off the road.

Compared with the desert island of Palau Tiga in the South China Sea, where the first series was filmed, food should be plentiful. Provided the contestants know where to look and what to do with the food, they should have no problems surviving. In fact, they could live comfortably.

Some of the specialities of the area include wild native ginger, bush raspberry, bush banana and in the water, an abundance of fish, including Barramundi, eels, and ants rich in vitamin C.

However, they would be sharing their home with a number of nasty critters. Heaven help the poor contestant who bites into the wrong berry and collapses into a fit, or who sits on a log and gets scrub mites into their groin, or perhaps brushes up against a stinging tree - a giant nettle that can inflict severe pain for up to 90 days.



YOU KNOW YOU'VE DONE WRONG!



CHRISTMAS TREE SELLERS

'How much is that sapling? Yeh, the one your fat arse is bending.' The Christmas-tree seller says the first figure that comes into his head. 'That one, 25 mate.'

He is a lying bastard and deserves to be strung up like a bauble from the branch of a 200ft-high spruce. The sale of Christmas trees should be under close scrutiny from the local borough council, because there's no way that a tiny pine tree is worth more than a tenner. And the cheat who has set up a sawn-off forest on the other side of the road is also quoting the sort of prices you'd expect to pay for a small family saloon. He's created a standard, inflated price with his money-grabbing rival.

What do these men do when they're not selling Christmas trees during the festive fortnight? Nothing, that's what, because they make a fortune. A word of advice: don't play their game. By a plaggy one from the catalogue, and end this Yuletide scam.

CAN SPIDERS EAT WASPS?



In summer, a bandy-legged spider and an angry wasp were forced into an enclosed space - a matchbox - for a fight to the death. Nothing happened. Were they both pacifist insects? Surely spiders can eat wasps.

The spider curator at the Natural History Museum settled the issue. 'Spiders can eat wasps, yes,' the expert said with all his knowledge. 'The web gives the spider a huge

advantage and the spider is happy to eat wasps, including the venom. Remember, the venom only works when injected into the blood stream.'

But hold on, old boy. What if a spider and a wasp are face-to-face in a scuffle? 'Well, the spider hasn't got the advantage of the web, which is why there might have been little movement when you pitted the two together.'

Now it all makes sense.

OOOH, I COULD CRUSH A GRAPE!

Like hangovers and banging your toes on bathroom furniture, piles are considered a joke pain. They're not funny if you've got them. Nevertheless, sufferers will be delighted to hear that arse-grape assistance is at hand at www.pilesadvice.co.uk

Piles are fat, blood-filled veins around your 'opening'. An increase in pressure causes the walls to... wuuuhhhhhh... expand.

HOW DO YOU GET PILES?

LOW-FIBRE DIET - eating shit dinners.

PREGNANCY - not something you'll have to worry about, son.

POOR TOILET HABITS - squeezing shut when you're too busy.

OBESITY - being a greedy, fat cow of a man.

DRUGS - codeine and iron supplements can make the grapes ripen.

HEREDITY - Mam and Dad should be named and shamed. It's their fault you can't sit properly.

CONSTIPATION - cement browners, they hurt.



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PHILIPS

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BOY BANDS: KNOW YOUR ENEMY

LOOK AT THEM, THE BIG JESSIES, DANCING ABOUT LIKE A LOAD OF MARY-ANNES. FRONT GIVES AN IMPARTIAL RUN-DOWN OF THOSE BOY BANDS YOU WANT TO TRACK DOWN AND DEAL WITH



BOYZONE Are they called Boy-zone, Boyz-one or Boyzon-E? Mmm. **THE LADS:** Ronan the Barbarian. Shane is the rebel because he likes rap. The others are quiet because they're paid to be. **RECORD:** Love Me For A Reason made number two in '94. What kind of demand is that? Better was Vic and Bob's rendition by overweight boy band Mandate. 'I've got so much time for you/I also want to live with you.' Heh-heh-heh! **ONE TO WALLOP:** To make waves, it's best to aim high. Go for the gaffer Ronan, and you'll also silence Westlife. He's their manager.



911 Like their heroes Take That, 911 are from the northwest. Happily, they split last year. Crocodile tears were shed by tiny girls and then they moved on to A1 in the space of seconds. **THE LADS:** Only three in this group, flying in the face of boy band convention. Lee was the lasses' fave - cheekily chubby. He wants to keep off the three sugars. **RECORD:** All the same. Each has got the word love in them. If Only You'd Loved Me. The Day We Found Love. How Do You Want Me To Love You. You silly little buggers. **ONE TO WALLOP:** Chase Lee for miles across hill and dale, like Jack Carter does when he finds his brother's murderer.



A1 The group took three years to put together, like a 1:24-scale model of the Mary Rose, with all the wires and everything. It seems that A1 wanted their name at the front of the Yellow Pages, but this was a dreadful idea. Boy bands are not listed in the phone book. **THE LADS:** Ben doesn't like cooking. Christian is a shopaholic. Paul has been in love with Mariah Carey for years. Mark's favourite film is The Lion King. Who gives a fuck? We've all got bills to pay before Christmas. **RECORD:** Copying the worst record of the 80s, A-ha's Take On Me, was audacious. **ONE TO WALLOP:** Christian is worth a run at, because his dad's a famous singer in Norway, and his life's been too easy.



WESTLIFE Brought up by all the leetle leprechauns on Frosted Lucky Charms. Refined the angriness that you feel from having to watch boy bands. They are diametrically opposed to good music. **THE LADS:** They all look the bloody same. **RECORD:** For a rage, have a bang on I Have A Dream/Seasons In The Sun. Weak covers of very feeble records. **ONE TO WALLOP:** Have a run at the whole group, because you don't know which one's which, apart from that fat lad. Scatter the swines and pick them off one by one.



NORTHERN LINE Bit of a mystery, these five clowns. They're living in the same house, getting to know each other. They're marketed as London's boy band. **THE LADS:** Exact specifications for a boy band - three blond; two dark - but with an even camper edge. **RECORD:** The Northern Line was first opened on 18 September 1890, and was known as the South London Railway. It stretched from Stockwell to King William Street. **ONE TO WALLOP:** Zak doesn't like to be called Beckham, which means he does - otherwise he wouldn't have grown his hair into an identical Beckham '97-'99 style.



TAKE THAT Northwest way, although Robbie Williams would do well to remember that Stoke is technically the Midlands. Unlikely success meant 'the boy band' was never even going away. **THE LADS:** Gary Barlow (40), Robbeh Williams, Jason Orange (descendent of William Of Orange), fragile Mark Owen and Howard Whatshisface. Since split, only Robbie done owt. **RECORD:** It Only Takes A Minute (1992) set the standard. Despite the (student) music press falling over themselves (because they were frightened of looking old), it cannot be denied that TT made atrocious records. **ONE TO WALLOP:** Owen. His wet-as-a-puppy approach made you furious. Women melted.



BACKSTREET BOYS When the Backstreet Boys were first launched, we thought they were a bona fide gay pop band. They had the look, see. **THE LADS:** These car-ray-zee freakin' cocksuckers are from Florida, New York and Kentucky. **RECORD:** Can't remember what it's called, but it goes, 'Backstreet Boys... ALL RIGHT!' It's flimsy. BSB's record sales are phenomenal. **ONE TO WALLOP:** 'The caring is the most important thing when a girl gives you her heart,' says Nick. Get him.



SIVE Sive (Five-ive?) are from all over the shop - Birmingham, Warrington, Basildon, Leeds, and Enfield. Not bothered how they met. **THE LADS:** Record producers went for the harder-than-nails look. Sadly, Five-ive is the best they could come up with. Ritchie used to go out with Billie Pipesmoker, but that was knocked out on the hearth. **RECORD:** We Will Rock You. The only time these people will rock us is if our car is hanging over the edge of a cliff. **ONE TO WALLOP:** Ritchie every time. Eyes like an owl, his head can spin a full 360 degrees. Keep away from small pets.



NEW KIDS ON THE BLOCK The reason why we're in a musical pickle today. Discovered in 1984 by Maurice Starr, who had previously coughed up New Edition. First of the new wave of shit boy bands. Lap dancers. **THE LADS:** All had 'I'm-getting-too-wiiild' haircuts. Dogs in a pack. **RECORD:** Hangin' Tough (1990) was their moment. However good you thought you were at fighting, these nutcases would make you look like a mop. **ONE TO WALLOP:** That mouthy little get, Joe. He's the sort who starts a fight, only to let his bigger mates take over. The last sound you'd hear would be his hysterical cackling.

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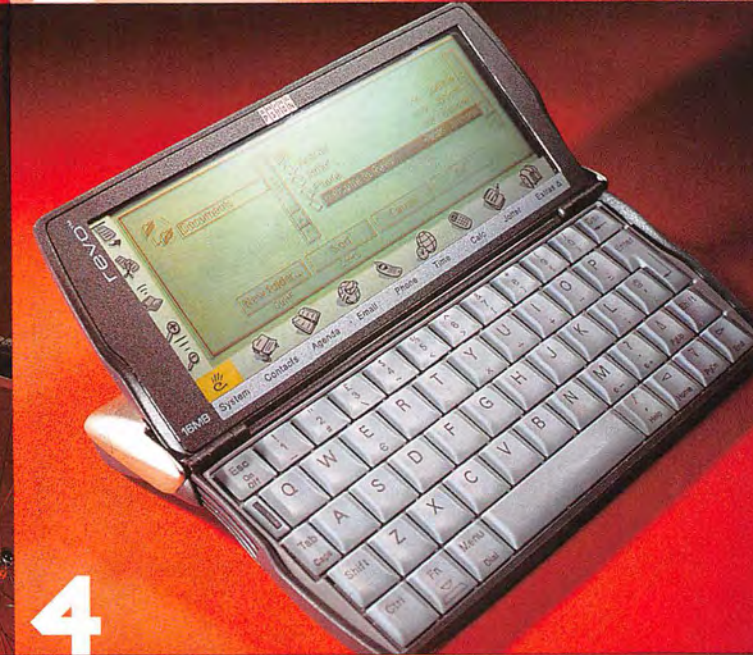
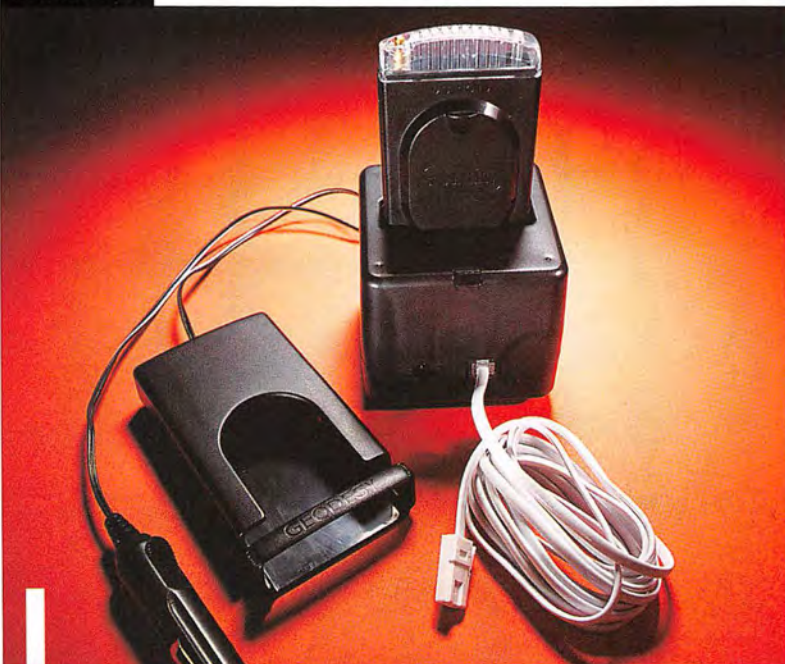
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to USE IT. Just look out for
the purple sticker.

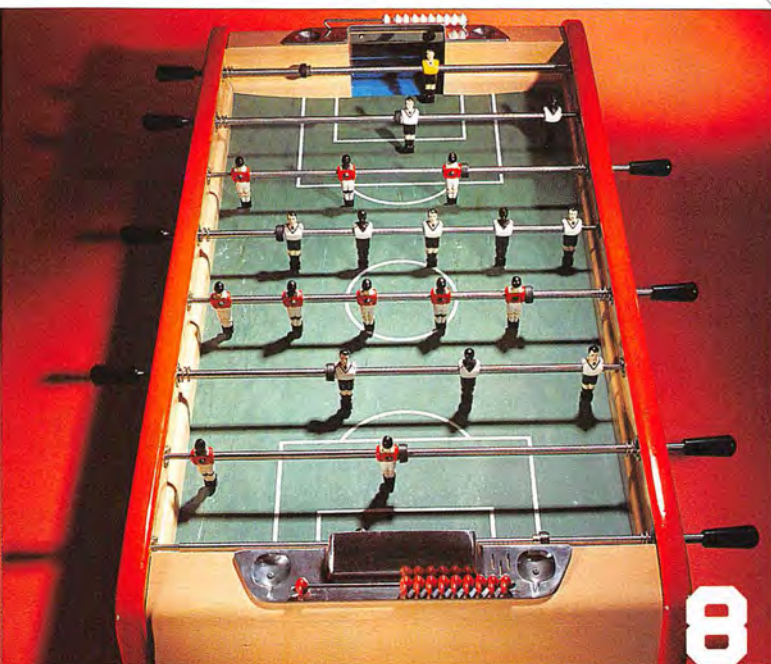
GO SOLO and stay
in control.

ANOTHER
SENSIBLE
PURCHASE



FRONT DEAR SANTA, I'VE BEEN VERY GOOD THIS YEAR





NICE!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT WRITING A PRESENTS LIST. CUT OUT THIS PAGE AND HAND IT TO THE FAMILY

1 GEODESY GPS SYSTEM

You know how it is. The Allegro's flat out at 38mph and "FLASH". Built up area, residential. That's another 50 quid towards the chief superintendant's next Jag. Find out where the cameras are hidden with Geodesy, a GPS speed camera warning system. Even the coppers back it!

Morpheus, £380 (0870-240 1701)

2 SONY AIBO

This is as far as modern boffinry has taken us. It's the second-generation Sony pet dog, and just like the real thing, it shifts when a newspaper is swiped across the hind quarters. Aibo reacts to sound and touch. It sees with its camera eyes. On the whole, the metallic hound behaved itself in our office, but for a moment it stood still and stared at us. That was a bit scary.

Sony, £900 (020-7365 2938)

3 SCHWINN GT AGGRESSOR 3.0

The price of mountain bikes, like Stealth fighters, is out of hand. 'That silver one in the window, squire? Yep, it's £85,000,' the bike mag next door to us said, for the lolly, this is a quality piece of equipment. Good name, seven speeds, it'll get you fit.

Schwinn GT, £290 (0117-952 8664)

4 PSION REVO PLUS

By 2pm on Christmas Day, you're wishing that the shops were open. While away the tedium with the latest organiser from Psion. Internet browser, WAP, e-mail, texting, organiser, contact list, phone book, and it links up with your PC.

Psion, £299 (0870-101 0500)

5 RILEY QH002 CUE

Don't fret, no children were harmed during the photographing of this cue - it unscrews into different pieces. The really narrow point makes for precision potting. All that's left to argue about is the rules.

Riley, £25 (08456-000147)

6 PENTAX EI-2000

This might look like a normal SLR camera, but inside it's like the Starship Enterprise. In IT, they visibly shook. 'Whoaaa, digital, 12-bit colour, 4,096 shades, infrared data twansmission, six picture modes - the colour saturation is bwilliant!' Christ.

Pentax UK, £699.99 (01753-792792)

7 SNEFLIGHT HOVERFLY

This bloke drove from Manchester to show us how to work this indoor helicopter. It's bloody amazing. Attached to a long bit of wire, it hovers, dashes about - piece of piss. In an hour, we couldn't get it off the ground. Takes lots of practise.

Find-me-a-gift.com, £250 (07974-765680/www.find-me-a-gift.com)

8 BONZINI B90

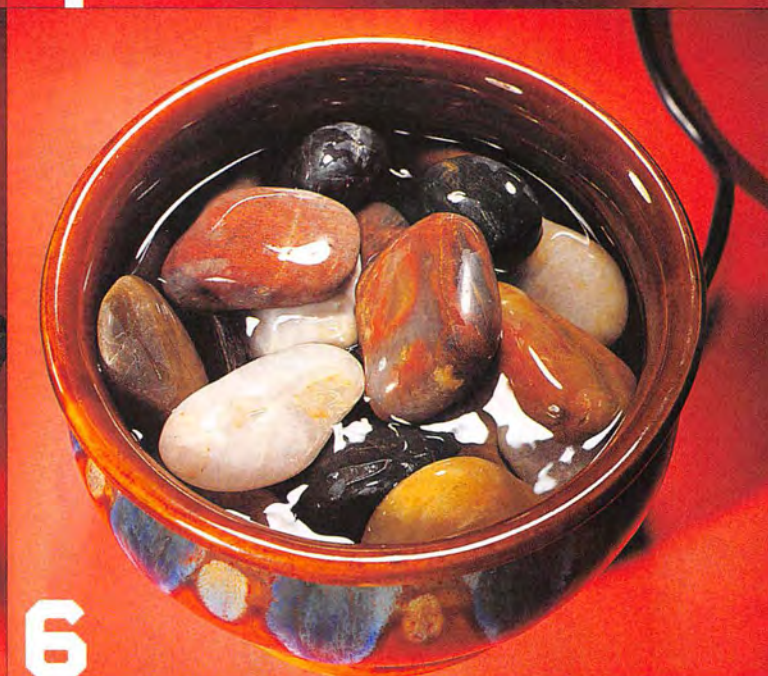
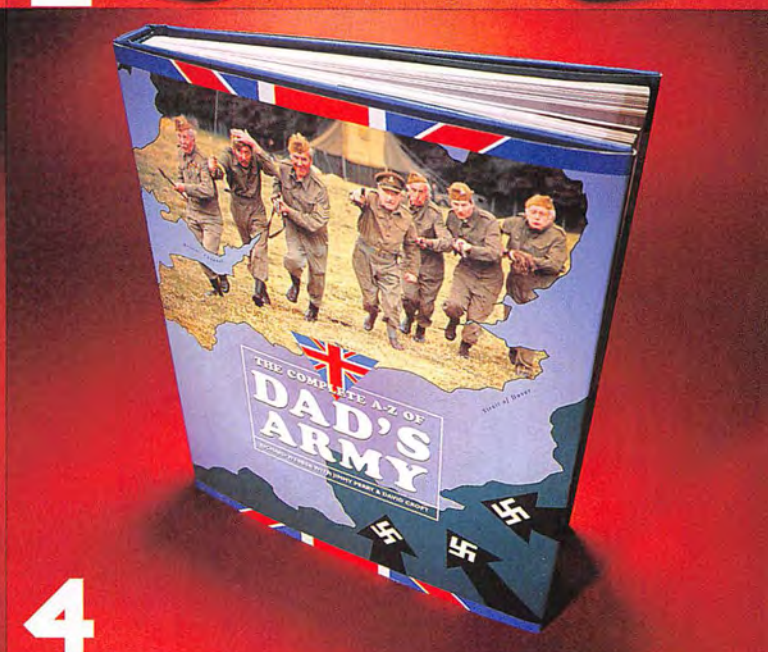
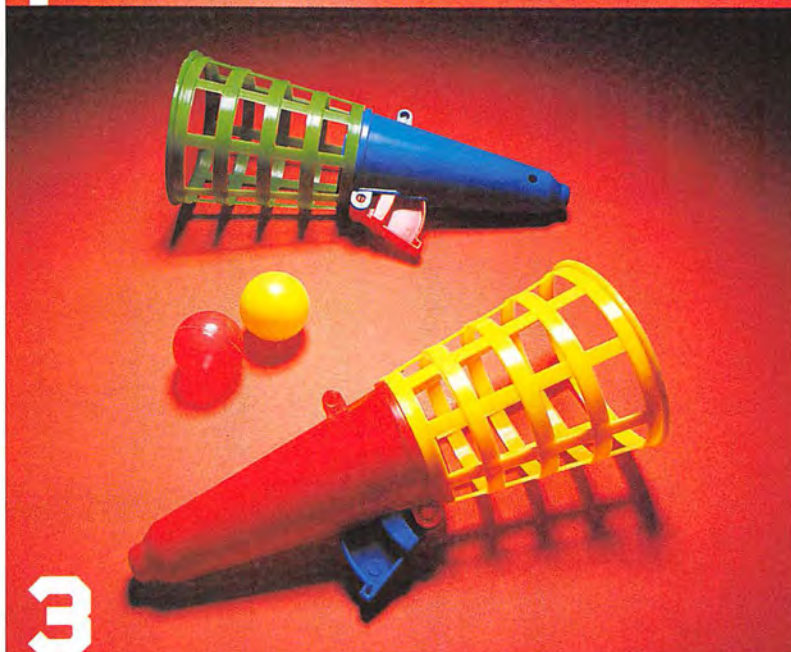
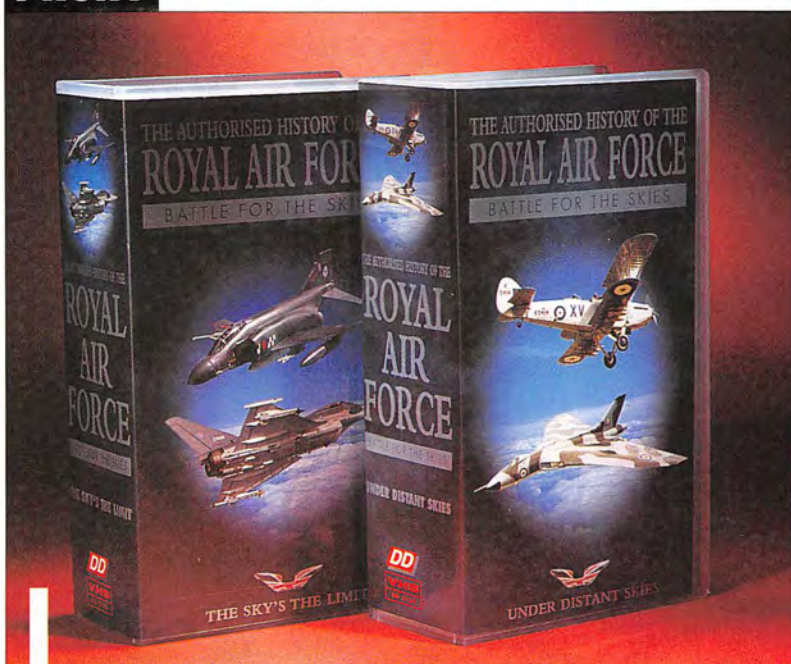
Table football is a French creation. Let's not forget who started the game, eh? Players can be painted in whatever kit colours you want. Even Devizes Dragons u-11s.

Babyfoot, £995+VAT (01225-466360)

9 E-Z RIDER CIRRUSS

If you keep under 8mph you're fine on the path. This can go about 15mph, has a rechargeable battery and folds up. A swine to wrap, though.

Bluecol, £599 (07833-763617)





7



8



9

NICE!

IF ONLY CHRISTMAS WAS LIKE THE OLDEN DAYS WHEN YOU GAVE COAL. HERE'S OTHER IDEAS...

1 THE AUTHORISED HISTORY OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE VIDEOS

At Yuletide, family should be reminded of the role the RAF has played down the years. Never mind Jesus sacrificed himself on the cross - what about the sacrifice these people made. So off goes Morning Worship, on goes SEVEN HOURS of aerial excellence. Dad and granddad will raise a sherry. DD Video, £19.99 (020-8863 8819)

2 BLACK & DECKER 9.6v DUSTBUSTER

She wanted a big present and at nearly 50 quid, you haven't disappointed. Watch the delight on her face as the paper is torn off. She's left this one till last - *just can't wait!* And then the realisation - a cordless, hand-held vacuum cleaner. You nod your head and smile, 'Shall we give it a spin?' Comet, £47.45 (0845-600 7002/www.comet.co.uk)

3 CUPS AND BALL

We've forgotten about the traditional values of Christmas. For just one year, the young uns can survive without brand new PlayStation 2s and make do with Cups And Ball. Once the tears have been wiped away, roughly ten minutes of joy is sure to follow. Brainwaves, £1.99 (0870-908 7019/www.brainwaves.co.uk)

4 THE COMPLETE A-Z OF DAD'S ARMY

You can't go wrong. Dad's Army smashes through the dividing line of age - all men are fans. The writer, Richard Webber, must bore his missus rigid. Buy this. Orion, £20 (020-7240 3444)

5 BOSCH DIY ACCESSORY SET

As you get older, drills, screws and proper hard graft replaces skateboards and playing out. This DIY set contains spirit level, sharp bits, screwdriver fittings and a tape measure. Make someone into a man. Bosch, £24.99 (01895-838743)

6 HOMEDICS ENVIRASCAPE

'Water feature' is the most over-used phrase on telly, what with all these dandy house fixing sods. NO. Forget expense and get an indoor 'natural spring'. Your mam or nana will give you a slobber for this. Debenhams, £20 (020-7408 4444)

7 JERRYCAN HIP FLASK

Christmas has a tendency to be cold. Although alcohol is never an answer, it certainly provides a middle way. Empty a few sly ones into a glass of Coke when Geoff the barman's got his back turned. Presentsdirect, £12 (0870-727 4366/www.presentsdirect.com)

8 ICE HOCKEY GAME

This is yonder star, the best table-top game thine product tester has ever got his hands on. It's fast, fluid, and about a brilliant times better than Subbuteo. Buy this for your brother, so you can both play on it. Firebox, £59.95 (0870-241 4289/www.firebox.com)

9 FART MACHINE

Hours of dirt. People smile, but get angry after a few hours. You see, nobody wants to be a victim. The owner will get shouted at. Gadget Shop, £9.95 (01482-626400/www.gadgetshop.com)



IN THE LOFT

A month of lovely ladies. Ours now. These poor, attractive sorts are going to miss out on Christmas with their loved ones. *We'll be their family, and we'll be their friends.* There's not many coppers on duty at this time of year, so we won't have to keep one eye on the door. When's it all going to end? Huh - big question! If we give ourselves a time limit of 30 years, we've always got a date to head towards. It was difficult releasing Gillian Anderson a few days ago. She booted Piers in his knackers and we all had a laugh about that one. Here's more we caught. **SALMA HAYEK**, Mexican movie star who won't take kindly to the cold. 'Ello, love, Antonio Rubber Banderas has been asking for you. He's through that little square hole in the ceiling. We'll follow you up.' **TAM SIN GRIEG** out of the funny comedy, *Black Books*. 'We've been watching you on telly not being able to get a boyfriend. Now you've got nine.' **SHARLEEN SPITERI** from Texas. 'The record company's told us to bring you here. Rehearsals are through the hole, along the wooden beam and towards the pigeons.' **CLARE TETT**, new person in the office next door. 'Look, look, shhhh, we've rung your boss and said you've got flu. They'll not miss you for a month.'

CYBERWORLD

3-D PICTURES AT LONDON'S IMAX



The future is odd and will make your head spin 'til it's inside out, so you'd better come prepared.

If your idea of 3-D films is those red-dyed efforts from the 50s with names like, *It Came Out Of The Lagoon And Poked My Eye Out*, then stroll on granddad and welcome to the now.

Cyberworld 3-D is the world's first animated 3-D film and will truly blow smoke out of your arse. Showing at IMAX curly cinemas across the

country, *Cyberworld 3-D* must not be missed. It's like seeing television for the very first time.

A handful of special effects companies were responsible for the eight animated sequences that whisk you through psychedelic worlds of twisted magic. But it's so real, you'll be asking yourself, 'Sweet mother of God, what's happening. Is this drugs?' Because 100-tonne whales chasing what looks like a mermaid Jo Brand



along the bed of a prehistoric ocean is just not normal.

Neither is flying through the atmosphere of a futuristic world being shot at by aliens before landing in a vortex with *The Simpsons* in 3-D as your companions. No amount of acid could ever be this good. So when you were a kid, if you always dreamed of going to Disneyland but never made it, this is what it would have felt like.

Eoin McSorley

SKIMPY PURCHASES

HOW TO BUY YOUR LADYFRIEND SAUCY DRAWERS

If you're going to the shops, get some sweets



A cute embarrassment and buying women's underwear is eternally twinned. Never is there a male assistant, and the worry that the always shaggable shop girl thinks you're buying it for yourself makes you utter, 'My girlfriend!' at every opportunity. Here's our guide to buying sexy, ahem, undergarments.

1 Best find out what size she is first, as you'll look a right donkey saying, 'They're about this big,' while air-fondling an imaginary pair of titties.

2 While in the 'off-bounds' area that is her knicker drawer, be sure not to get caught. She'll never believe you were looking for her size, and will brand you a pervert. She'll then tell all your mates down the pub that you wear her kit. The relentless ridicule of being called 'Tracy' will eventually become unbearable.

3 When the assistant holds up a skimpy pair of knickers, it's best not attempting a hand-in-pocket move to shuffle your semi on. Also asking her to model them is a faux pas, followed by, ding-dong, 'Security to aisle two, please'.

4 Always bring your own bag, as with the double-girly Knicker Shop bag, everyone will think you're buying underwear for a lone sap session.

5 You might want to stick to classic colours such as white, black or red. It might seem a great idea to get her kitted out in an all-over leopard-skin basque, but word on the street is that women think it's a bit tacky... though we can't see why. **Ed Hardin**



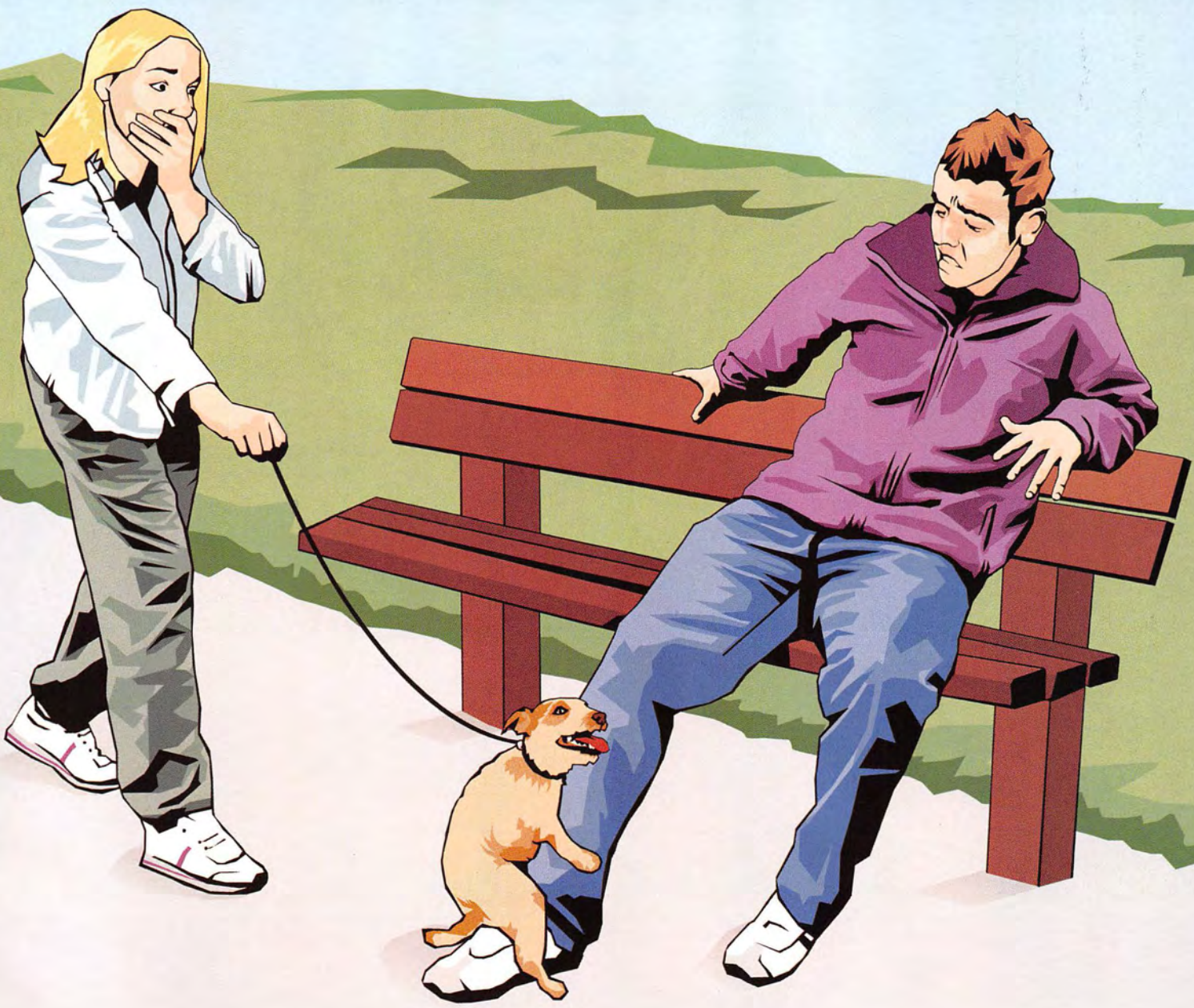
UK GARAGE AWARDS

Yes, folks, it's **FRONT's** inaugural garage awards, bumping and griding into the slip road, throwing a bass line past the derv pump and getting down to some four-star grooves.

THE 2000 GARAGE WINNER MURCO

A subsidiary of the US-based giant, Murphy Oil, Murco has 400 stations in Britain. The best is on the A638 in South Yorkshire, because it doesn't accept Switch cards. An amazing claim!

RUNNERS-UP: 2 FINA; 3 CYMA; 4 THRUST; 5 JET



LIFE CONTAINS ENOUGH EMBARRASSMENTS WITHOUT YOUR MOBILE BEING ONE.



Choose from 12 good looking phones on BT Cellnet.



**ABIGAIL TOYNE, 24
SHE'S GOT FRONT**

In these pictures you're wearing wings. Are you appearing in your local Nativity play?
Next year maybe, I'm a bit busy now. I thought the wings were a cute idea, though. Except when they took them off - the Sellotape hurt.

Won't it be a bit cold in the church, if you're dressed like that in the play?

I don't think it would be very good if I turned up to church wearing nothing, do you?

Yes! You'd be welcome in my church any day.

Oh, all right. I'll hold you to that.

Yes indeed. Do you ever go to church?

Well, I'm meant to be Catholic, and I'm also meant to be practising, but I don't go.

Why, what's wrong with it?

I find it very hypocritical. And I don't like the fact that there's no sex before marriage.

I know the feeling! So, what are you up to at the moment?

I've been doing some really sexy lingerie shoots.

Lingerie? Now we're talking.

It's been lovely wearing some nice lingerie.

Okay, enough!

I've just done a shoot where we all had to carry

>> I've been doing some really sexy lingerie photos. And I've just done a shoot where we all had to carry guns <<

guns. I was actually quite scared when I got the job, but then the guys taught me how to use a rifle, and they got quite worried cos I was enjoying myself too much.

Do you think guns are sexy? Lots of women love nothing more than getting their hands on a decent weapon.

They are sexy. Maybe it's a power thing.

What's the best Christmas present you've ever been given?

When I was about seven, I really wanted some pixie boots, and I was so happy when I got them.

Well, I hope you get some more this year.

I hope not!

How would you feel if our editor was in your stocking on Christmas morning?

Quite shocked I suppose. I've only met him once.

That's usually enough for most people. What time do you get up on Christmas morning?

You're not gonna believe this... 4am!

Four o'clock? You get excited, do you?

Yeah, my mum and I love Christmas. We make lots of cocktails and end up doing very silly things like singing Madonna's Like A Virgin, which sounds ridiculous because we're both tone deaf.

It does sound ridiculous. But very Christmassy, with virgins and all. Do you get bored of turkey?

Bored of turkey? I'm vegetarian, darling!

So you just have cabbage on Christmas day?

My mum buys me nut roast.

A nut roast? Easy! Do you cop off with your old school friends when you go home at Christmas?

No way baby, I left them in my past and that's where they're staying.

Here's to the future, then!

Flirting by Fast Eddie Hardin



God Almighty



this is the kingdom, the power and the glory



with kalashnikov AK-47

assault rifle

hallowed cloak

of invulnerability



CHRIST ALIVE!

Possibly the best action figures absolutely ever are available on the website jesuschristsuperstore.co.uk. They've got religious figures with guns! Just like A-Team. And Star Wars.

The full list comprises Jesus Christ, Christians, Chief Rabbi, Dalai Lama, God Almighty, Islamic Jihad, Buddhists, Hindus, Jews, The Ayatollah, Buddha, Krishna, Shiva, Muslims, and The Pope.

As an example, God Almighty comes with a Kingdom-Come Kalashnikov AK-47 assault rifle, wearing Hallowed Cloak Of Invulnerability. Prices are to be announced, but will be in the range of £30-£40. Just a reminder: there's no such thing as God.



HAVE YOURSELF A WEBBY LITTLE CHRISTMAS

WWW.PRESENTSDIRECT.COM

Range: men, women, babies, children, families, gardeners, travellers, trend-setters, host and hostess, home, Christmas, stocking fillers. *Expense: leather weekend bag, £259. Cheap: penguin ice-cube tray, £3. Tel: 0870-727 4366*

WWW.EFX.CO.UK

Range: light & vision, clamshell (fold-away tools), active (penknives), bar, smoking, flasks, lifestyle, gift sets. *Expense: SUV sports utility vehicle kit, £305.85. Cheap: card tool - biker, £4.85. Tel: 01789-450005*

WWW.BLUESNAKE.COM

Range: film and music, toys, décor, pharmacy, food and drink, gifts, books and comics, wear, sex, other stuff. *Expense: wooden crossbow, £25. Cheap: revolving bong bowl, £5. Tel: 0800-015 1989*

WWW.FIREBOX.COM

Range: gadgets, boys toys, bachelor pads, games, sport, books, videos, magazines, posters, tech, expensive stuff. *Expense: V24 Offshore Racing Powerboat, £36,000. Cheap: 2001 A Space Odyssey poster, £4.95. Tel: 0870-241 4289*

WWW.SANTA-CLAUS.COM

Range: gifts, toys, games and puzzles, decorate and wrap, confectionery, pet presents. *Expense: Marvin's Magic Executive Magic Collection, £34.99. Cheap: Paul Lamond Kitten Mitten, £2.99. Tel: 0870-900 5433*

WWW.GADGETSHOP.COM

Range: By alphabet - loads of stuff. *Expense: E Map, £299.95. Cheap: Keychain Etch-A-Sketch, £3.95. Tel: 0800-783 8343*

WWW.INNOVATIONS.CO.UK

Range: gadgets and technology, health and fitness, household, garden and DIY, leisure, car and travel. *Expense: Goodmans slim speaker, £349. Cheap: Sun Away car mirror visor, £4.99. Tel: 0870-907 0870*

WWW.BARGAINS.CO.UK

Range: personal, leisure, gifts, DIY, electronics, business, gardens, travel, vehicles, finance. *Expense: BMW 330Ci Coupe, £23,583. Cheap: 11-piece cabinet handle workshop screwdriver, £8. Tel: Internet only.*

SMELLS LIKE 'ZINE SPIRIT

Cue Cumbrians...



EVERY MONTH, A FANZINE EDITOR GETS ANGRY

THERE'S ONLY ONE UNITED...

Older readers may just remember Carlisle United topping the First Division for a few days in 1974, after defeating Chelsea, Tottenham and Middlesbrough.

Supporting Carlisle has always been a roller-coaster ride, but for the past three years the roller coaster has hit the bottom. Worse still - the wheels have dropped off. The fingers point at Michael Knighton, the same ball-juggling autocrat who almost took over Manchester United.

Knighton was our saviour when he bought the club - we were bottom of the Fourth Division. He built up the staff, the ground and the expectations of Carlisle fans when he said that we would be in the Premier Division within ten years. Nobody thought he meant the Northern Premier. The

vision, the money, the staff, the players and finally the fans left as United were relegated from the Second in '97/'98; saved from the Conference by a last-minute goal from on-loan keeper, Sir Jimmy Glass, in '98/'99; and then saved again last season by Chester.

Now that all hope seems to have gone, Knighton appears prepared to leave. Since his disqualification as a director, the club has been penniless and rudderless, and the performances hapless. The fans want an empowered board and an injection of cash, and are poised to come flooding back when Knighton goes.

Meanwhile, those of us who saw Bowles, Beardsley and Jansen playing for Carlisle, travel to Torquay and Hartlepool in the hope of seeing the style that saw us knock Everton off the top 26 years ago.

Malcolm Fawcett, Ed, Hit The Bar! Carlisle United Supporters' Club, London Branch.

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'AVIN IT CHRISTMAS V BIRTHDAY

EXCITEMENT	Even though you're getting older, the Christmas run-in gets the butterflies fluttering. Off work, lie-ins, more presents coming in than you're buying, big dinner.	5-2	Only a day's celebration, and most of us have to graft. Dinner-time pints take the edge off, and the evening sessions can be legendary. Birthdays tend to be in the week, so only a few can share your joy.
WAKE UP	Christmas Eve is magical, even if the telly's shit nowadays. Little sleep means that you get up at about six or seven. It's like you've never grown up. You probably haven't.	3-2	You still get up a bit earlier than usual to open the cards and see if the lass has got the cheque book out and surprised you. You're up for work anyway. Chance to push for a celebratory birthday rattling.
PRESENTS	You'll get about ten presents, ranging from videos and CDs to those gifts that cost about £100, like watches. Some mates will give Es, whiz or a half of charlie, but you'll be lucky.	5-1	If you get two presents, you're doing well. They won't cost much, so it's not worth getting angry about. Cards make you feel better as you get older, feelings towards people outdoing material wealth.
BOREDOM	Mornings are brilliant, because it's the only day of the year that you're permitted to drink before midday. Booze creates banter, dinner is eaten, then you're knackered and sleep.	4-3	Calls of, 'I'm leaving early today because it's my birthday,' fall on deaf ears where the boss is concerned. Every working day is boring, so this is no exception. Sod the lot of them, the miserable twats.

CHRISTMAS 17-8 BIRTHDAY

FRONT

January 1940 ISSUE No 90, Vol 170

10

'You hum it and I'll play the swine!'

Bing-a-ling

On the piano with the crooner p2-20

happening, and I was just confused. The Yanks get on your tits any road. Never again!' Donald Hardin, North/Hollywood correspondent

ALSO IN THE ISSUE Go Get Em! - we sit on FRONT's roof in Fleet Street and test the Army's new anti-aircraft gun, taking out The Daily Telegraph by accident. Sea Chase - we blow chunks on deck a Royal Navy U-boat chaser and sink some Nazi scum! Evacuation Survivors Guide - how to take control of your new house and run it like a little Hitler!

WAY WE WAS JANUARY 1940

'As the Nazi bombs rain down on our northern office in Manchester, I've decided to sod off Stateside for a few weeks, especially with Christmas just around the corner, you know. Listen, I met Bing Crosby two year back in Hollywood when I was doping a racehorse for this bloke I owed some money to - more of that in the next issue! So anyways, I get an invite to stop round old Bing's house for Christmas. Champion, I thought. Bit of a singalong, a few bottles of sherry, and a good night's sleep without Gerry 1,000-pounders dropping on me greenhouse. Bing's a hard man. I've never seen kids given such a good hiding on Christmas Eve. He wore his belt out that night, and there was much running round the piano with slippers in hand. Me, the guest, I wasn't sure what to do, so I landed his wife one on the kisser, then popped the nose of his butler. It were all

FESTIVE COCKY ANIMALS UPDATE

A relatively quiet month of animal-human warfare in Britain, as the Christmas spirit grips both sides. Still the letters arrive about minor scuffles and one-on-one street fight situations.

Paul Black from Rochdale writes, 'I can't afford Christmas this year. I've got a ladyfriend with three kids (one is mine), and I've got six kids by four other women. So I've told me nippers that the reindeers shitted all over the roof last time, and me and Santa had a bit of a falling out because of the mess. Some of the kiddies have a look at your mag, so they know there's a bit of a ding-dong with animals at the moment.'

Derry McCalliog from Arbroath in Scotland tells us that he's 57 and shouldn't be reading FRONT, but he can't help himself. 'I see these robins have been landing in my garden in the mornings. I like to have a fart, I clean out the passages when I'm having my wee breakfast, and the Mrs doesn't like it. So's I have to keep the back door open, even when it's cold. I made some jam on toast, went to fetch the paper from the front, when I got back there was this bastard robin sipping on the jam with its dirty claws all over the place. I think you're right about the animal war. This wouldn't have happened when I was a lad.'

We're calling for a ceasefire over the Yuletide break. We're still waiting for a reply from the animals.

Al feckin' peck the shite outta yee bastad



TOP FRUMPS

NO.5 FAT PAT

HEAVY-BREATHED, LINY-FACED NIGHTMARE FROM TELLY'S MISERY SOAP, EASTENDERS

MAKE-UP ABILITY It's like Ethel has applied it 3

HAIR MANAGEMENT Blonde bouffant, fixed with UHU 8

BODY Two boulders cemented together 4

ATTITUDE ASSESSMENT Nice lady, bad breath 82

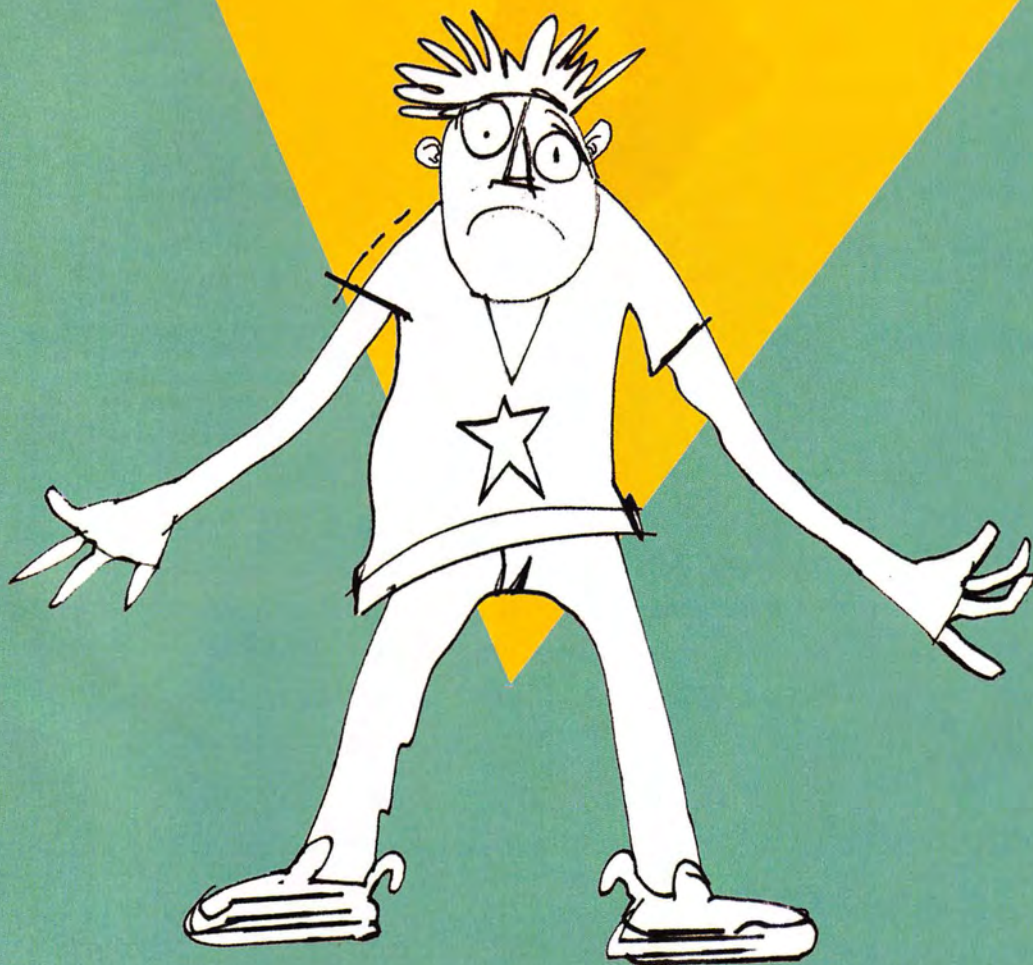
FAMOUSNESS Good, recent episodes of Enders helped 92

ANGER AMOUNT Too fat and wheezy to be a real danger 25

MINGER RATING Even when weight was lost, a bag 99

*CUT-OUT AND STORE ** TO COMPLETE THE SET, BUY THE MAGAZINE FOR A COUPLE OF YEARS

She fancies the pants off me. Why won't she sleep with me



My girlfriend's happy to go to a movie, a club or even the football.

So why won't she go all the way?



It's a question asked by millions of horny guys every day.

The answer is probably that she's simply not ready yet.

For sex to really go off with a bang, both partners need to be completely ready, especially if it's their first time.

If one of you isn't, you're likely to ruin what should be a very special moment (or preferably several moments...)

Think about how she feels. If you think she loves you now, show her you're cool enough to wait. Chances are she'll be crazy about you then.



So if you're getting a bit het up, keep your pants on.

As they say, good things come to those who wait...

sex

Are you thinking about it enough?

If you're under 18 and need advice about sex or contraception, phone Sexwise on 0800 28 29 30 or visit us at www.ruthinking.co.uk The call is free and confidential. Textphone (for people with hearing impairments) 0800 328 1651.



VINTAGE BINTAGE
FARRAH FAWCETT

WHY? Get a grip, will you, man? What a bleeding stupid question to ask. When it comes to being the ultimate sex goddess in the 70s, Farrah was very near. All you have to do is say 'Farrah' and people will always reply 'Fawcett.' Either that, or they'll say 'trousers'.

HOW? Farrah was fortunate when, as a Hollywood starlet, she met and subsequently married the Six Million Dollar Man, Lee Majors. She was soon given the tag The Bionic Wife. From then on fame wasn't far away. While having a bath one day (phew!), Farrah's bionic hearing twigged that the phone was ringing. And who could it be? Only the king salami producer of Charlie's Angels, offering her the lead role in the series.

TRADEMARK Her haircut was copied by millions of wannabe star shaggers (a bit like Jennifer Aniston's is now), and Farrah's infamous 'swimsuit pose' is still one of the world's best-selling posters. Probably even more popular than that tennis player scratching her arse, which students had on their walls before FRONT was invented.

CAREER HIGH POINT As a blonde between two brunettes (now there's a thought) she shot (though in a different way to her male fans) to mega-fame as Jill Munroe in Charlie's Angels. After that, Farrah starred in some crap made-for-TV films, our favourite being the interestingly named Between Two Women. But it was her four million copy-selling Playboy shoot in 1995 that re-launched Farrah as the crumpet that could always guarantee a swift cross of the legs from your old man.

WHAT HAPPENED TO HER? When Lee Majors' batteries finally ran out, Farrah went on to marry Ryan O'Neal, and apart from the Playboy shoot, she hasn't done much since. She starred in a video, again for Playboy, called All Of Me, but knowing Playboy, it probably should have been called None Of Me.

ALL IN ONE Come on, let's face it, if we'd been sexually active in those bushy-pube-loving days of the 70s, Farrah would have been right up there on our 'Sponsored by Man-Size Tissues' top babe list. Who doesn't have a passion for blonde hair, pouting lips, angels, charlie and bionic bonking? Apart from the woolly-woofter brigade, that is. And even they love her... in a sisterly kind of way! Need we say more?

Ed Hardin



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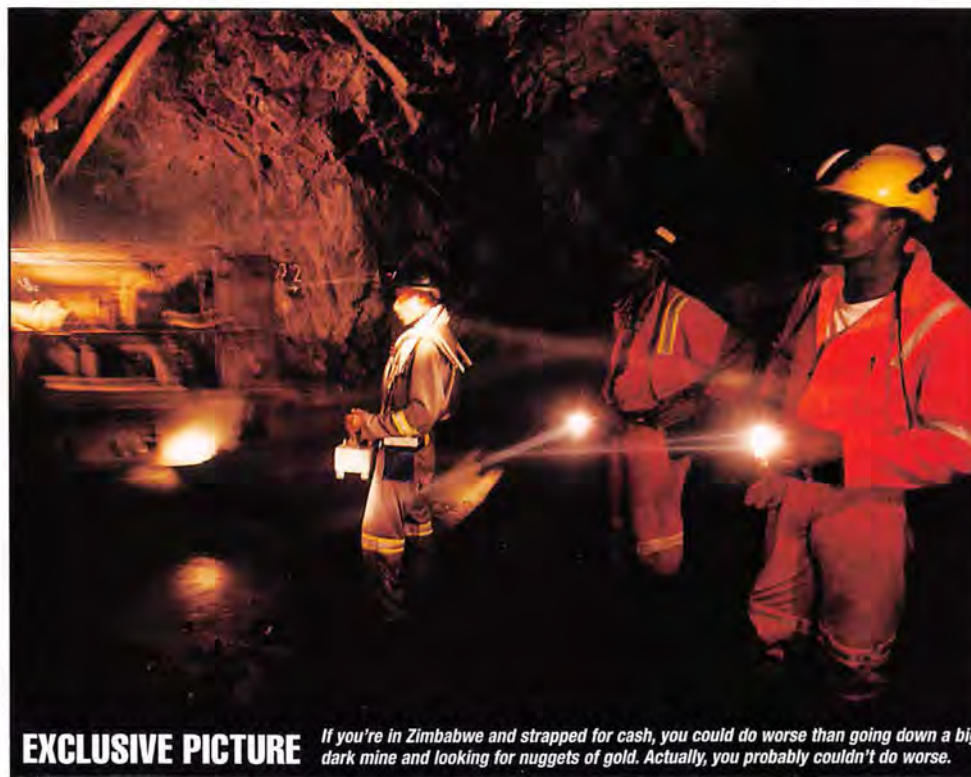
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THE Front

JANUARY 2001

30p

THE PONCE'S PAPER



EXCLUSIVE PICTURE *If you're in Zimbabwe and strapped for cash, you could do worse than going down a big dark mine and looking for nuggets of gold. Actually, you probably couldn't do worse.*

CAN YOU DIG IT?

Gold mining just to pay for a beer - it's the pits

Exclusive by our skint reporter, Mick Burke

Stuck in a backwater mining town in Zimbabwe with no cash, my situation was desperate. But the two Cubans I was drinking with had an incredible proposition. 'The mine on the edge of town. You know it?' Who could miss it? 'It's a goldmine. Gold everywhere, just lying around to pick up. They search all the workers, but there's no way they'd search an official. One visit there, you could be rich.' The barman nodded in approval, smiling.

The next day, relieved of my watch for the tab, I picked up the hotel telephone. Could it really be this easy? The assistant manager of Gold Coast Mining told me that no press visits were allowed. Not even, I asked, for representatives of the United Kingdom Bureau of Accredited Geologists - you know, the UKBAG? Suddenly it was their pleasure. Come to reception at three-thirty. Game on.

So I found myself seated with various

officials from the mine, explaining how I had unfortunately left my UKBAG accreditation card at the hotel, when a huge rumbling shook the office. What the hell was that? Blasting. The next round was due to start just after my visit.

Amid a sense of blagging pride, I was driven to the pit head. In a hut at the end of the road, dwarfed by an opening to the rocks that yawned like an obscene mouth, I was warned to drink only from green taps (purple denoted cyanide), to look both ways and give way to plant traffic. I was left with the shift manager, bizarrely called Hardlife, and driven underground.

Within ten minutes, I was very disorientated. Images of open seams of gold were replaced by a nightmare of incredibly dark proportions. The tunnels were 12ft high and sometimes 20ft wide, and almost pitch black. We climbed out of the jeep, and 85 decibels of grinding rock, generators

and pumps tore at my eardrums. Hardlife gestured to me in a way that I thought meant, 'I'll catch you up.' It didn't.

As my lungs vibrated in my chest, I stumbled into a knee-deep pool of water, and turned around to see that Hardlife had vanished. I saw a man wading ahead of me, but found it impossible to catch him up in the blackness. He vanished through a passage that my spotlight only just picked out, but crawling through the opening, all I saw was a maze of tunnels. The only thing to do was return to the jeep and let Hardlife find me. Turning around, I was presented with two openings. I waded through one, which opened into two more. Neither was the way I had come. I was lost.

In desperation I squatted down in the fetid water. Would moving make my situation better or worse? Could I even light a cigarette without blowing the mine to kingdom come? And where was all the fucking gold? An hour passed. Someone would find me. Surely I decided to risk a fag. Ninety minutes passed. I was shaking now, and proper scared... the whole weight of the rock was pressing in around me. Suddenly the roar of the mine changed from a dull throb to a high-pitched whine. The passage that I decided might be my tomb flared with red emergency lights, and somewhere I thought I could hear shouting.

In a blind panic I legged it down the passageway. Tunnel merged with tunnel until rounding a corner I careered into a group of men with torches and dogs. 'At fucking last,' snapped one particularly large and pissed-off miner. I was launched bodily into a truck, and driven at speed out of the mine.

The verdict was not good. An official complaint would be made to the British High Commission, and I could expect legal proceedings if I didn't leave the country at once. The mine manager was shaking so violently I thought he would explode. I had precipitated a several-thousand-dollar rescue, wandered into the middle of a blasting zone, and delayed their schedule by over a week.

Back at the hotel, I met that barman again. Still deafened, I told him where I had been. 'That's an incredible mine, sir, the lowest yield op in Zim.' What? 'Low yield mining,' he explained. 'They only extract a couple of grams of gold from every tonne of rock they blast. Good job you weren't trying to steal any - you'd never find a damn thing down there.'

Got a weird, amazing story to tell? Then e-mail front@cabalcomm.com



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STOCKING SWILLERS

TAKE THE STRESS OUT OF CHRISTMAS DAY BY FOLLOWING FRONT'S DETAILED DRINKING TIMETABLE. THEN TRY STUFFING THE BIRD

Let's face it, Christmas is a total pain in the arse. What with Alzheimer's-stricken relatives, silly bollocks gifts like diamond socks that cost a fortieth of what you shelled out, Harry Secombe's warbling and all the hassle of taking the puppy to Battersea Dogs Home come Boxing Day.

With this in mind our panel of experts, together with TheDrinkShop.com - who thoughtfully offers next-day booze delivery - has chosen the perfect selection of beers, wines and spirits to give you the sort of seasonal glow that only copious amounts of liquor can induce.

5AM

Slap your little brother round the head for waking you. Make mental note to keep his new Scalextric set for yourself. Go back to kip.

11AM

Open one eye, but more importantly, open the Moët.



TIPPLE TIP MOËT & CHANDON

Best served on its own and ice-cold. But if you don't mind being a bit of a girl's blouse, you could add a dash of orange juice.

11.30AM

It's time, as any time is, to crash

into the beers. And you can't go wrong with the best thing ever to have come from Belgium - Stella.



TIPPLE TIP STELLA ARTOIS

Shake the arse off the can, stab a small hole in the bottom, place your beer-swilling chops over the hole and pull the ring-pull. Hey presto, if you're not puking, you've just successfully negotiated your first 'shotgun'. Fool!

11.45AM

While pretending to love the aroma that is Old Spice 2000, set yourself up for the mammoth bird ahead (and we don't mean your missus), by knocking back a couple of shots of Absolut.



TIPPLE TIP ABSOLUT VODKA

Coke, Red Bull, tonic or lemonade are the usual mixers. But why not try something a bit more adventurous? Perhaps vodka over dandelion and burdock, or with a pint of semi-skimmed, for the ultimate curdle cocktail.

12PM

It's midday and what better way to celebrate the middle of the day than pouring yourself a large

sherry and pretending you're about 74 years old.



TIPPLE TIP HARVEYS BRISTOL CREAM

It's often served in a silly 'one mouthful' glass. For best results, we recommend swigging it from a one-litre glass as far away from Bristol as possible. Sorted.

1PM

Dinner is served, so why not compliment the turkey by opening the wine? Red for lads and white for the little lady.



TIPPLE TIP SHIRAZ

A nice Shiraz is not overly expensive, and is easy enough to pronounce without sounding like a totally uneducated twat. Chardonnay, like Brad Pitt, is every lady's favourite, and goes down famously with a couple of plump breasts.

4PM

Burp! Dinner's over, you're still wearing a silly hat, but thankfully you're done watching Granny chewing for hours on one piece of poxy bacon. You need brandy.



TIPPLE TIP MARTELL VSOP

When drinking Martell brandy, it's compulsory to hold the glass from underneath and swirl it in a swirling circle, which warms the brandy and also makes you irresistible to the chicks.

5PM

It's time to leave the ladies to talk about netball or something, so find a men-only room and get stuck into a fine glass of Graham's port and a cigar (substitute with a Superking if you're skint).



TIPPLE TIP GRAHAM'S PORT

Port gives you a stinker of a hangover, which can only be avoided by continuous drinking, perhaps right through to next Christmas if necessary. Never ever allow totty to drink port - you know how they whinge the next day after just one friggin' gin and tonic. You have been warned!

6PM

As the family merrily settle down for the Heartbeat Christmas special, instead of suicide, go for the Baileys, and pour a measure that Ollie Reed would be proud of.



TIPPLE TIP BAILEYS

This is another big fave of the ladies, but should she be a bit of a Zanussi, bang in a nip of Jameson whiskey. This should go straight to her head, pretty much guaranteeing you some of the same a little later on!

7PM

Well, it looks like another Christmas without pulling the right sort of cracker, so while your old fella perfects his Mr Methane impersonation, drown your libido in a bottle of Jameson.



TIPPLE TIP JAMESON WHISKEY

'Open up' your whiskey with a wee dram of water. This should hopefully halt the watery mouth feeling, which as we all know is soon followed by the proverbial projectile spraying of mum's new bathroom wallpaper.

12AM

At last! All the old folks have crashed out, largely because of that Norden git, so it's your big moment to sneak the girlfriend out of the 'separate beds' situation and share a midnight bottle of Bollinger.



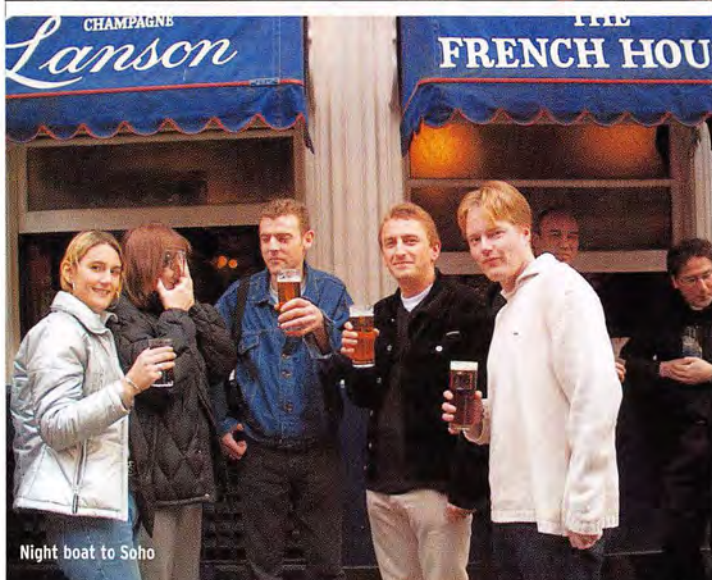
TIPPLE TIP BOLLINGER

Shaking the bottle may sound big, clever and lots of fun. But if you're in bed, God only knows where the cork could end UP.

Our experts studied long and hard (not to mention the liver transplants) to recommend you the best-quality booze for your day. Heed their advice - some drinks are not to be mixed, but these go together like legs and spaniels. Also a big thanks to TheDrinkShop.com for providing the refreshments. Got a boozing product to promote? Then call the kid with the cast-iron constitution, Ed Hardin, on 020-7554 5762.



I like serving in my bar



Night boat to Soho

OUR FREE HOUSE

SUGGS SERVING IN A SOHO PUB? IT SOUNDED LIKE MADNESS, SO FRONT HAD TO CHECK IT OUT

Next time you're in London and fancy visiting a boozer that's steeped in history, and is the haunt of celebs and proper drinkers alike, check out The French House on Dean Street in Soho (off Shaftesbury Avenue). Previous regulars include the likes of Charlie Chaplin, Oscar Wilde and Salvador Dali, and nowadays Suggs' mum is often seated at the bar. This jovial juicer is perfect for those pissed off with endless bland theme pubs for endless bland theme people. Used as the headquarters for the French government in WW2, De Gaulle wrote his speeches here to inspire the Frog nation to rise up and kick the Nazis in the nuts (with our help, of course).

Only one problem: it has only ever served halves. This month however, we got wind of a very special day on which this fine establishment would actually be selling pints. Not only that, son of one of the regulars, Suggs, would be pouring them! At 11:40am we leave FRONT Towers for the 20-minute ale march to The French House. Such is our keenness that we arrive there in 12. Sure enough, the nutty one was there behind the bar and we set about making good use of him until weaving our way back to the office around four.

What's more, nearly £800 was raised on the day for the NSPCC. If you're in the area, do yourself a favour and pop in for two halves.

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MATE IN A STATE

HAVE YOU GOT A WKD SIDE?

Ah, Christmas. The wafting smell of turkey, tinkle of tiny bells over snow-topped houses, smiling faces of expectant children – and, of course, cascading fountains of free booze. While we celebrate the birthday of little baby Jesus all year round here at FRONT, the vast majority of you pagan lot seem to squeeze all that celebration into a few hazy days at the arse end of the year. A boozy riot of such intensity ensures that the Mate In A State postbag is invariably bursting, so keep it up! If your pals are floored while drinking for England, snap 'em quick and send the sorry results to the address on page 7. The artist of the month will receive two crates of WKD* – a refreshing mix of vodka and Iron Brew – so you can repeat the whole process again and again...



*Entrants must be 18 years or over



Ha-hargh! Hargh!



Ha-bloargh! Bloargh!



Ha-mmooorh! Mmmmmmm...

MONG OF THE MONTH!



The bumbarine had cruised for months without sighting land



Aged just six months, the alcohol had clearly affected the baby's growth hormones



Santa comes but once a year, but boy, when he comes...



Posh takes revenge on a loud, inquisitive football fan

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PRAY HE NEVER COMES DOWN YOUR CHIMNEY.



IT'S ALL ABOUT SURVIVAL THIS CHRISTMAS

MONDAY 25TH-FRIDAY 29TH

SAS: THE SOLDIERS STORY

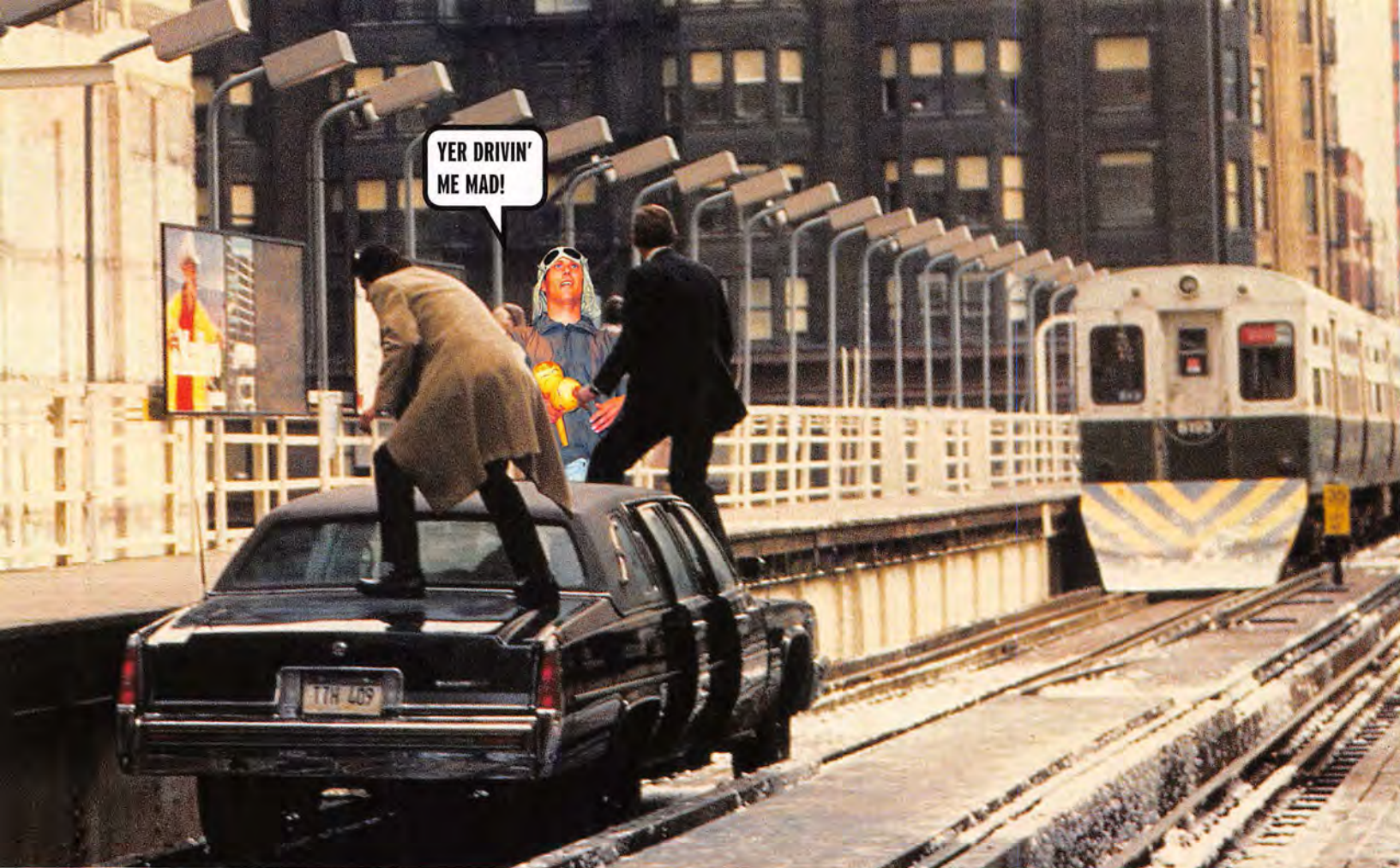
MISSING IN ACTION 1 & 2

SOUTHERN COMFORT



BRAVO

IT SHOULDN'T BE ENTERTAINING. BUT IT IS.



**BEZ
SEZ**

LADY & THE TRAM

BEZ'S CHRISTMAS MESSAGE: DON'T GET MARRIED, DON'T BE A GANGSTER AND DON'T DRIVE ON MAGIC MUSHROOMS

'Tis the season of goodwill to all men apparently, an' a good job too, cos I've just been asked to be best man at the surprise wedding of the year, which 'as been squeezed in at the beginnin' of the festivities to ensure all gathered get a bonus binge. But fuckin' 'ell, gettin' married! I wasn't sure whether to believe me mate at the time of the announcement, considerin' the intrepid moves he'd made the night before, drivin' the car on this year's finest fungus.

Somehow we'd managed to get the motor on these tramlines in Sheffield. We thought that it wasn't such a good move, as the tyres slid about precariously on the metal track. Then grave doubts crept in as trams comin' in the opposite direction skimmed dangerously close, an' we 'ad to pull up behind the tram in front when it stopped to pick up passengers. A quick overtakin' manoeuvre put us back in front, but then the driver started blastin' his horn, an' all the passengers were lookin' an' pointin'.

We really knew we were trippin' our nuts off when the next obstacle on the course happened to be the fuckin' tram flyover to the point of no return, an' to make matters even worse, some other goons had followed us up there. There was nothin' for it but a three-point turn, an' back the way we came. So I wasn't too sure if

this bloke was really in the right frame of mind to be bandyin' about threats of marriage, an' I duly questioned this, at which point he got all upset an' said I wasn't gonna be the best man after all, if that's how I felt about it.

Of course, I accepted the position with due grace, then pissed him off good style as I defended my reaction to the news. What I wanted to say was fuck that marriage shit, in my eyes it's a load of old-fashioned bollocks sustained by the church. I've seen shitloads of marriages come an' go in the time I've been with Debs, an' in my opinion, the vows aren't worth the paper they're written on. I like to think the spoken word an' heartfelt gesture is enough to keep a couple together without an expensive charade of fancy vol-au-vents an' champagne. Havin' said that, I like a good do, an' could do with a rousin' trip out in a new whistle after sittin' indoors watchin' too much TV last month.

On one of them many wet-an'-windy nights in front of the box, I came across an interestin' film called Shooters, on Channel 4. It got me thinkin' about our late friend Reggie Kray an' the role of the gangster in modern society. The film dealt with the underworld of big-time drugs dealin' in Liverpool, the firms that run it all, an' how easily lives can be extinguished to

maintain profits. It dealt with the subject well, but didn't do enough to put off all the wannabe gangsters that are linin' up to enter the game.

It didn't show the proper fuckin' negative side of bein' a gunman, the constant mental anguish of havin' stepped over the line, takin' another man's life with no hope of a return to normality, livin' with the demons you've created, an' the crack sessions to try an' numb the anguish, only to get hallucinations of things even worse comin' at you from all corners.

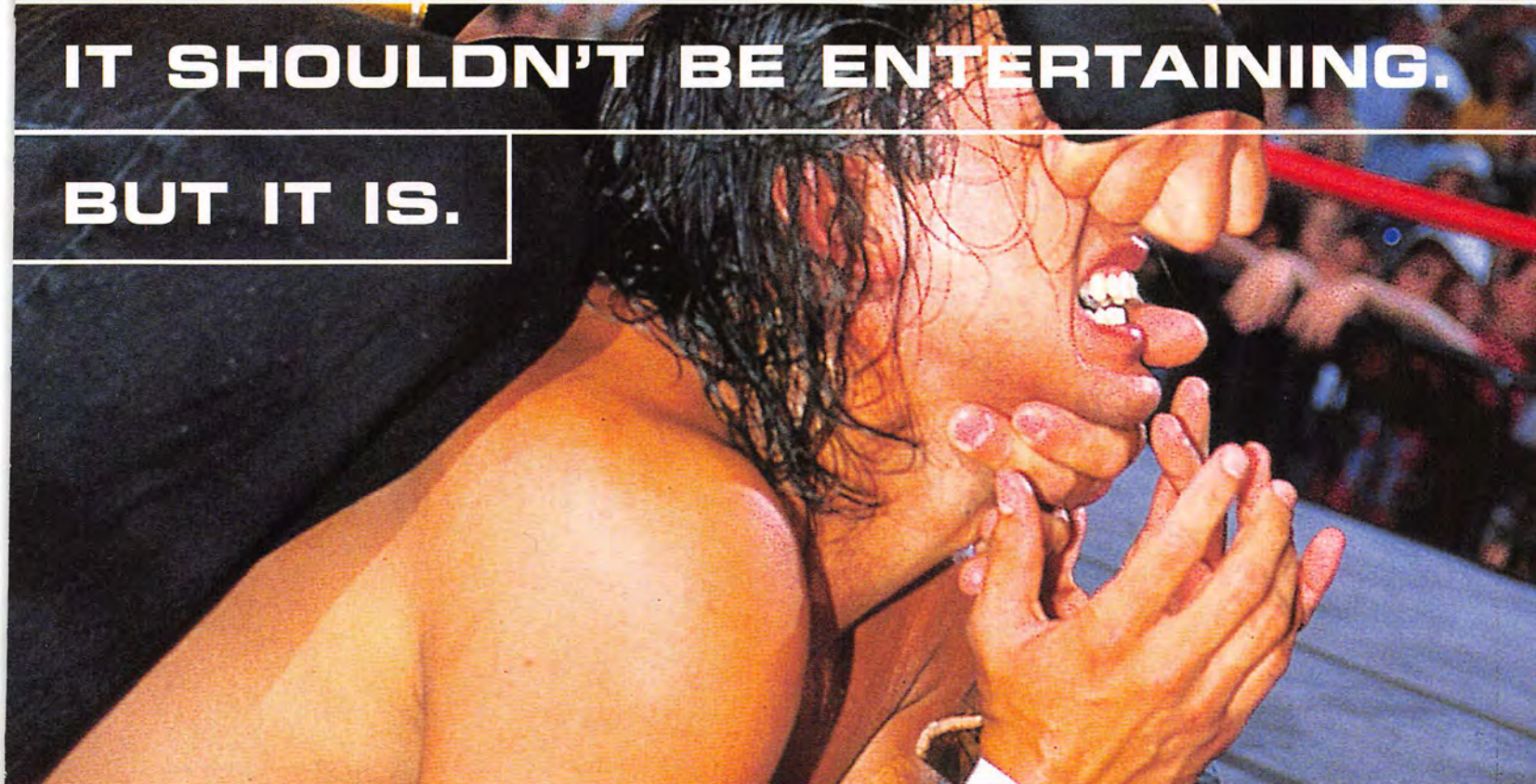
No doubt there are men who can walk through life comfortable in the knowledge of their crimes, wearin' their bulletproof vests as an everyday item, waitin' for the comebacks or the next young upstart to come along an' claim the patch. They shouldn't have just shown people dyin' quick an' clean an' that. It also should've shown bein' peppered full of bullets an' survivin' to live the rest of your life as a crippled an' crushed man, or rottin' in some jail, contemplatin' suicide. One thing's for sure, it's a wasted life if you take a stroll down this path. Even our Reg, God bless his soul, gave out the message in the end that it ain't a clever option.

On a positive note, I'm lookin' forward to winter as it turns out - after the disaster of last year, pure months in hospital in agony, wonderin' if I'd live to see me bin lids grow up, it's amazin' what a fine year it turned out to be. I managed to quit the morphine, find a fair amount of action, an' remembered how to laugh again. So touch wood an' fingers crossed an' all that, I intend to have it fuckin' good next year, too. So here's a big goodbye to all things shite. Have a really good Christmas, an' a happy new year. All the Bez!



IT SHOULDN'T BE ENTERTAINING.

BUT IT IS.



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APART FROM A PAIR OF
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LIKE A REAL JUDGE «





**DAVE
DOES!**

JUDGE DAVE: I AM THE LAW

ALL RISE FOR THE RIGHT DODGY, ER, HONOURABLE DAVE COURTNEY QC - GETTING A LOOK AT THE OTHER SIDE OF CROWN COURT, IN HIS LATEST FILM



Well, you would not believe where I'm writing this from, especially having checked out these photos. I'm only in the fucking dock at the Old Bailey, looking at a real judge! I reckon I look much better in the wig than he does, though. But when I look up at the public gallery I see a couple of the FRONT boys among all the chaps. The deputy editor is mouthing something at me but I can't work out what, until I see him pretending to write in mid-air. Then I realise he wants this month's article. The cheeky bastard, I thought he was here to give me moral support! I'm just praying to God that this article doesn't come out before the court case is finished.

Anyway, when I was asked to play a judge in a film recently, I jumped at the chance. As luck would have it, I was staying up in Liverpool at the time with Robbie and Johnny and the boys, to open their new lapdancing club - what a night that was! The next morning, filming started at Manchester Crown Court and there I was playing the Right Honourable Mr David Courtney QC. Not one to miss an opportunity, I brought all the props along. You know the ones, ha-ha-ha. I also had with me two carloads of boys I had taken to the club the night before - Leon, Kevin, Brendan, Tucker, Seymour and Marcus. What the rest of the cast thought I don't know, but I looked as if I had ten security guys round me 24/7.

I had the most enormous hard-on (yeah right, Dave - ed) all day, sitting in the judge's chair in the real judge's clothes and wig in a proper courtroom. So to keep up the realism, I was naked underneath it all apart from a pair of women's knickers, just like a real judge. And I just had to spark up a joint while

sitting there - you know how it is. I was very honoured to be working alongside actors, such as old Spider out of Corrie, who plays an amateur boxer, in court for a murder he never committed. The prosecutor is played by the very suave and slick Mr Max Farnham, out of Brookside. He's so fucking believable in the part that I nearly chinned him, ha-ha-ha! Everyone on set was buzzing about how well filming was going - they'd just got back from filming in Greece and it went well there, too. Lucky cunts, I get Manchester and they get Greece. What does that tell you? Anyway, it's called Daddy's Fox, and it comes out early next year. It's going to be the bollocks.

To put the icing on the cake, while I was in the courtroom doing my thing, I happened to have a copy of the Daily Sport with me - don't ask why, ha-ha-ha - and while reading it in the judge's chair, a photo got taken and it ended up in the Daily Sport under the heading Dave Ain't A Bad Judge - on the same day as I started my court case. What a coup! A small little triumph on my side. I know, I know, little things please little minds.

Now, what you have got to ask yourself is: did I have a crafty wank under the bench while filming, or not? Send your reply to FRONT, then I'll pick a winner and take them for a night on the town they won't forget.

But how unlucky can you get? Back in the dock, I nicked the headphones we used to listen to the surveillance tapes, and I've only been seen by the prosecution barrister. Now my bail during the day has been revoked, and I'm not allowed to go to dinner with the rest - I have to spend the time in the cells, instead. I can't fucking help it, it weren't screwed down, so it's fair game - or so I thought. Anyway, I'll keep you posted. Over and out, roger rog and all that.

▼ **HANNAH COREY** is 26, and is a sales and marketing manager who likes sex, drugs and drum'n'bass.

▼ **LISA-JANE ELLIS** is 27, and is a sales support coordinator who waxes her body parts regularly.

▲ **ANDIE REDMAN** is a 26-year-old interiors stylist who has a new boyfriend called John.

▲ **ANNA-LOUISE WEATHERLEY** is 27 and the editor of website www.therumour.com and dreams of being kidnapped by Leatherface.

▲ **JULIE BRADLEY** is 27, another bloody journalist, and admits to watching *Heartbeat* and enjoying it.

▲ **SARAH DELMEGE** is 29 and is a journalist who likes crabs and muscles. Come to *FRONT*'s office!

BIGMOUTHS STRIKE AGAIN

THESE GIRLS HAVE NOT ONLY BEEN ROUND THE BLOCK, THEY BOUGHT IT, ALONG WITH THE GARAGE SPACES AND THE SHOPS. READ THIS AND YOU'LL GO BLIND

Six girls, six Malibu and mixers, six quid, and sick all over the bog. Heh-heh-heh. It's gotta be ladies night, and we sent along a spy to eargwig their saucy chatter. You dirty, dirty little girls.

Laydeez on: Christmas parties

Lisa-Jane They are dangerous. You're in a sexy Christmas number, you have too much booze and your inhibitions go out the window...

Hannah Yeah, you've got your Grattan catalogue number on, pissed out of your brain and thinking you're really sexy, and suddenly everyone looks like Brad Pitt. Even though really, they're all minging.

Andie Talking of dodgy outfits, I once went to a works Christmas party as Little Bo Peep. I fell off a table, and a chair caught me right in the fanny - total agony. This ugly old guy suddenly grabbed me and said, 'You're going to find yourself over the bonnet of a car with your knickers round your ankles, being done from behind by a 50-year-old man, darlin'.'

Sarah Dirty old bastard! As if you would! There's always one grotesque old fucker, isn't there? I knew a couple who shagged in the

MD's office at the Christmas do and he caught them at it. They both got sacked!

Anna-Louise That's mean - it was Christmas. He was probably jealous he wasn't getting any.

Lisa-Jane How embarrassing being caught by your boss! Mind you, a mate of mine decided to have a Fatal Attraction moment and shag in the lift on Christmas Eve. But the lift jammed and no-one could leave work until they got out!

Anna-Louise I bet everyone was fuming that they couldn't get to the pub. I went to this works do and at the end of the night I got my coat from the cloakroom, but I didn't realise until later that I had spunk all the way up the back. It never came out either - it was like glue.

Andie Well, I snogged eight blokes in one night at a Christmas party... and when I went back to work the next day I had two boyfriends I didn't know about!

FRONT says Snogging eight blokes in one night? Even at Christmas, DIS-GUSTING. Spunk on the back of the coat was from *THE LORD* as a punishment - YEAH!

Laydeez on: Rough sex

Anna-Louise I'm into pleasure/pain.

Hannah I went to bed with this bloke once and it felt like I'd gone five rounds with Mike Tyson. He threw me on the bed and kept yanking my hair. I screamed because it hurt, but he just thought I was loving it. It wasn't erotic at all.

Andie I would've punched his lights out. It can be kinky though - this guy tied me to a four-poster bed, which was a trusting thing to do.

Sarah I'd have to trust someone a lot before I'd let them near me with a rope! And don't you hate it when men bite your nipples really hard?

Julie Ohh, nipples are such sensitive things. I don't think men realise that. I went to bed with a guy who seemed very gentle but under the covers he took his aggression out on me. He was biting my breasts really hard and pumping away as if I wasn't there. I didn't say anything because I honestly didn't want to offend him.

Lisa-Jane Yeah, I think women feel it's best to shut up and put up. It's a total ego bruiser for a bloke otherwise, isn't it?

Andie I think it's instinctive for a man to exert his power during sex. It's that caveman within.

>> I was with this bloke who was like something out of a cheap porn flick. He was spanking me and going 'Oh baby, harder.' It was so embarrassing <<



Hannah I was with this bloke once and it was like something out of a cheap porn flick. He was spanking me and going, 'Oh baby, harder.' It was so embarrassing.

Anna-Louise Oh no, I'd just tell him to shut up. But I don't mind sex talk, and I quite like it if I'm the one exerting the authority. I had sex in stiletto boots once and dug them in this guy's back. When I saw the state of his back the next day, I thought, 'Jesus, why didn't he say anything?' It must've really hurt, ha-ha-ha!

Julie Well, if you will have sex with your boots on! So if you didn't realise you were hurting him, maybe blokes don't realise they're hurting us. I know a girl whose bloke went down on her and actually bit her labia! Can you imagine?

FRONT says Labia? Yeeuucchh, that sounds like an inside problem. Like piles. Or thrush. Why do women use proper terminology? 'Put your "penis" inside me...' No, it's teacher sex.

Laydeez on: Anal sex

Hannah My boyfriend's mate said that all girls would succumb to anal sex if you push them enough, and the reason blokes love it is because it's tighter. So I said, 'Maybe you're sleeping with a bunch of sloppy tarts, then.'

Anna-Louise Or maybe he's got a small cock!

Sarah [Laughing] If it's not tight enough, get a penis extension, mate! I've never met a bloke who doesn't want anal sex - they all try it on.

Hannah Yeah, but I love it. It gets easier after a

>> Cocaine makes my nipples hard as bullets, but if you rub it on your bits it numbs them totally. And it can make a bloke's cock soft <<

few times. If I'm really relaxed and lubricated then it's okay, but if you're not, then it hurts.

Anna-Louise Does it make you come?

Hannah No.

Andie It's not just about having an orgasm, is it? It's more than that - it's a bit, well, filthy.

Sarah They all try it, though - I hate it when they pretend they don't know what they're doing and try and stick it up the wrong hole.

Julie I'd be worried that I'd shit myself.

Andie Yeah, you can shit yourself if they hit the wrong muscle, but I think it's carnal instinct. We're animals, after all.

FRONT says Milk, milk, lemonade, round the back's where chocolate's made. The four-point plan. Er... still dizzy from this last conversation... too much... muck...

Laydeez on: Sex on drugs

Anna-Louise Ecstasy is probably the best drug to have sex on. It was once actually a drug given to couples for marriage guidance.

Andie Snorting cocaine off someone's arse and rubbing it on your bean is better.

Hannah Someone once talked me into putting cocaine on my fanny - I thought it was good, but after a while you can't feel anything.

Anna-Louise It makes my nipples as hard as bullets [Top work! - ed], but if you rub it on your bits it just numbs them totally. Plus it can make a bloke's cock go soft if they've had too much, so they're no good in bed.

Sarah I've never come while I've been on ecstasy. You just end up all dry and knackered and frustrated because you can't orgasm.

Andie You should try sex on acid, it's amazing - and you'll definitely come. You're visualising all this stuff and melting into the person you're shagging, it's like you're dreaming it. Fantastic.

Julie Yeah, but if you need drugs to have good sex, then it isn't real. It's just chemically induced.

Lisa-Jane Yeah, it only heightens what's already there. Nothing beats your own natural endorphins. For me, natural sex is always better.

Anna-Louise But have you shagged someone on Viagra? That's fucking phenomenal...

FRONT says It's a big, wide, wicked world. 2000 years ago little Lord Jesus sung prayers in his stable. The Devil is here, now.



DOSH & PECKHAM

BOYCIE WAS THE BLANK-FIRING, TIGHT-FISTED WHEELER-DEALER IN ONLY FOOLS AND HORSES. FRONT HAD A WORD ABOUT THAT USED CAR THE ED BOUGHT OFF HIM...

Firing no blanks this month, we've got Boycie, Peckham's answer to Bill Gates, sharing his views on dope smoking, lift pissing and, er, Anne Widdecombe. Cushty!

So Boycie, how is the beautiful Marlene?

Oh, you mean my Marlene! She was extremely well last time I saw her, which, thankfully, was quite some time ago.

How are Del's, er, I mean, your kids?

My kids? Oh, you're talking about that time in The Nag's Head when Marlene said, 'Say goodnight to your son,' and everyone stood up and said 'Goodnight'. They have an infantile sense of humour. After all my ducking and diving, I needed an heir to carry the Boyce empire into the millennium.

So he'll inherit the car lot?

I hope so, as soon as we've cleared up the DNA test. I've opened a few more lots. We're going into the eastern European market with the Skodas. We're cleaning out the ashtrays, so they should sell well. They're good little runners. Most of them are on bricks though.

I have heard that Peckham has been renamed Peekham Village. Is that true?

Yes, it's all part of the Europeanisation of London. You know, Elephant And Castle suddenly became L'elephant de Chateaux. They're trying to put little tables out on the pavements and get people to buy coffee and cakes. It's a bad idea. We should have more traffic and derelict buildings, and compulsory ducking and diving going on.

Have you moved off the manor now then?

Well I now have a little place in the Seychelles. I spend a lot of time there, er, because I have to, for certain reasons I won't go into right now. [Polite cough]

Do you think that second-hand car dealers get a bad name?

Yes. I don't like the image of sheepskin coats and second-hand car-dealers walking around with wads of notes in their back pockets. You'd never catch me doing that.

Do you think there is any truth in the saying that only fools and horses work?

I don't know what it means because I have worked hard all my life, very hard in fact, getting other people to work for me. Horses are made to work by humans, so if you asked a horse if it would like to work, the horse would probably say no.

Or neigh.

You obviously have a sense of humour. I see a secondary-modern upbringing. As

far as fools are concerned, I agree with that. I mean, just look at Trigger... a fool with a broom.

Do you still see Trigger?

Don't talk to me about that Muppet. He lives on a totally different planet.

So, what would you give me for an '84, 1.6L Escort Ghia?

On an '84 plate... well, I'd have to look very carefully under the bonnet, and I'd have to look into your background, because I don't



>> When someone buys one of my remarkable items they see it, listen to me, and if there are any problems, they can bugger off somewhere else <<

just buy from anyone who I meet in the street. I find out if they've bought a job lot of Sellotape recently.

Did you ever visit Del in Mandela House?

Not if I could help it. Last time I went there was a bloody rainbow in the lift. Now Del lives in this enormous country house and is playing with himself, I mean playing snooker with himself. He has no friends. Never did.

He did buy a Rolls-Royce off you...

No, Rodney bought a Roller. I can't imagine Del ever putting his hand in his pocket.

Was the Roller in good nick?

Half of it was. I hadn't finished doing it up.

So you couldn't see the weld line then?

Hope not - a lot of newspaper went into that.

So what are your thoughts on income tax?

Unprintable. I haven't paid any for a while; most of my money goes offshore, to build a future for Tyler and to a lesser extent, Marlene and her large family.

Would you ever give any money back, or guarantee any of your motors?

The very fact anyone has bought one of my remarkable items should be enough. They take it, see it, listen to what I have to say and if there are any problems, they can bugger off and buy one somewhere else.

So how did you get into second-hand cars?

Through the door.

As a second-hand car dealer, do you believe in heaven?

Yes, I do believe that there are some pearly gates up there. Let's just hope they're open when I drive through.

Now you have a bigger house, I hear that for security reasons you've bought a gun.

Does it only fire blanks?

In fact I am into shooting; my little 28-year-old Tyler holds up cans to see if I can hit them without hitting him. He's a good lad.

Camel-hair coats are back in fashion. As a bit of an expert, what do you think of that?

If the Arab-Israeli conflict gets worse, there will be a lot less camels, so anyone with a camel-hair coat will see the value increase. I'm always on for something that has value.

Who are your favourite women?

Well, there is the wife! Margaret Thatcher, she brought the country together, took us into a war that we won, welcomed our boys home shot to pieces. It is what this country needs, a bloody good war.

What's the funniest thing you've ever seen?

Anne Widdecombe; she looks like she's been put together by a committee. She got her comeuppance with the drugs thing. All those Tories standing up and saying I took drugs - who bloody cares?

Did you inhale?

Absolutely not, man.

Is Rodney really a plonker?

Dipstick is a more suitable word. The boy couldn't organise a prayer in a mosque.

Pukka stuff, thanks Boycie.

Eddie Hardin

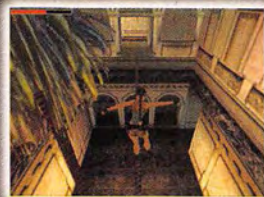
Only Fools And Horses is bound to be on telly over Christmas. Or, get it on video.

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PC CD-ROM



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GOOD LORD!

LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THOSE... **EARS!**

HAVING RECENTLY SPLIT UP WITH DANE, THE DELECTABLE JORDAN IS FREE TO DO WHAT SHE DOES BEST - AND SHE'S ONLY DOING IT FOR FRONT. HAPPY X-X-XMAS YOU LOT

WORDS: PIERS HERNU PHOTOGRAPHY: JEANY SAVAGE/DANILO

Ten past six and there's a text message on my mobile... 'Meet me at nine at The Red Cube.' At nine on the dot, I try to get in and am told to bugger off by a bald bastard of a bouncer. A quick phone call and I'm told she'll be there at nine thirty. Time for an ale-soaker at Burger King. Nine thirty-five and a text message says ten thirty at some other place in Piccadilly. Three lonely pints in some shithole of a tourist pub later I walk in and, amazingly, Jordan's actually there - sitting in an alcove with about five girlfriends. With a 'butter wouldn't melt in my mouth and nor would you' smile, she stands up and gives me a peck on the cheek. Christmas has come early and so, very nearly, have I.

Are you enjoying life as a single girl?

Um, I didn't enjoy it at first, I missed my cuddles and love, but I'm getting used to it and getting to know who I am not, and I'm not ➤









» I DON'T LET MEN GROPE ME AND
DEFINITELY DON'T LET THEM GET MY
PUNANI OUT TO WINK AT THEM «

sure whether that's a good or a bad thing. It's the first time I've been single since I left school.

So do you plan to stay single for a while?

Put it this way, I'm not in a hurry to look for a man. If one comes along, then I believe it's fate. I've done all my partying and been linked with every Tom, Dick and Harry - most of it isn't true, by the way.

Do more blokes chat you up now?

More men approach me, but because of the stuff that's been in the paper, people think I'm a slut, and an 'easy shag'. So I don't know who to trust

now. If a bloke thinks I am an easy shag, he's wasting his time, because he's not getting in *my* knickers.

What have the press been saying about you then?

I can name everyone the press have linked me with: Shane from Boyzone, J from Five, Les Ferdinand, Seal...

Michael Gecko?

Oh yeah, Michael Greco - I'm losing count myself. I can confirm I've met Les twice and I wasn't with him the night they're on about. I've known Shane for a while, I knew Michael - he came to mine and Dane's housewarming. All of us are friends. ►



» I HAVE A NEW TATTOO. WHERE THE PUBIC HAIR WAS, THAT'S BALD. I HAVE A PINK HEART... <

What happened with this J character?

He was out of order. I met him with some friends and we all went to another place, and Dane was there. J caused trouble and I should've realised what he was up to. He kept coming up to me and I said, 'I'd rather you didn't talk to me cos I'm trying to keep a low profile and don't want to be pictured with any bokes.' After a drink I forget that when I walk out of those club doors, there'll be paparazzi there. I must learn.

You've been all over the tabloids. Has the split with Dane been good for your profile?

No, cos I don't have a PR agent. I must find one, all this stuff goes in the papers and people write anything. It's good that they print pictures, but what they say isn't good. But I'd rather people talk about me than not.

So has Dane actually been getting you thrown out of parties?

Yeah, it's all completely, absolutely true. I get invited to the same parties as him, so don't see why people pick on me by saying I follow him around. He has a PR agent to sort things out, but I haven't, so I get lumbered with all the bad press.

So you two aren't friends any more then?

When I break off with someone I can't be friends, because one partner always wants more than the other, and I did want more than him. It was good that we split up because I've heard a hell of a lot about him - who he's been with, who he was texting and in contact with behind my back. I know for a fact he won't find anything out about me, because I was faithful. I doubt I can trust a man again. Either that, or I could be a right bitch to the next man I go out with.

Painful splitting up with someone, isn't it?

I hate it. I hurt easily and I fall in love easily. But the split's making me stronger. I can

count the men I've slept with on one hand,
so that proves I'm not a slut.

**Do you think next time, you might try
someone who's not in a boy band?**

I don't go for people cos they're high-profile.
At the parties I go to, they are the kind of
people I meet.

**Did you and Posh fall out because of Dane's
involvement with the record?**

Dane did change a lot while he worked with
Posh, but I've never fallen out with her.
Since I've split with Dane, I'm getting on
with my career. I do miss the dog he bought
me, which his mum has now. I'd like it back,
it was a present to me, so it's mine.

Did you like Becks?

Yeah. I treat everyone the same. I couldn't
give a shit what they do.

**You mentioned on the phone that you're
having yet another boob job tomorrow.**

Yes, you're first to know. It's an exclusive.

So this will be your third one, will it?

My third fuck?

No, enhancement!

Oh, I've got sex on the brain, ain't I? Yes,
third time lucky.

You were pretty lucky with the first two.

Well, this time, I could have the largest one
off the shelf or have customised ones, but it
takes eight to 12 weeks. I hate waiting for
anything, so I'm going for it.

What size?

The biggest bag off the shelf. ➤







Is it not a problem having to open up the same scar tissue?

No, scars are supposed to be quite sexy. If men don't like it when they're with me, they don't have to look, do they?

I think most FRONT readers would think it ridiculous that you want them even bigger. Isn't there a fear, dysmorphophobia, where you're obsessed with a part of your body?

Yes, but this is the last and final one - I'm hoping that when I ride my horse, they don't knock me out.

Are they really um, hard to touch?

Piers, stop trying to have a squeeze.

Why? I'm a bloke and I want a squeeze.

They feel like normal boobs, but firmer. I can breast-feed, but I don't want anything, except a boyfriend, hanging off my boobs.

So do you like the shots you did for us?

I love them, they're my favourite - I had to give the boys a treat. I tried to do as much as I could without going topless; I only do that for Playboy.

Um... no, you don't do topless... no. Dane didn't like you doing that, did he?

Every man I've been out with didn't like it.

I wouldn't mind.

You say that now, but when men fall in love, they want to keep you to themselves.

It's not his job to dictate your career. That's like you saying you were unhappy he released bland boy-band bollocks.

I know, but I wouldn't stop him doing anything - I was in love. But now I've split, I've realised I was nuts and nobody's gonna stop me doing anything now.

Were these shots the reason you split up?

I did a calendar shoot before this, which was more covered up because that's what Dane wanted. The people behind it wanted my kit off more, so I split with him.

Do you want him back?

I did, cos I thought we'd get married and have kids. But that was last week. This week it's time to move on. There's plenty of men who will let me do my job and still love me.

So, have you done any snogging?

A couple of times, but I don't let men grope me, and definitely don't let them get my punani out to let it wink at them.

Are you enjoying your increased fame?

I'm not famous yet.

Oh shut it! So how long can you handle being celibate?

A long time. My toys keep me entertained.

It's enough to turn a girl gay.

I don't mind. To tell you a secret, Francine Lewis, Jodie Shaw, me, Sally, a make-up

artist, and Vanessa, who's Lee's [from Steps] ex-girlfriend, are moving into a house in Ruislip. It's gonna be mad!

Can I be the only bloke at your first party?

Maybe, if the interview's okay. I also have a new tattoo... where the pubic hair was, that's bald. I have a pink heart - it really hurt.

So who did that?

A guy in Brighton.

That would take about 15 minutes, right?

No, it took him over two hours.

Who would have guessed it, eh? 

See more Jordan at www.jordanfanclub.co.uk

WITNI

A DATE WITH JORDAN AT ONE OF LONDON'S TOP RESTAURANTS

'I want to see them suited and booted - and any age. I'll choose the guy, so can FRONT readers please send in your photos and make sure you look immaculate. You can wear a tie or open-neck shirt, or even a polo neck. Style it yourselves - I don't mind, so long as you make an effort.' Send your photos to 'Jordan's New Boyfriend?' FRONT magazine, 374 Euston Road, London NW1 3BL.



MAMMA
WE'RE ALL HUNGRY NOW!

DAVE HILL, THE CUP-A-SOUP SLURPING
GUITARIST IN SLADE, TESTS THE LATEST IN
BOILING WATER-BASED SNACKS

Britain's favourite festive 7inch is Merry Xmas Everybody, by Slade. Dave Hill played guitar. Today he's in a kitchen

in Maida Vale, London, and the kettle's boiling. Dave's also known for the Cup A Soup sketch on Vic and Bob. Bob played Dave and it was funny. Get the forks out.

What did you think about Vic and Bob's Cup A Soup sketches?

What really struck me about it was how they chose me to be the Cup A Soup mum. I didn't know about it until I actually saw it on the programme, you know. They had it exactly like me as well, with the hair and the silver coat. It was blinking hilarious.

If Batchelors asked, would you do an ad for Cup A Soup?

I probably would, yeh! I could dress up and it'd be good fun. I'm surprised, actually, that Cup A Soup doesn't approach me. It's such an obvious idea to get a real Slade person to do it.

Have you noticed that Oasis sound the same as Slade?

Yeh, well they're fans, aren't they? They did a cover of Cum On Feel The Noize. If you play it to young people now, they don't realise it's a Slade song.

Are you surprised that the 70s revival has lasted longer than the 70s were here in the first place?

I started it off about 20 years ago because I needed to get back on the road.

What records do you buy?

It's very difficult to buy an album that's very good. In our day you'd get a Beatles album and every song would be brill, you know? I bought Duran Duran at one point in the 80s. I like that Verve single, that Sweet Symphony - there are certain things you pick out.

Do you think that boy and girl bands are shit?

I would say... ha-ha-ha... I wouldn't have used that word. I'd be more professional. But these boy bands are just a lot of good-looking geezers dancing around.

Surely that's the fault of the record labels?

They're just playing safe, aren't they? They've got their budgets and their jobs to think about.

Were drugs ever a part of Slade?

We'd have a smoke, but we were more into knocking a few cans of beer down our throats than any

of that. The thing about Slade was that we were a very professional group. You see, our manager was Jimi Hendrix's manager. So when Hendrix died, it was a poignant moment for everybody. We tended to have our feet on the ground, and I'm glad we did.

Have you seen The Grimleys?

With Noddy? It's a bit difficult this for me.

You thought it was rubbish, didn't you?

If I was really truthful - I'm not trying to criticise Noddy's work. It's not Noddy who's at fault, it's the script that is bad. I would have had a go at it if I'd been offered, you know. Maybe it was all a little bit 'worked out'.

It took piss out of the Midlands.

Yeh... southerners might think that's how they live up north. It took the piss, but I don't want to criticise because I wouldn't have minded giving something like that a go. But I sat and looked, and my kids said, 'This is crap!'

Are you the man responsible for platform heels?

Well, the bover boots we wore ended up as platforms. I went in search of women's boots, you see, because being short I always wanted some height. And I ended up making a career out of it. I started it all. I used to get people with short legs thanking me, saying, 'Thanks for bringing my confidence back.' You don't know how you affect people do you? I did break my ankle on stage at Liverpool Stadium, though. I had to do the rest of the tour in a silver throne.

Where's the Super Yob guitar?

Marco Pirroni's [Adam And The Ants] got it. He got it in the shop I sold it to. We were thinking about having it remade cos I want it back in the act. I'm glad Marco's got it; he'll look after it.

Who came up with 'Slade'?

Our record company. We were Ambrose Slade - Ambrose was our singer. We got rid of the Ambrose and kept Slade.

Are you still recognised in the street? You must be...

Yeh. Some'll say, 'I want to shake your hand.' Then there's some who say, 'Thanks for making my youth great.' Even me bank manager was a fan - and that comes in handy.

Lee Gale

CUM ON FEEL THE BOIL

SQUIGGLE WORD, PROPER JAPANESE STUFF

This is probably quite nice. Japan's where I first came across teriyaki. Lovely fella - ha-ha-ha! Ooh, it's nice, this. Yeh, spicy, which appeals to me. It is bloody spicy an' all - phoo-phoo! It's not particularly tasty, it's a spicy noodle, but for me, that's a winner, because it is spicy food. ★★★★★★☆☆



WINNER



BATCHELORS MINESTRONE CUP A SOUP

Ah, Cup A Soup - great! This should be interesting. [Slurp] This isn't a nice minestrone, though. Me, I'd probably put a bit more of a kick into this. It's a reasonable offer of a minestrone, but I like the ones you get in restaurants with fresh vegetables. But, it is indeed, not unpleasant. ★★★★★★☆☆



SAUSAGE & TOMATO POT NOODLE

This should be interesting. That's right, pour the taster in there. Is the taster tomato sauce stuff optional, yeh? Without the tomato sauce, is it just Sausage? Put the taster in, or we might be doing it a disservice. Smells good. Sausage and tomato has potential. Rock'n'roll, this is pretty good. ★★★★★★☆☆



PIZZA POT NOODLE

It's not the pizza I remember - ha-ha-ha! No. No. No. I'd have to give it four out of ten cos it doesn't appeal to me. It's like one of them bloody crisps that you eat, you know? They're supposed to taste like smoky bacon, and it tastes nothing like it. I'm disappointed by this. ★★★★★☆☆☆



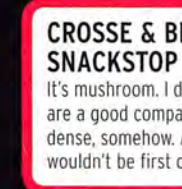
CHICKEN & MUSHROOM POT NOODLE

It tastes like a bowl of pasta with no flavour. It's very weak and doesn't taste of anything. It honestly doesn't taste like much at all. It's nothing like chicken, that much I know. ★★★★★☆☆☆



HEINZ SPAGHETTI BABY FOOD

This is probably great. Do you eat it straight out of the jar? It's very similar to the Pizza Pot Noodle! Spaghetti with pork sausage for babies - what will they come up with next? Purée steak, pudding and chips? Ha-ha-ha! [Another spoonful] Ooh, I can't eat that. I wouldn't give that my kids. ★★☆☆☆☆☆☆



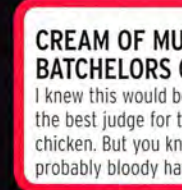
CROSSE & BLACKWELL MUSHROOM SNACKSTOP

It's mushroom. I don't like mushroom. I know Crosse & Blackwell are a good company and everything, but this seems heavy. It's dense, somehow. At least it tastes of mushroom, but to me it wouldn't be first choice. It's a funny taste. ★★★★★☆☆☆



BATCHELORS CHICKEN & VEGETABLE CUP A SOUP

It doesn't taste of chicken. It reminds me of that bloody terrible soup you get in a Chinese. I think the word is naff. With my suggestions, the Cup A Soup people could improve this. There's nothing I hate more than a soggy crouton. ★★★★★☆☆☆



CREAM OF MUSHROOM BATCHELORS CUP A SOUP

I knew this would be bloody mushroom again! I suppose I'm not the best judge for this, but I'll give it a go. This is better than the chicken. But you know how busy you are, if you're hungry you'd probably bloody have it anyway. ★★★★★☆☆☆





'I'M ON THE TRAIN!'

TRAIN SURFING IS BACK IN VOGUE AMONG NEW YORK THRILL SEEKERS. CLINGING TO THE ROOF OF A TRAIN AS IT HURTLES THROUGH THE CITY IS PURE LUNACY THAT OFTEN ENDS UP AS BLOOD ON THE TRACKS

WORDS: ALAN EMMINS PHOTOGRAPHY: MICHAEL SOFRONSKI

Being a big fan of peanut M&M's, I was none too pleased to find myself half choking to death on one. The reason for my fit was, I thought I'd just seen someone who was waiting on the platform in front of me, jump on top of the subway train we were waiting for. Continuing my coughing fit, I started to wonder what hallucinogenic might be an ingredient of the offending M&M. A few people on the platform were looking at me at this point, although none of them felt moved to pat me on the back or implement the Heimlich manoeuvre.

Just as I was gathering my composure and explaining (to the people who weren't listening anyway) what had been troubling me, I saw another human shape leap from the roof above me and onto the roof of the N train that was

heading uptown. Then another one leapt up, then another. 'FUCK ME!' I exclaimed loudly. That's how it came about: it was those words that confirmed in everyone else's minds that I was today's weirdo on the subway. There's always one, isn't there? Today, it was my turn.

I was brought to by the beeping sound that indicates the train's doors are closing, so I jumped up and ran for the train. After wrenching my right leg out from between the closing doors, I rode to the next station with my face pressed against the glass, hoping I would see someone up there. Now I really was the weirdo on the subway. I saw nothing, however.

At the next station I was first out of the train. I jumped onto a bench, and it was from this height that I could see the heel of someone's sneaker on the roof of the train. A split-second later I was looking the shoe's owner straight in the eye, only to be interrupted once more by the

alarm as the doors closed. Again, I leapt onto the train and off we went. The same thing happened at the next three stations. But then, I came up with an idea.

'Hey, listen!' I shouted to whoever was up on the roof. 'I write for an English magazine and I want to do a story on you. Meet me outside the main entrance to this station – I'll wait there for half an hour.' Now I really felt like a psycho – I think if any of the commuters travelling in the rush hour had a spare straightjacket on them, they would have put it on me, no questions.

I waited outside for what was more like 45 minutes, during which time I ate two hot dogs from the vendor on the corner. I stood up and was just about to leave, as I couldn't face a third hot dog, when I got a tap on the shoulder. 'Come with me,' a voice said. And although I was a little bit apprehensive, I followed.

Sitting on a bench on the other side of the ➤



Please mind the gap between the train and the roof of the tunnel



road were my new friend's three companions. They stopped talking as we approached. 'How do we know you're not a cop?' asked the first one, looking me up and down.

'Er, I don't really know what to tell you, other than I'm not,' I replied.

'He ain't a cop, he's got one of those stupid accents,' came the verdict. I was okay, except for my stupid accent. And that's how I met Manny, Hatten, Tech and Chris, the subway surfers.

Subway surfing in New York seems to be a natural progression from doing graffiti; people start out just re-styling their neighbours' back fence. From there, they progress to brick buildings until finally they graduate to tagging the roofs of trains. A big part of the draw of graffiti is the risk of getting caught, but as the body comes to terms with certain levels of adrenaline, the need to increase that limit becomes priority. Vehicles in transit, it appears, were the only place left to go. Like many of their comrades before them, those in the DFN graffiti gang rode the trains four or five times a week.

Subway surfing reached the peak of its popularity in the late 80s and early 90s, then seemed to have died out, so to speak. But with several deaths and serious injuries already reported this year, the fear in New York is that this deadly pastime is back in fashion. The true extent of subway surfing's popularity is difficult to assess, however, because the authorities in New York won't actually divulge the details of

>> WITH SEVERAL DEATHS AND INJURIES REPORTED THIS YEAR, THE FEAR IS THAT THIS DEADLY PASTIME IS BACK IN FASHION <<

accidents involving subway surfers, they'll only quote figures for the number of people killed on the whole underground system.

Subway surfers display many levels of lunacy. For instance, if I had been knocked off a train by a sign and badly injured while surfing, my main concern would be trying to keep it to myself. However, the youths of New York have a different way of doing things, and in true American fashion, a surfer actually tried to sue the transit authority for damages, from injuries resulting from his highly illegal ride.

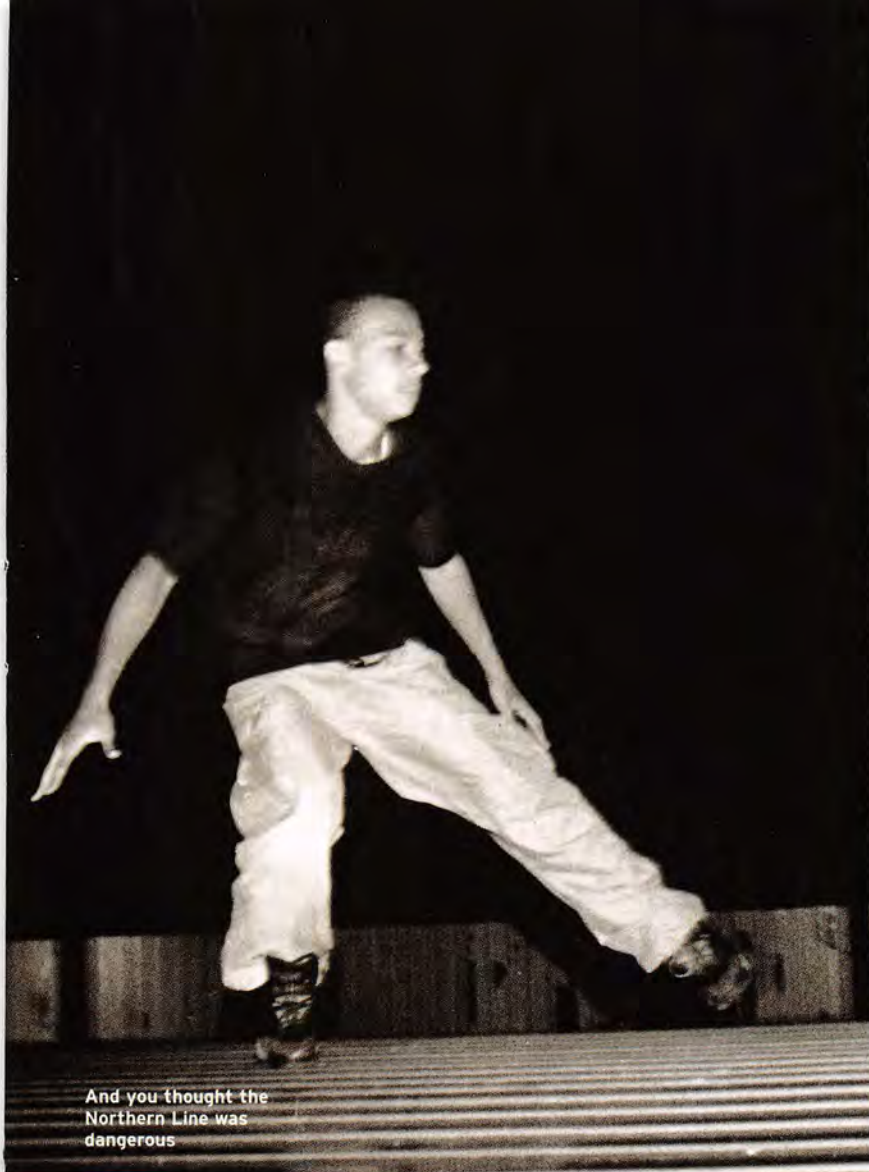
Subway surfing, although exciting, is certainly not a comfortable way to spend the afternoon. The surfers all have to huddle together on the top of the train because of the awkward shape of the carriage. And the noise

generated by the train is so great that all verbal communication is wasted; lost in the wind. So as they rattle along, the surfers communicate in a series of gestures designed to pass warnings back along the line of carriages. For instance, in a vain attempt to look out for each other's safety, they peer over their left shoulders and give the thumbs-up to signal they are okay.

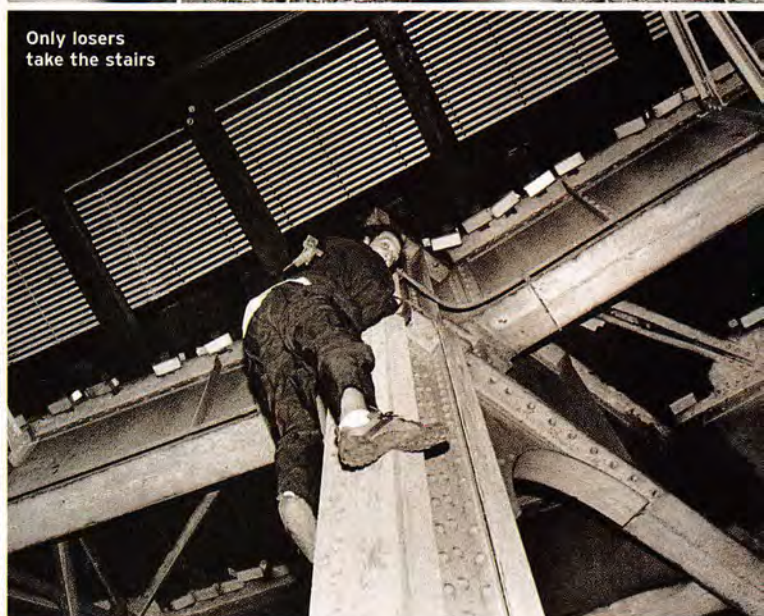
Waving the hands from left to right means they just passed one of their mums, who was waiting on the platform. Slapping the forehead with open hand probably means the guy up front just meshed with a piece of two-by-four that was protruding at an unexpected angle. 'I've slipped a few times,' says one of the surfers. 'We all have - Hatten nearly went down the side once, and had to hang by his fingers till the next stop.'

As they jump from carriage to carriage, the surfers risk their lives with every leap - they all know they could die from landing just one inch short. They go on undeterred, however, egged on by their underground fame, which spreads much quicker when one of the crew has died. One veteran surfer, Nadav, was recently quoted in a New York paper, discussing his reasons for continuing to surf after one of his crew died in a subway surfing accident: 'He basically died for us,' said Nadav. 'For us and for our crew. For fame, for us.'

Surfing the subway doesn't just involve jumping on top of the train and holding on for dear life, nor is it just about good balance. It is a



And you thought the Northern Line was dangerous



Only losers take the stairs

lifestyle and a skill, and it doesn't just end if you stay on top until the ride is over. Most surfers do their homework well. Knowing exactly where you are underground can make the difference between getting caught and not getting caught, or between life and death. The guys in the DFN crew say they always know what station is coming next, and where the hazards are between

stations. They know where deaths have taken place, and treat those places as sacred. They also know where all the police stations are, so cut their risk of getting busted by staying out of the cop areas.

For further insight into the minds of these nutters, I asked the boys from DFN a few questions about their activities. Like: 'Why do you risk your lives standing on top of trains?'

'It's just an unbeatable buzz. And it's cheaper and better than video games,' says Hatten. Fair enough, but the cost in terms of your health can be somewhat greater than a sprained joystick thumb. So why did they decide to get on top of a moving train in the first place?

'We were bored,' says Chris, which is as much of a reason as any product of the MTV generation can give for doing anything. Even standing on top of a train, dodging signs and scaffolding at 30mph in the dark. They then told me that to understand the rush fully, I would have to jump up onto the train myself.

'Come with us, we'll look after ya.'

'Fuck off!' I replied with all the dignity I could muster. 'I'm not that bored! I find riding the subway in the normal way exciting enough, thank you.' I'm not sure they appreciated this comment; they stood up and left. Tech looked over his shoulder as they walked away. 'One day you'll get bored,' he said, 'then you'll be back.' Not unless I lose the will to live, mate.

I couldn't help but wonder what London

Underground would make of all this. How would their little army of uniformed police rejects deal with such acts of stupidity?

Actually, I can picture them, leaning on the gates, fantasising about almost every female who passed by. Then they'd be distracted by something whizzing past, caught in the corner of their eyes – some West Ham fans celebrating a rare away win by surfing the last train home. The click of the radio, then the ticket inspectors realise what's going on.

'Look – fare dodgers! Get 'em!' **F**

NEW YORK CITY SUBWAY

The New York City subway opened on 27 October 1904. The first line was powered by a gigantic fan and ran from City Hall, via Grand Central and 42nd Street, to Times Square and Broadway.

At first the system was run by different private companies, but was unified in 1940 because of public demand (can't see this happening with our trains, somehow).

In the 1970s, the New York subway was renovated and has since become one of the most efficient transport systems in the world, with over 5.1m people using it every day. Trains run 24-hours a day throughout the city's 468 stations, and during rush hour, there's a train every 90 seconds.

Mayor Of London, Ken Livingstone, has just hired Bob Kiley, the man who sorted out the New York subway, to do the same job over here. Let's hope he brings some subway surfers with him.



Train surfing is popular among ninjas

A woman with dark, wavy hair and a slight smile is shown from the chest up. She is holding a white rectangular sign with both hands. The background is a solid, vibrant blue. The woman's skin is a warm, golden-brown tone. Her hair is dark and styled in a short, wavy cut. She is looking directly at the camera with a calm expression. The sign she is holding is white and contains the text 'British Library' and 'claims ancient' in a bold, black, serif font.

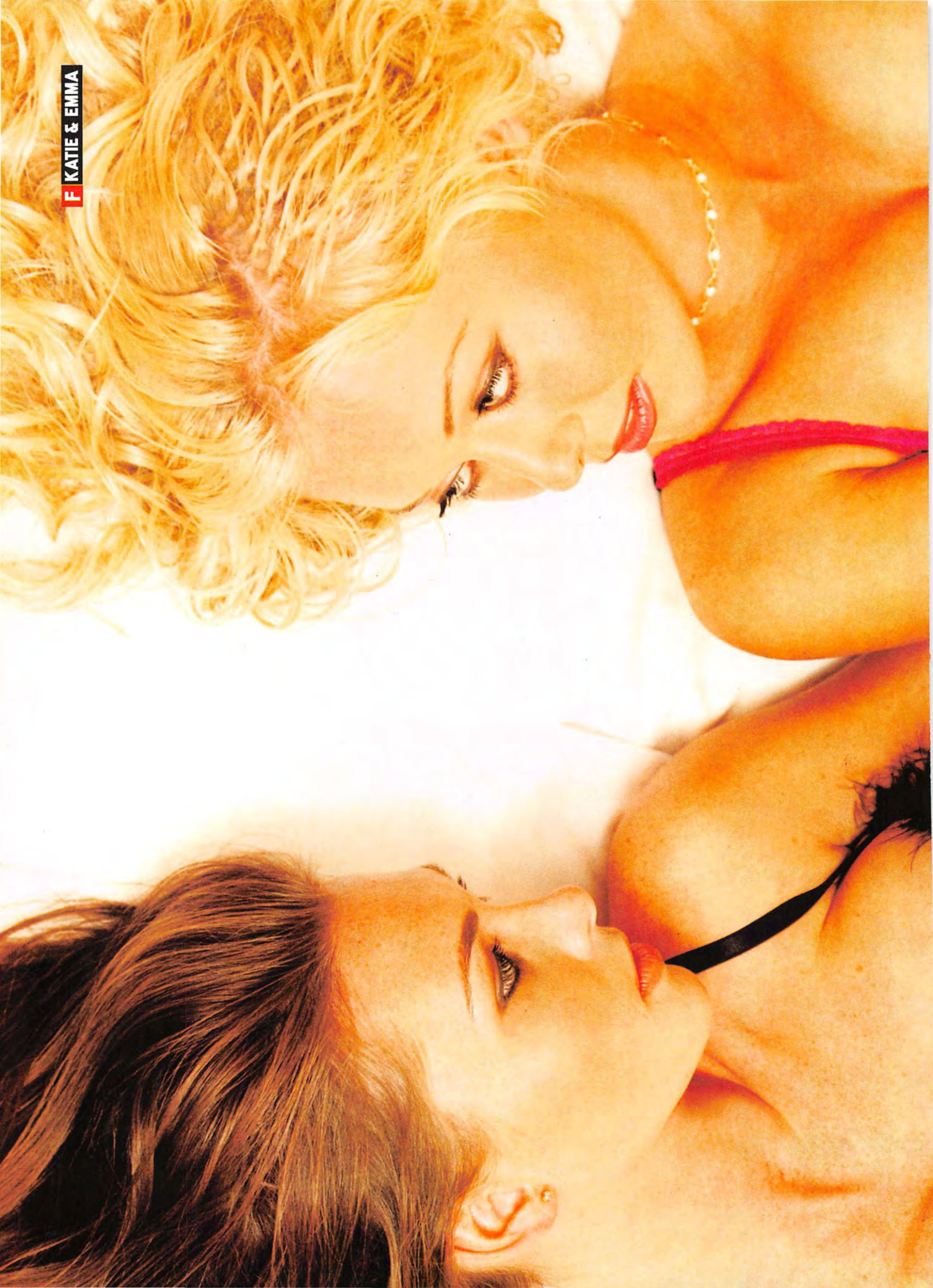
British Library
claims ancient

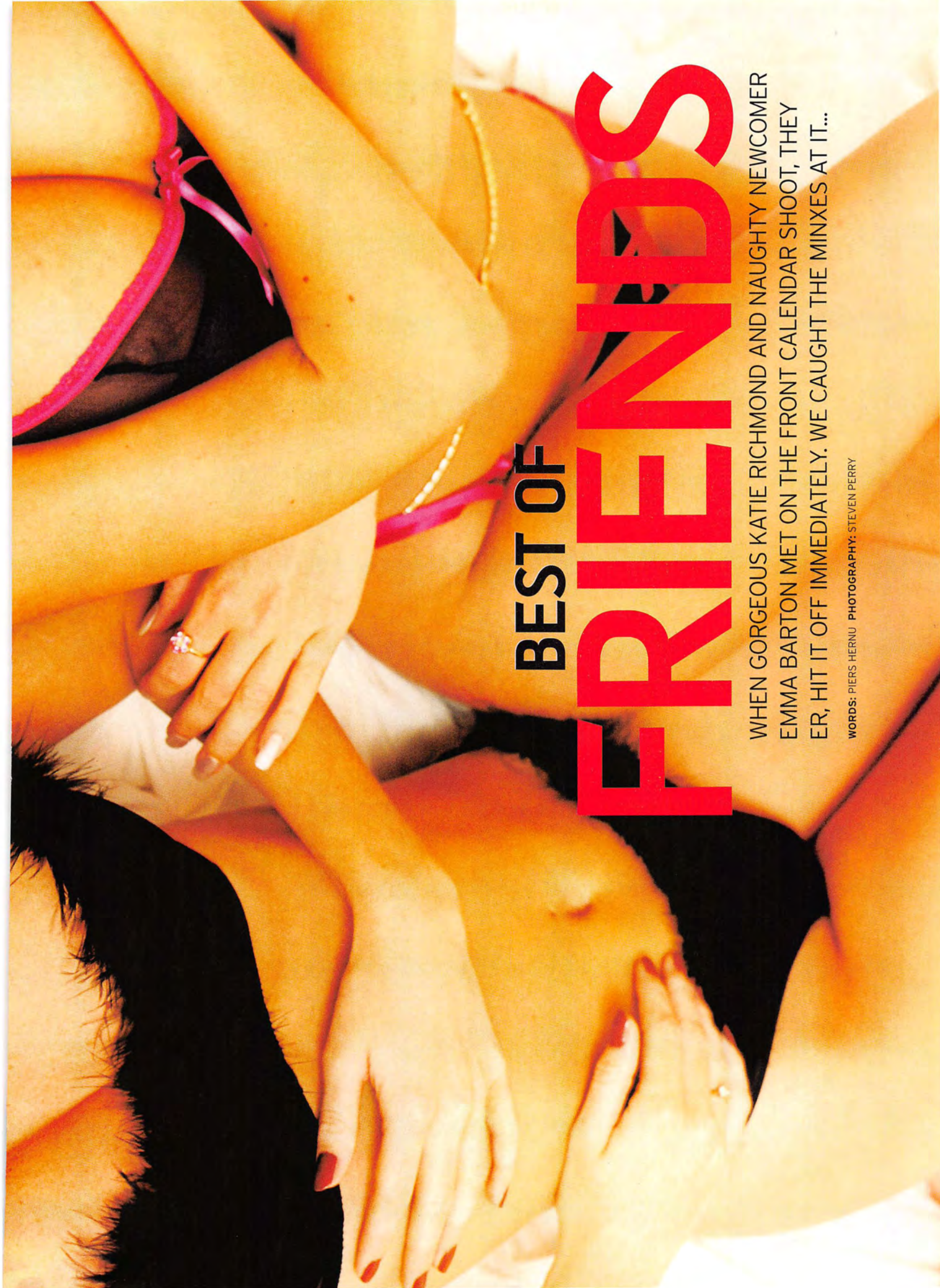
A close-up photograph of a woman's midsection, showing her navel and the top of her yellow bikini bottom. Her arms are raised, and the background is a solid blue color.

Greek and Roman texts 'bawdy'

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BEST OF

FRIENDS

WHEN GORGEOUS KATIE RICHMOND AND NAUGHTY NEWCOMER EMMA BARTON MET ON THE FRONT CALENDAR SHOOT, THEY ER, HIT IT OFF IMMEDIATELY. WE CAUGHT THE MINXES AT IT...

WORDS: PIERS HERNU PHOTOGRAPHY: STEVEN PERRY





**>> IF I WERE ATTRACTED TO GIRLS,
THEN KATIE'S THE TYPE I'D GO FOR.
GIRLS ARE NICER TO LOOK AT <<**

They've just got back from a week of sun, sand, sea, and se...veral late nights, in Lanzarote. Katie is the famous, well-established model who's worked her way up to the top and knows the score, while Emma is young, keen, and well-hungry for some experience. Time to sit them both down in a hotel room and have a chat. Nice idea, if they can only keep their eyes and hands off each other, for just one moment...

Katie, it's been a while since you graced our cover in September '99. What have you been up to since then?

Well, I've just set up an Internet site, which is due to be launched at the beginning of December. The address is redhotbikini.co.uk and it specialises in mix-and-match swimwear stuff, because when I go into a high-street shop for a size-eight bikini, I can't even fit a nipple in.

Indeed. You've just got back from doing our calendar. How was your week away?

Katie: Oh, that was fun - the things we got up to... it was brilliant. The girls were really down to earth and we all got on - and no-one was catty. I got on extremely well with Emma, she's so funny. The first night we checked in, Steve the photographer told us to get some liqueurs down us, then gave me a piggy back and dived into a palm tree. The second night he knocked on our door at half two and asked if we wanted to go skinny dipping. Emma just dived in, so from then I knew I'd click with her.

Emma: Katie dragged me to the pool, I think it was three in the morning. It was absolutely mad.

So there was some night-time frolicking between the two of you.

Emma: It was brilliant, we had a right laugh out there. If I were attracted to girls,

then Katie's the type I'd go for, definitely. Girls are nicer to look at, aren't they? I've not actually been with a girl yet - I haven't written the idea off, I'm just inexperienced cos I'm just 19 and I'm still a baby really. I'm yet to be corrupted, but I'm sure Katie'll do that. We got on really well.

How come you did this shoot?

Katie: We were well up for it cos we have similar bodies and got on so well that we both agreed to do it and get raunchy and do our stuff. She's a new girl, so we had a great time in the bed.

Any trouble with the local men?

Katie: Oh yeah, when I was doing my oiled-up bum shot over the balcony, I nearly caused crashes. Everyone was coming out of the apartments to get a load of it. We didn't get off with any of them, we wound them up and got drinks out of them and then said, 'See you.' ➤



Emma: Yeah, the place was full of dickheads - gropers and idiots.
Yeah well, we've all had that treatment. So are you seeing someone at the moment?

Katie: No, and I'd rather just talk about women. This is the first girl shoot I've ever done and I'm gonna be meeting up with Emma down in London and we'll go out on the town together. She's got a great pair of boobs on her, they're cracking, natural boobs - I had a quick squeeze just to check. I don't mind, but I think some people find glamour girls with false hair and silicone boobs off-putting.

Women always say they get something different from a woman, sexually...

Katie: Yeah, I can see that, but I've never actually tried it. Who knows now, eh?

Emma: Depends who you're with, doesn't it? You get some right rough birds where I live, in Bradford.

Who would you try and get off with at a celeb bash?

Katie: Well, certainly not an EastEnder, and most footballers are big-headed. They've often got loads of money, but no class at all. I like intelligent blokes - hey, you might be in there, Piers.

In where, exactly? Any tips for our readers who are planning to pull a cracker this Christmas?

Katie: What always works for me is a lot of eye contact, so it's a bit of a game at first. If a guy just bowls right up to you, a lot of the fun has gone. I like the thought of both of you working your moves out - I just love all that stuff at the beginning. What I do is go on the dance floor and do a bit of sexy dancing and see if he follows me. Then it just happens. Some blokes just say 'You're that Page 3 girl who gets her tits out.' That's a big no-no. I like confident guys who are a bit shy, and not big-headed.

Emma: I like a bloke with a bit of muscle, who's fairly tall. I'm quite easy actually, as ►



»» WHEN I DID MY OILED-UP BUM SHOT
OUTSIDE, EVERYONE CAME OUT OF THE
APARTMENTS TO GET A LOAD OF IT ««





KATIE'S UNDERWEAR: TOP SHOP; EMMA'S UNDERWEAR: ANN SUMMERS. HAIR & MAKE-UP: ANDREW SAVAGE @ MICHAEL JOHN. USING TRENDLINE BY GOLDWELL

»»EMMA'S GOT A GREAT PAIR OF BOOBS. CRACKING, NATURAL ONES. I HAD A SQUEEZE TO CHECK ««

long as they're nice, it doesn't matter what they look like. I don't like the 'You've got great tits' approach. That's shit. They've got to be gentle. I agree with Katie, I think eye contact is very important.

Ever misbehaved at a Christmas party?

Katie: Yeah, I'm forever misbehaving. I'm a spontaneous, spur-of-the-moment girl. If I see a nice location I'll go, 'Come on, let's do it there.' I find it a turn-on not to wait till you get home to bed. I'm more of a giver than a receiver at any type of party.

Emma: One night I just snogged loads of men. I think toilets are good to misbehave in, like on a plane. I've not done it yet, but that's definitely a fantasy of mine. I've never done it in a changing room, like Selfridges or Debenhams, where everyone can hear you, but that's another of my

fantasies. I like it doggy style best. It's more of a turn-on. Well, any position is my favourite, so long as I'm in one.

Ever received a battery-operated present for Christmas?

Katie: I suggest every girl has one. You can get handbag-sized ones now...

Santa comes just once a year - do you think you could handle that?

Katie: No chance. Not even just once a day - it has to be more than that. I find it really easy if you need one badly. You men haven't a clue when it comes down to it. The hot weather in Lanzarote affected my hormones and I wanted to do it more.

Emma: Could I 'eck. I'd come every minute of the day if I could. It has to be at least once a day. Having said that, I behaved on the trip - no decent blokes, were there? 



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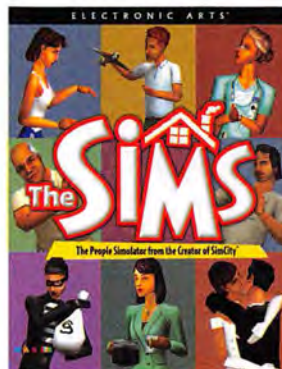
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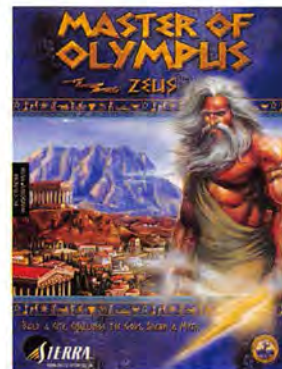
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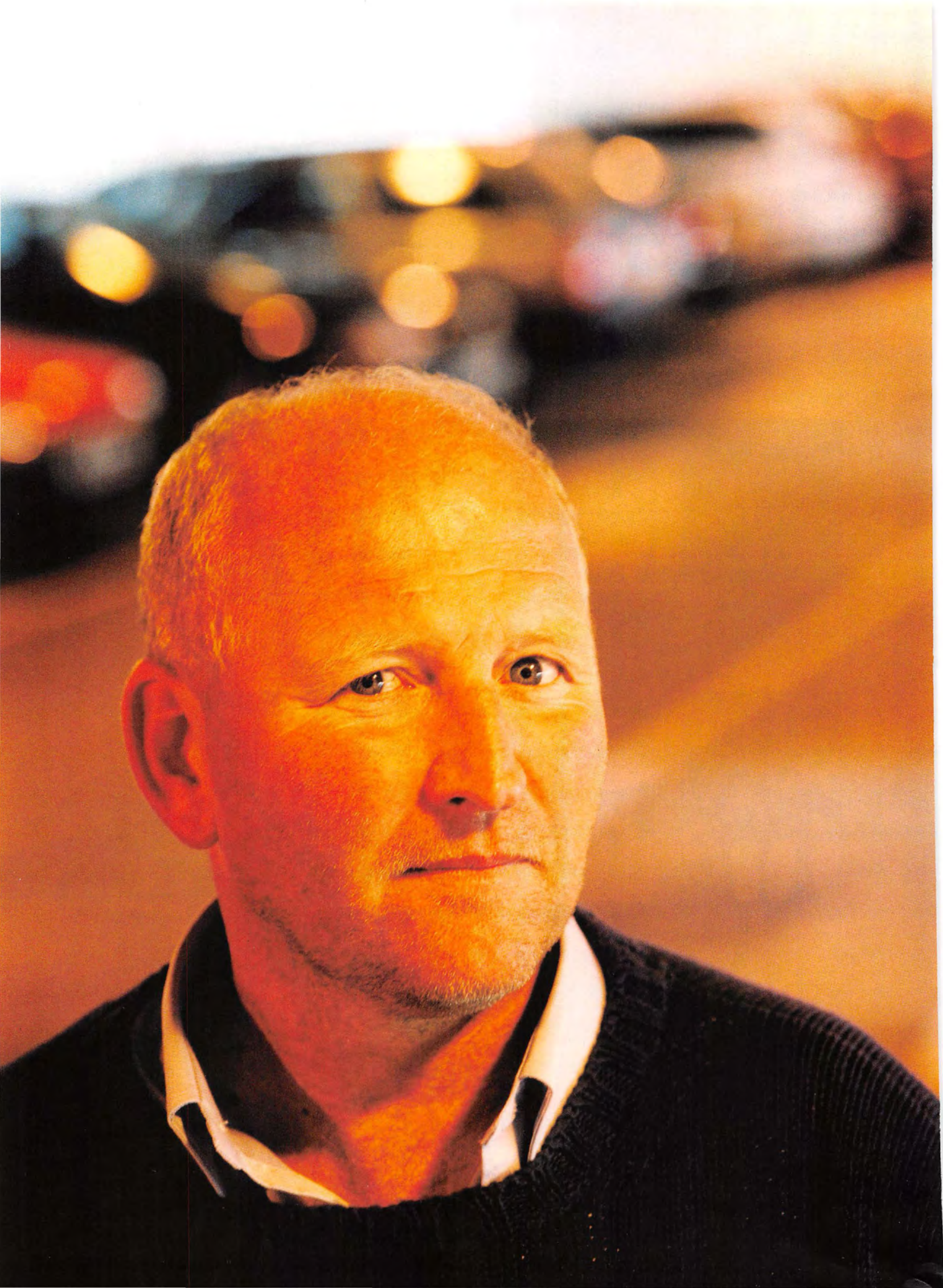
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WHATEVER TURNS YOU ON



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KING OF THE BRIDGE

MARTIN KING, BEST-SELLING AUTHOR, TAKES US INTO THE FIST-AND-BOOT WORLD OF A CHELSEA FACE FOR THE PAST 30 YEARS. WHO WANTS IT!

With practically anyone who's ever been to a football match now writing books about how they were a 'top boy back in the day', it's difficult to know who to believe. One man whose name is renowned across the country has had a lifetime of terrace encounters following his beloved Chelsea FC. Martin King met us outside a southwest London station before taking us to a local boozer for the afternoon. There was no talk of corporate boxes or prawn sandwiches, but of passion, commitment and being prepared to stand and fight for something you believe in, regardless of whether it's fashionable or demonised by the 'hang-'em-high' brigade. Martin's latest book, *A Boy's Story*, tells a tale that many will identify with, but this is Martin's story.

What made you want to write about your experiences as a lad and a football chap?

Because there's some bad books out about football violence. They're meant to be people's accounts of football violence, but they're nothing like the real thing. You can tell they've never been involved. That spurred me on to write the real thing - by someone who's been there, been involved for over 30 years.

What was the first ruck you were involved in at Chelsea?

I was 11, and it was against Tottenham at White Hart Lane - Chelsea were trying to infiltrate the Park Lane End. It was the year after we'd lost the '68 cup final. I think there were about 44 arrests: meat hooks and axes were taken off us. We were all getting £5 fines - it made the national press the next day.

What's the most intimidating ground?

Sunderland - the old Roker Park was bad. So were the other clubs up north. But the most intimidating was Millwall - at the old

Den they had some very naughty characters. Chelsea has never been intimidating, it's too far away from the pitch. Now these corporate nouveau fans are there, it's not intimidating at all.

How did the police's infiltration attempts, involving Chelsea, affect the scene?

It was put on by the government to do something about football hooliganism. I don't think all these undercover operations work because there's a lack of evidence. With Operation Own Goal, it was found that the officers involved falsified

the evidence - there was money paid out. So they're never gonna work, these operations - you've got to nick someone actually doing something, and then you've got them bang to rights. You can't go around undercover trying to break into mobs, cos people know who's who - the Old Bill can't carry it off.

Hooliganism is referred to as the English disease. Are we used as scapegoats?

People make out as if football violence has only been about for the past decade or so, but it's been going on for well over a ➤

THE LEAGUE OF GENTLEMEN

Here are the police figures of arrests for each club (1999/2000 season). Don't take the statistics as gospel, though, because most fans get nicked for flobbing at one of the players.

Premiership	Division 1	Division 2	Division 3
Sunderland 223	Manchester City 165	Millwall 102	Swansea City 30
Chelsea 168	Birmingham City 77	Cardiff City 83	Brighton & Hove 25
Leeds United 116	Barnsley 60	Stoke City 56	Rotherham United 23
Tottenham 96	Wolverhampton 47	Burnley 48	Hartlepool United 22
Bradford City 93	Queens Park Rangers 40	Wigan Athletic 48	Plymouth Argyle 21
Arsenal 89	Nottingham Forest 39	Bristol City 44	Darlington 17
Manchester Utd 88	West Brom Albion 36	Bristol Rovers 31	Hull City 16
Everton 80	Huddersfield Town 35	Luton Town 26	Northampton Town 16
Liverpool 80	Portsmouth 29	Preston North End 21	Exeter City 13
Sheffield Wed 78	Sheffield United 28	Reading 21	Peterborough United 13
Newcastle United 68	Grimsby Town 27	Wrexham 10	Carlisle United 11
West Ham United 62	Bolton Wanderers 26	Notts County 9	Lincoln City 9
Leicester City 41	Ipswich Town 23	Blackpool 9	Rochdale 7
Middlesbrough 37	Blackburn Rovers 22	Scunthorpe United 8	Halifax Town 6
Aston Villa 34	Fulham 22	Bournemouth 8	Leyton Orient 6
Derby County 32	Swindon Town 19	Cambridge United 6	Mansfield Town 5
Coventry City 32	Charlton Athletic 18	Oldham Athletic 6	Cheltenham Town 4
Wimbledon 22	Crystal Palace 17	Brentford 6	Shrewsbury Town 4
Watford Town 21	Norwich City 15	Bury 5	Southend United 4
Southampton 15	Port Vale 14	Colchester United 5	Barnet 3
	Tranmere Rovers 12	Chesterfield 4	Chester City 2
	Stockport County 12	Gillingham 3	York City 2
	Crewe Alexandra 6	Wycombe Wanderers 0	Torquay United 1



>> Someone asked me how I would get rid of the problems with football. I said to just ban all males aged 16 to 65 <<

100 years, and nothing's ever been done about it. They come out with all these new laws to stop people going abroad to watch England and matches with international clubs. But, as I've said in my books, the only way to stop it is by good, honest policing. If you're caught punching someone, you're caught, and that's it. If the Old Bill were that good at the job, then they would stop it.

A whole industry has sprung up around football violence. The police get more overtime, so perhaps they don't want to stop it. Then there's people who write about it, like myself. There are barristers who make money out of it, police make money out of it. Everyone slags off football violence, but so many want to read about it.

Perhaps they should give the Old Bill more resources, so they could get on with catching child molesters, rather than moan about a few fellas having a punch-up at a football match. I mean, it's just what young people do: they go to football, they get excited and they have a fight. Someone said to me once, 'How would you get rid of the problems with football, Martin?' So I said, 'Ban all males aged 16 to 65.' That's the only way you're ever gonna do it.

In Euro 2000, English fans were blamed even when the Turkish fans rioted. What did you think about that?

I think the police were just being politically correct. Two months after those two Leeds supporters died, Galatasaray and Fenerbahce were playing, and a Fenerbahce fan had his ear cut off. No-one's ever had his ear cut off at a match in this country - it didn't even make the national press. They

want to keep it as the English disease, but it's spread all around Europe. The Turks are probably the worst. I've been there with Chelsea, and they want to kill you.

Was that at Galatasaray last year?

Yeah, it was mental. They came up to 200 of us walking up the road, and we hadn't seen the Old Bill all day. We went towards the ground and they came from everywhere: the crossroads, down the hill. No-one did anything. We just said let them come near and we'll have it. As their first ones got hit, their whole mob was disappearing back up. At the end of the game, Galatasaray's rivals, Besiktas and Fenerbahce, were out with their flags tooting their horns and cheering all the Chelsea fans, because we beat them outside and beat 'em on the pitch, 5-0.

What's the biggest mob you've seen?

When I first started going it was Chelsea - they could put together a mob of 2,000, so could Man U. I've known Millwall to come over in three different mobs and each one was a good one. Now numbers have dwindled, most teams put together a hard core of 50-60, like Bolton and Preston.

What's the worst ruck you've been in?

Millwall at the old Den, mid-to-late 70s. We

LAST SEASON'S HIGHLIGHTS

Cardiff City v Millwall

After arriving in Cardiff, a small group of Millwall supporters were attacked by about 300 Cardiff fans, before being forced back by the police. The trouble between supporters continued throughout the day, with rival groups attacking each other.

After the match, a group of about 500 Cardiff supporters attempted to ambush Millwall. Both groups of fans goaded each other by throwing missiles at each other. Several members of the public and police officers were injured during these violent exchanges. The Millwall supporters were escorted to the train station and only then did the confrontation end.



tried taking their Cold Blow Lane End - I thought I was going to die. We got there dead early, I was in there with all the faces, so I thought we were all right. When we got in there were only about 50 Millwall, and they didn't go anywhere. Then it started filling up and this animal in a donkey jacket was standing there.

One of our lot, Eccles, had the clever idea to hit him bang on the jaw. He didn't move and then we were surrounded. We absolutely melted and got our backs against the wall, punching and kicking for our lives. We were attacked from all angles, then the Old Bill came in like lion tamers and managed to get us out, shouting, 'Go on, fuck off, you've had your fun.' They shut the gates but more were outside milling about - we managed to join the rest of the Chelsea but they'd been run everywhere. We got absolutely slaughtered that day.

Weren't there police escorts back then?

No, you'd come out and have to fend for yourself. They probably thought if there wasn't an escort it would scare people off, and kill off hooliganism and travelling support. Some normal people used to travel with the main firm, looking for safety in

numbers. So the thugs acted almost like a military wing of their club, to protect the innocents. This would sometimes stop the northerners, as they wouldn't attack as much if they knew all your boys were there.

And what's been your best ruck?

West Ham at Stamford Bridge, in the '90/'91 season. West Ham always did really well against us. And we all met up at Parsons Green. It was all their main boys: Cass,

LAST SEASON'S HIGHLIGHTS

Birmingham City v West Bromwich Albion

A group of about 40 WBA supporters arrived and started fighting Birmingham fans at a pub. WBA were escorted to the ground by police, by which time they were being tracked by a load of Birmingham supporters.

After the match, over 200 Birmingham fans split up to try and attack WBA as they were escorted away. As the two groups got near to each other, the Birmingham group tried to charge through a police line to get at the WBA. Officers wore protective equipment as they came under attack - two were injured by house bricks. The Birmingham fans were eventually dispersed, but continued to track the escort all the way to the train station.

Gardener - they'll deny it but they were there and they got fucked. We absolutely slaughtered them.

Away at Cardiff years ago was lively. We came out on the park; thousands of Chelsea running them everywhere. Fair dues, they came and had a go. Very game, the Taffs.

What do you think about the exploitation of football hooliganism in books?

I think the bubble's gonna burst - people have read enough about it. Soon the books will become boring, because everyone is saying the same thing. Someone like Hickey with his book, *Armed For The Match*, he was there. Then you get people jumping on the bandwagon, writing books about something they've never experienced. It was started by Colin Ward with *Steaming In*, which was a good account of his time as an Arsenal fan. Then you've got people like Kevin Sampson writing *Awaydays*, which I thought was utter crap - who the fuck wants to read about Tranmere Rovers? John King's book, *The Football Factory*, that was good. It's all based on fact as well, but there's not much life left in football books.

Which thugs are still doing the business?

Probably the same ones who did it in the ➤



>> You won't catch me marching the streets looking for trouble, but if someone hit me at a match, I'd make sure I hit him back <<

60s and 70s: Middlesbrough, Millwall, Sheffield United, Burnley - those sort of teams. In London though, it goes in phases. One year it's Arsenal, then Spurs the next year. Teams have good years, then other teams come on top. It chops and changes.

Did the mob you were in have a name?

All those names stem from the press. I've never heard anybody call one another the Headhunters at Chelsea. The first names I ever heard were The Treatment, or The Shed, or Shed Boys at Chelsea. It's made to sound like gang warfare in America.

Football has taken off in America - will they end up fighting on the terraces as well?

Someone said to me just the other day that a street gang could latch onto a local team

LAST SEASON'S HIGHLIGHTS

Wolverhampton Wanderers v Man City

After the game, a group of about 140 Wolves supporters made their way to the coach park, where they tried to attack the Manchester City supporters. The Wolves fans threw missiles at the City supporters, who retaliated by getting off their coaches and throwing missiles back at the Wolves lot.

A small group of police officers, with batons drawn, were able to keep the two groups of supporters apart for a while, but it didn't take long before the police became a target for the supporters' missiles. When police reinforcements arrived, the Wolves group were moved into the town centre with no further incidents.

and then you'd have the whole explosion of football hooliganism in America. They would have some numbers.

When did you decide enough is enough?

I ain't, I still go. You won't catch me marching the streets looking for trouble, but if someone hit me, I'd make sure I hit him back. It's been going on for years, so there's still old scores to settle. Like Denton, from Arsenal, and me; we've had many run ins over the years and there'll probably be many more. It's the way the game goes, and always will.

Damien McSorley

Martin King's books: Hoolifan, The Naughty Nineties, and A Boy's Story, published by Mainstream, are available from all good bookshops.

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No, we haven't got a clue what it is, either. It's made by Sig, so it's probably quite good, and it fires a 5.7mm cartridge, so it probably hurts quite a lot as well. The magazine is behind the grip, so it's a Bull Pup like the British SA80 and French FAMAS. It's fairly small, too, so you could get a couple in your stocking this year.

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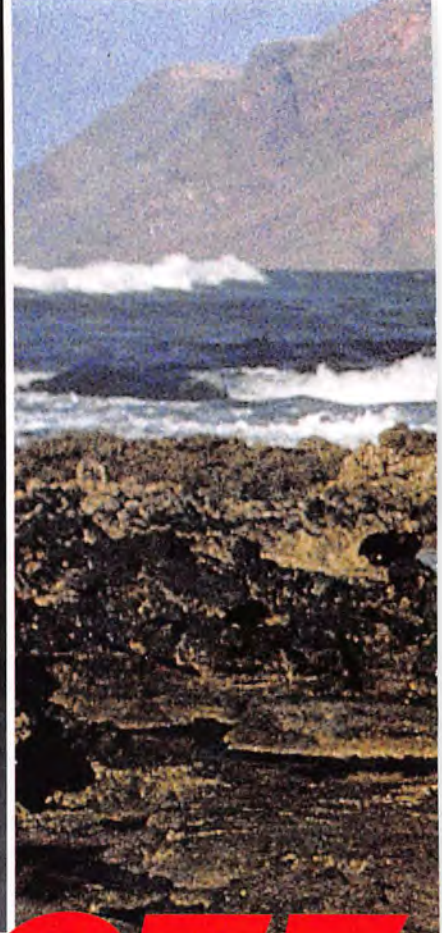
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My Glock's well wicked!
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As usual, Katie Richmond gives us the V-sign



LENS AROTE

A WEEK IN THE CANARY ISLANDS WITH SIX TOP MODELS. HOW THE HELL WAS FRONT GOING TO TAKE THE PHOTOS FOR OUR CALENDAR IN THESE CONDITIONS?

Ah, autumn in England: games of conkers, frosty mornings, hot toddies by a pub fireplace. But not for us. The FRONT team had to forego the pleasures of a British October, to photograph barely dressed birds in the warm sunshine of Lanzarote. And the reason for this selflessness? To bring you the most erotic calendar we could get away with. Along the way, there

were public displays of nudity, ritual humiliation and most tellingly, one mother of a bar bill. Here's how it went...

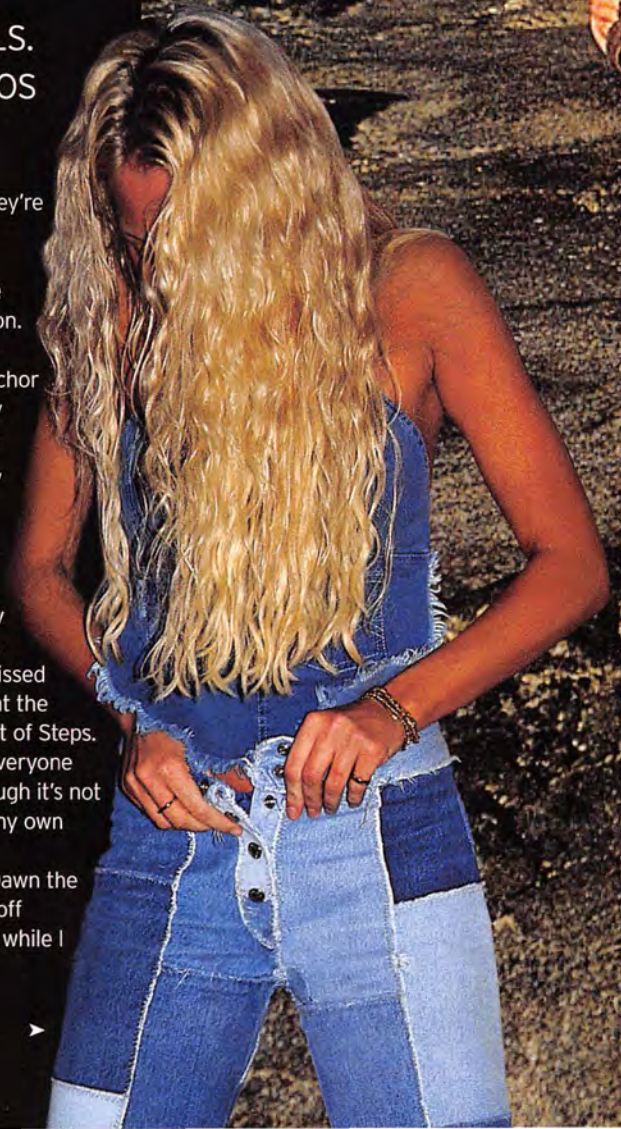
THURSDAY

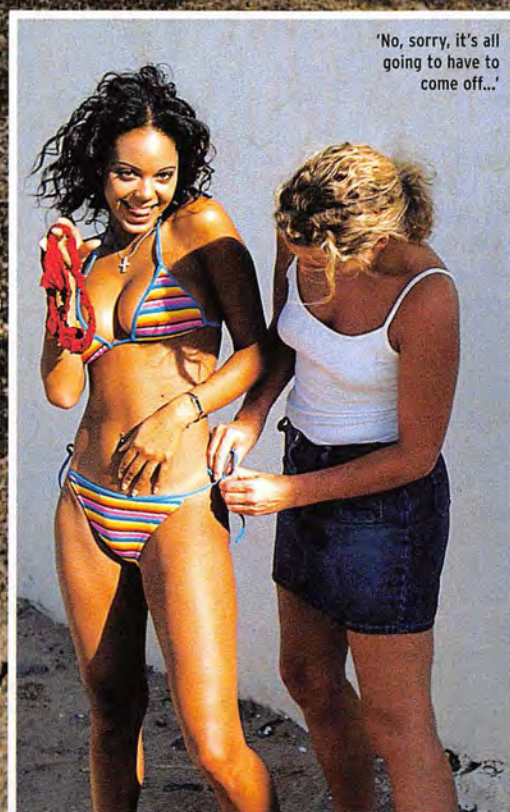
Waking up to a crashing storm rattling my letter box on a wet, cold Thursday, I can only smile at the prospect of a week in Lanzarote with six women who are the very definition of the word 'fit'. All they have

to do now, is turn up. Before long, they're all chatting furiously on the Gatwick Express, and not much later they're turning heads on the plane. I feel the start of Una Paloma Blanca coming on. Everywhere you look there's permatanned 40-year-old geezers, with anchor tattoos, making a mental note to buy the January issue of FRONT. For the record, along for the ride are Marina, Ali, Serena, Kelly, Katie and Emma, some of whom have graced the pages of FRONT before.

We make the hotel, ditch the bags, and go out. It's been a long day of travelling and so drinks get drunk: Katie gets Steve the photographer pissed and he goes properly bonkers back at the resort, whirling around like he's H out of Steps. An East End landlady starts telling everyone that we're having a lock-in, even though it's not her bar, and a long time later, I find my own bed. What a pity it's mine.

FRIDAY Today is recce day. Steve, Dawn the stylist and Dave the art editor, head off around the island to scout locations, while I get the plum job of keeping the







'All these naked models... I think I've gone blind!'



Katie decides on her next pose



These girls get their kit off without even being asked!



The 6am wake-up call was much appreciated



'May I adjust your gusset, Miss Barton?'

breakfasts, a beach, and one, small item of clothing per girl. Rays are caught by the models, along with plenty more approving looks, this time from the locals. Tom, the photographer's assistant, and I brave the waters to prove we are British men of steel. Our skinny bodies emerge from the sea shivering, lunch-boxes shrivel, and another attempt to impress the ladies falls flat.

SATURDAY Marina and Kelly day: and the first proper photo session. Although it's a small island, we discover that it is possible to get lost in Lanzarote. Eventually we find a beach that will suit the girls a treat, where they strip off

to this, Marina finds out that she has to fly back early. Wearing only smiles this time, the girls look like mermaids, and get cheered on by onlookers on the hills behind.

Marina sadly takes to the skies, so everyone else decides to go clubbing. Way too pissed, Steve, Dave and I head back to the apartment and crash out at around 4am. At six, the six girls appear in our room like some beautiful dream. But then, pissed and loud, they just want to tell us about their night spent teasing the drooling males of Puerto del Carmen, then disappear in a clatter of high heels and giggles. Shit! The alarm goes off an

and murder several innocent pints.

TUESDAY Today is the day when the authorities finally catch up with us. We're busted by the police in a volcano and Emma, in her underwear, is quickly bundled into a dressing gown. We say that we're shooting landscapes and, bizarrely, they believe us. Someone up there likes our photos.

After that we snap Emma in front of cacti in our hotel. The resort is getting used to us. With more shots in the bag we head to the bar for karaoke. Steve and I go at Bohemian Rhapsody like two dogs singing in front of the telly, and fingers go into people's ears. But when Dave, our art bloke, wraps his silky chords around You've Lost That Loving Feeling, the 50-year-old wives from Cleethorpes swoon, and Dave wins a T-shirt. FRONT triumphs again. In the rooms, Channel X comes free. Life is sweet.

WEDNESDAY For Katie Richmond's photos, nothing less than a big fuck-off ship will do. After that she takes Emma to bed, for purely photographic purposes, of course, and then we are DONE. This calls for a celebration,

which we do the only way we know how. The girls get 'em out in restaurants and moon at passing motorists - we disgrace ourselves thoroughly.

Before we know it though, we're back home - freezing cold in Victoria station at 2am, with only our memories to console us. And, of course, enough photos of naked birds to make a blinding calendar...

Lee Mannion

»ALI TAKES ALL HER KIT OFF AND THE SAND CLINGS TO HER JUST LIKE I WOULD, GIVEN HALF THE CHANCE«

into bikinis, brave the winds coming off the Atlantic and manage to look like it's 35 degrees.

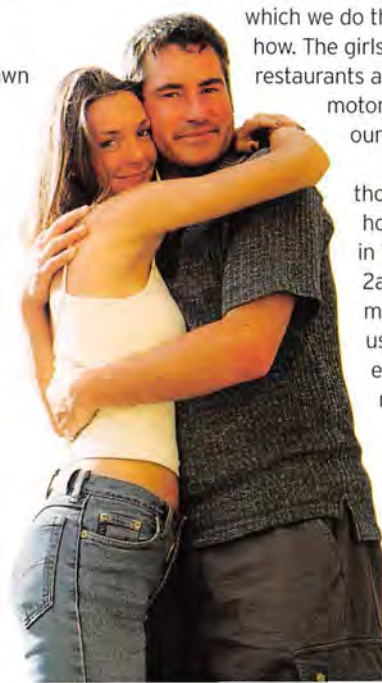
We head back, pleased that the first day has gone well, and Dawn, our stylist, feels a pina colada coming on. And then we fall into the clutches of Claire, the entertainments girl. Steve and I are unable to back down from the challenge set (because the girls won't let us) and, fortified by as much drink as we can get down us in ten minutes, we are soon dolled up as Cher and Britney Spears respectively. WHAT ARE WE DOING? The birds scream their lungs out at everything we do, and we come off stage hailed as heroes, having won them over with humour. They will be putty in our hands, and we, of course, will be concrete in theirs!

SUNDAY Kelly Mac looks like a dream dressed only in grains of sand. It's another early start - we're going for the big one. The idea is to get all the girls on a black beach, all nude. Today will probably be the day we get nicked. To add

hour later and we curse the girls for having kept us up. Later they bat their hungover eyelids at us and all is forgiven.

MONDAY Despite the previous night's excesses, Ali gets up at the crack of dawn and already looks a treat as we drag ourselves to breakfast. Heading off in the people carrier, we pass a wicked-looking church in a square full of people. Some cops do a circuit and as soon as they're gone, Ali jumps out in her undies. Steve shoots off a couple of rolls of film and we head off to the beach. Ali takes all her kit off in front of a slightly confused German couple and the black sand clings to her like I would, given half the chance.

Come the afternoon, it's Serena's turn to get into her birthday suit, this time next to the best cactus on the island. That done, we head to the bar



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WHO LET THE FROGS OUT?

DOWN THE YEARS, WE'VE SPANKED THE ARSE OF THE FRENCH TIME AND TIME AGAIN. THIS CALLS FOR A CELEBRATION. IT'S AGINCOURT, AND IT'S 1415...

WORDS: LEE GALE PHOTOGRAPHY: JAMES BRABAZON

Leesen, I weell tell you why I ave a problemm wiz ze English,' says a pissed-up French fat man. 'Eet is becoz your Mr Churchill was friends wiz Itler.' You have to laugh, but it is a sorry one, with a sad shake of the head.

'You have a short memory!' says one of the FRONT group, an excitable 50-year-old dad who's off the lead for the weekend. 'Didn't we liberate you in the bloody war?' Pierre the barman, wide-eyed, announces he's closing his bar in five minutes. 'Don't be silly,' Pierre is warned. 'We'll have a couple of spirit rounds and that's the last we'll hear of it.'

The English have never been big pals with the French. The French are not overly keen on the English. The English don't take to many countries. We're obsessed with regionalism: nation v nation,

north v south, town v town, street v street, house v house. The English can plunge into an inner universe of rivalry. This is not bad. If we weren't a country so fantastic at fighting, we would be part owned by the French, Danes, Germans, Italians, Spanish and Japanese – a bit like Soho. From Berwick-upon-Tweed to Penzance, you could watch a woman with a dog for £1.

FRONT is in northern France to commemorate the Battle Of Agincourt (1415), where English bowmen absolutely wiped the floor with French knights. A re-enactment group have marched ALL THE WAY from southern England to have another pop at Frog, 585 years down the line. Well, it's worth a shufti.

The Pas-de-Calais region is like Lincolnshire – there's absolutely nothing to see. It's as flat as a smacking hand. Saturday has brought cloud and it's getting breezier, and although we don't know it yet, the biggest storm for 13 years is setting in. We rattle to Agincourt in our Peugeot 406 diesel,

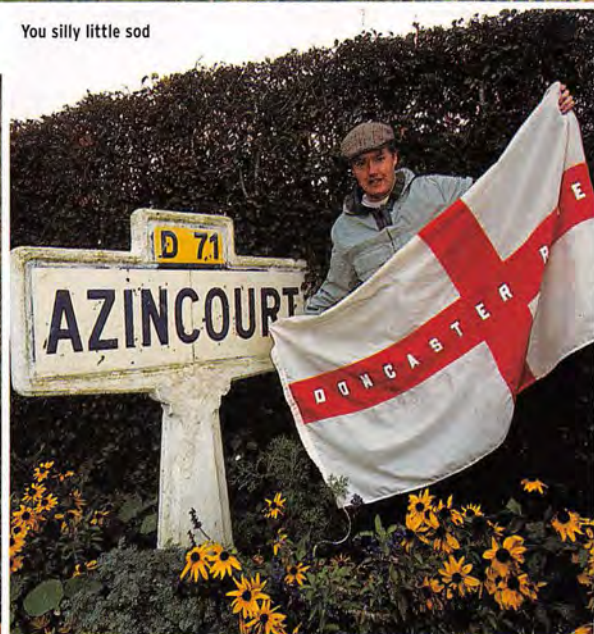
about an hour's drive south of Calais, and we're very proud of the GB sticker by the reg. There'll be NO TROUBLE now the English are here.

It is often uttered that the weakest Englishman can have the hardest Frenchman. This is 99 percent true today, but in the 1400s, it wasn't even questioned. Agincourt is the scene of England's greatest-ever victory over the snail-chompers. In October 1415, some 5,000 English came up against at least 30,000 French.

At this time, armies were made up of flouncy knights and downtrodden peasants. Henry V Of England's men were different – they were well paid, brilliantly trained, and loyal.

The French put off attacking, so Henry V made their minds up for them. He yelled, 'In the name of God almighty and of St George, Avout Banner in the best of the year, and St George this day been thine help!' Well, that's how it sounded.

Arrows rained down, so French knights in their clanking armour surged forward in the



mud. The French front line became crowded together between two narrowing woods, but the cavalry raced free and were duly cut to ribbons by the best bowmen in the business. Masses of men and hosses piled up. Those behind literally had to climb a wall of dead to get to the enemy, and the French second wave crushed up against the first. In short, a right French bollocks up.

English dead: 100-200; French: 8,000-11,000.

Swift victory sorted, a bit of paperwork ensured that half of France, right down to the Pyrenees, would become England's. Not a bad day at the office for Henry Vee.

In 2000, the spot where the battle takes place, is a ploughed-up farmer's field with a few corpses here and there, you know, trees. The village of Azincourt (our continental cousins spell it with a Z) is a ten-minute stroll away, a small gaff with only 250 inhabitants. Along its

>> THE MAYOR MELTS WHEN WE UNFURL ST GEORGE FLAGS WITH DONCASTER ROVERS AND MILLWALL PRINTED ACROSS THE MIDDLE <<

narrow lanes there are wooden cutouts of archers and foot soldiers in bright colours. Tourist overkill. The local restaurant is called Charles VI – the name of the French king in 1415. He was insane, and judging by the prices at this place, you'd have to be to eat there.

Ron Fraser, who works as a copper at Heathrow Airport, took a month to complete the Agincourt walk from London. 'I had the idea in '95 that for the year 2000, it would be a good idea to walk here,' he says. 'It was round the campfire and the people I was with laughed, but I wouldn't let it lie. I've had rain, blisters, drama, but all the way we got a warm reception. Next time I think I'll do it on a motorbike, though.'

Apparently, everything that was made in the 1400s was better than everything that is made

today. Tents, clothing, shoes, weapons, you name it. We have to disagree. Stone Island and Armani make a good show on the FRONT side. Our heavy knits seem more practical than the coarse, wool mix of the historical sorts. Sadly our photographer Brabazon, a colossus from Kent, lets the side down with an £11.99 polo neck. 'It's to hide a love bite,' the dirty devil smirks.

The Mayor Of Agincourt, Patrick Fenet, leaps into our conversation. He's the host and dressed as a fuzzy-felt French bowman/clown. 'Why do you French bother turning up when you know you're gonna get walloped?' he is asked. 'Association and remembrance,' Mayor smiles. 'Association and remembrance.' His eyes could do damage. Fenet visibly melts when we unfurl two St George flags with Doncaster Rovers and



Ian Brown joins in the lark



And Bully's Special Prize... a spike up the arse!



>> A LASH IS TAKEN IN THE DARK, NEXT TO THREE KNIGHTS, TWO LORDS AND A BAGPIPE PLAYER <<



It's only a pigeon, they have to do poos!

Millwall printed across the middle. The flag is secured on a marquee and some of the re-enactment folk, English and French, die inside. Fenet rushes up saying, 'Association and remembrance,' like he's chanting a mantra, and this gets a laugh from the FRONT lads.

The Azincourt Alliance re-enactment people are hoping for hundreds to turn up, but in the end there's a 25-a-side scuffle with the French. Chris Skinner from London does re-enacting for a living and plays the part of Sir Thomas Erpyngham. Big and bearded, he is a friend to FRONT for the weekend and can probably shout very loudly. He's spent *farsands* on his get-up.

Then we met a big Geordie who is Sir Blake of Northumberland. People in the northeast will know him as Frank Harrison, the mobile video shop man. 'We're drinkers with a re-enactment problem,' Frank informs us.

The two-fingered salute is given to the French – a gesture that started at Agincourt after captured French bowmen had their fore and middle fingers cut off so they'd be useless if they escaped. Pretend angry, the French run up the hill behind a pink flag with the rather glam lettering of 'St Denys' sewn in. Apparently the flag used to be red, but lost its colour in the wash.

Arrows fly, armoury clatters, swords rattle and the English defeat the French. We should have had a tenner on the result. Erpyngham, the man in green, takes out eight men on his own.

Later, at a medieval feast, bunny is served and rejected. 'No, they're fluffy.' The storm rages

and the marquee rattles. Grown-ups smile, waiting for the striped walls to cave in. A lash is taken in the darkness outside, next to three knights, two lords and a bagpipe player.

FRONT escapes the party early because it's overly weird. Why are these people so obsessed by the 1400s – are they pretending in their minds that they're actually at a medieval banquet? There's too many swords around to pose direct

questions. We dodge the outstretched arms of the dancers and make a run through the driving rain to the car. Pierre, the bar owner from the previous eve, soon loses his smile as we bound in through the door. 'Spirit round?' he wonders. 'Good idea,' says the 50-year-old dad. Cue crackles of laughter.

There are big plans for Sunday at Agincourt, but judging by the slates falling off our b&b, we expect the worst. We dash up to the battlefield and there's hardly a tent standing. Many were blown down in the night and Chris Skinner is loading up his van. He's gutted, and that makes us feel bad. To the marquee for a half, then.

That's when these 15th-century nanas start a light-footed dance, whip my Yorkshire flat cap off my head and proceed to give come-hither looks. These ladies obviously enjoy the power of movement. Brabazon tells me to go and have a boogie because it'll make good pictures. Nope. They float around for 20 minutes passing my flat cap from one to the other, giving gentle, I-use-fabric-conditioner smiles. If it was their mission to embarrass, they were successful. The lager slides down in order to dampen the flames in the cheeks. But you can't get too angry.

So England defeats France again. Quelle surprise! But sadly, everyone is finished off by the weather. The rain is falling sideways and you can lean against the gusts of wind. Next year the Azincourt Alliance are bringing the celebration forward to August, to catch the sun. If it's called off, panel result: away win. **F**

ENGLAND V FRANCE: RIVALRY

BATTLE OF HASTINGS

(14 OCTOBER 1066)

William Of Normandy defeats King Harold II. The Normans are Vikings who settled in France. We're Vikings, so it doesn't count.

100 YEARS WAR

(1337-1453) Series of rucks. Good scraps at Crecy (1346) and Poitiers (1356) where England give France a roasting.

MARY ROSE SUNK

(19 JULY 1545) Sly French creep across the Channel

and sink England's flagship. Plain evil.

BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR

(21 OCTOBER 1805)

Nelson's 27 ships take on 33 French and Spanish near Cadiz. Not one British ship is lost. Twenty of the baddies are either wrecked or captured.

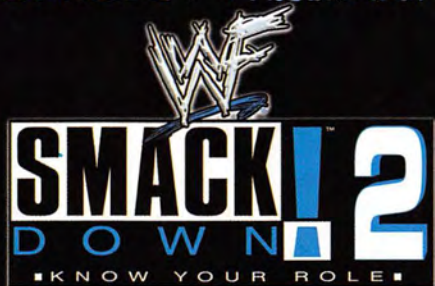
BATTLE OF WATERLOO

(18 JUNE 1815)

Wellington outwits the French. Napoleon's Imperial Army never run; they do now. Nappo abdicates.



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MATTER
WHAT YOUR
GAME IS!



Don't like losing? It doesn't matter. Don't like getting hurt? It doesn't matter.
Just get yourself into the biggest event of the year as
WWE SmackDown! 2: Know Your Role
opens a can of whup-ass on all you would-be gamers.

Power 9/10 • PlayStation Max 94% • C+VG 5/5 • Daily Radar "Direct hit"
Official PlayStation Magazine 9/10 • Total Station 95%

www.smackdown2.co.uk



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INSIDER HEALING

TOP FIZZY DRINK TANGO IS BACK WITH ANOTHER MENTAL ADVERT - BUT THIS ONE PROMISES TO SOLVE YOUR PROBLEMS

Those cccrrrrazy kids at Tango are on it again. And we're a little worried about what they're on. These are the nutters who tried to corrupt our nation with an advert involving a chubby orange bloke who loved to slap people round the chops with a big rubber hand. An advert that was taken off the air by Tango's ad agency HHCL, because some humourless bastards had complained about copycat attacks! Come off it, apart from your mate who works at Sellafield, who the hell do you know with huge orange hands?

You may remember they were also forced to pull the megaphone advert, where Tango men burst into a house and repeat everything the non-Tango-drinking fatty says. We reckoned it was absolute class, but the advertising standards body said it encouraged bullying, so off it went, at great expense.

As Tango is the mutt's nuts at selling fizzy drinks via giddy humour and also the fact that we at FRONT adore Tango, especially with copious amounts of vodka, we decided to find out about the character in the new advert, and maybe blag a few cans just for turning up. So we jumped the train (unusually there was one running) to the sleepy suburb

of Surbiton, the location for the rib-tickling new advert that you can see on the box this week.

As expected, the ad's format is bonkers, featuring a little character called the Tango Inside. He lives in your belly and only comes to life when you feed him his beloved Tango. Once

awake, Tango Inside kindly tries to help you out of situations you don't always need helping out of. In one ad, he advises a bloke to make a gay advance on his girlfriend's dad! Now do you see why we worry about what the ad execs are on?

So we asked Mr Tango Inside to assist our readers with some of their, er, more unusual problems. He was only too pleased to help...

Eddie Hardin



Babe in the woods

Dear Tango Inside

I'm worried I might not have fathered my wife's new child - he's tiny and can't even talk. You'd almost believe Lester Piggot was our milkman. I love him dearly, but this is driving a stake through the heart of our family. Yours in desperation, Jonathan
Dear Jonathan,
The trick here is to be strong. You must go off to the woods and leave him there. True offspring, they will return to you. Blood instinctively returns home.

Changing wombs



Dear Tango Inside,

All my friends have started their periods, but I haven't. I'm 14 and it's becoming embarrassing in the gym changing room. Love from Karen

Dear Karen,

You must learn to deceive your friends. Simply place broken glass in your underwear and leave the blood-stained garments lying around. But be sure not to do it more than once a month!



Blow-up job

Dear Tango Inside,

Last week was our office party and someone must have spiked my drinks, because the last thing I can remember doing is photocopying my genitals and posting them all round the office. What can I do? I'm too embarrassed to go into work. Yours sincerely, Richard
Dear Richard,

Your only honourable course of action is to own up. Visit everyone in the office in turn and tell them it was you. Women in particular will respect your honesty.

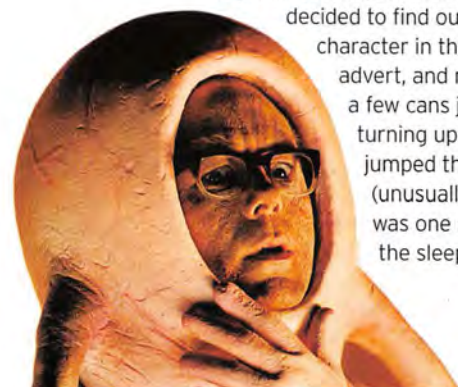
You bet



Dear Tango Inside,

I think I might be addicted to gambling. I can't walk past the bookies without blowing my entire wages. The other day I bet my four-year-old son that he couldn't eat 50 pickled eggs. He was sick, but at least I was a pound up. My wife thinks I packed it in six months ago, but fortunately she's yet to notice the furniture I've had to sell. Now I'm worried she'll clock that we haven't even got a telly. Help me, Malcolm
Dear Malcolm,

We all gamble every once in a while, Malcolm, but you have a special gift. You must learn to nurture it. Just imagine your wife's face when that big bet comes off and you can buy her a wide-screen TV, while you go on the holiday of a lifetime.



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THE
LATEST
TRIUM
MARS



THE SPEC Inside Mars' funky, stylish exterior is all the technology you need to keep your social life on track. There's WAP, for the mobile Internet, programmed to Breathe and e-mail. Hands-free has been built in, so you can make calls without lifting your phone or headset.

FEATURES Mars is dual band and also includes:

- Up to three hours talk time
- Up to 180 hours stand-by time
- Audible and/or vibrating alert
- Clock and alarm
- Currency converter
- Games

MARS SPECIFICATIONS Audible and/or vibrating alert, predictive text input, hands-free built in. Range of click-on key pads and battery packs. Clock and alarm, currency converter, games.

EIDOS INTERACTIVE AND TOMB RAIDER: CHRONICLES

Subscribe to this offer and receive a free copy of Tomb Raider: Chronicles, the latest adventure in the epic Tomb Raider series. Published by Eidos Interactive and developed by Core Design, Chronicles is available on PlayStation, Dreamcast and PC CD Rom.

DIMENSIONS AND BATTERY LIFE Stand-by time: up to 130 hours. Weight: 115g, including battery. Size: 115mm x 44mm x 29mm (incl battery). Talk-time (with DTX): up to three hours. Memory-related features: up to 254 numbers on Sim Card. One hundred numbers stored in phone memory. Unanswered calls: ten. Received calls: ten. Last dialled number.

PRICE The phones retail at £49.99, but FRONT readers get them for £29.99, plus free £5 top-up Vodafone voucher sent to you after 14 days.

TRIUM MARS TARIFF If you can't live without your mobile, want cheap calls, and don't want peak hours, to pay peak rates, or a service charge, then Smartstep is for you. Talk anytime, from 25p per minute for the first three minutes of the day, then all National, Local, Breathe WAP calls and Vodafone-to-Vodafone calls are 5p per minute the rest of the day.

VOUCHER VALUE Smart Step first three minutes, time thereafter.

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DIRECTORY ENQUIRIES	
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Daily charge	n/a n/a

Calls to the Breathe WAP portal are charged from as little as 5p per minute. The same call charges apply to Breathe, as the standard Peak and Off Peak calls.

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ARE YOU HUNGARY?

SHE'S HOT, HORNY, HUNGARIAN, AND HER NAME IS HENRIETTA. IT SEEMED ONLY SENSIBLE TO SIT HER DOWN AND ASK HER SOME RATHER STRANGE QUESTIONS...

WORDS & PHOTOGRAPHY: MARC ROBIN

So, Henrietta, what are you all about?

To be straightforward is actually what I am all about. Be it with professional matters or intimate ones, I like to have straightforward relationships with people I have to deal with, and I like people to be that way with me.

What sort of man are you after?

Charming; and he should be attentive, kind, and generous.

What do you like in women?

Mainly femininity. To be attractive you need

to be beautiful, and to be beautiful, you need to take care of yourself. Beauty has a price: to be attractive and to be at your best, so far as shape is concerned.

What about your friends, what do you expect from them?

Their love. Friendship is important for me. My friends must support me and encourage me in all my endeavours, even in hard times.

I have to be able to count on them the same way I would with them, if they needed me. ➤

F HENRIETTA HALAPI





Do you have any hobbies?

Since my childhood I have been fond of dancing. Dancing helps me to relax, and I get a good workout.

What would make you happy?

To have a lot of money! I don't believe that money can make someone happy, yet I would like to have enough of it in order to please my relatives, buy whatever I want without counting, and travel without worry. So when I have a family, I can offer my children what they need, and most specifically sports activity, which is often quite expensive.

What's your worst nightmare?

To die in a car crash and bring sorrow to my relatives. As far as I am concerned, I couldn't be sad about my own death.

If you could change something about yourself, what would it be?

In my life I am not very focused, I am most of the time all over the place. So I would like to be calmer and wiser. And one day, maybe I will have a family life.

Which country would you most like to live in?

In England, and most specifically in London. There is a certain magic about this city, very trendy, and the top as far as fashion goes. I love to wander the streets of London, to do some shopping, and to have a tea somewhere with girlfriends.

What's your favourite colour?

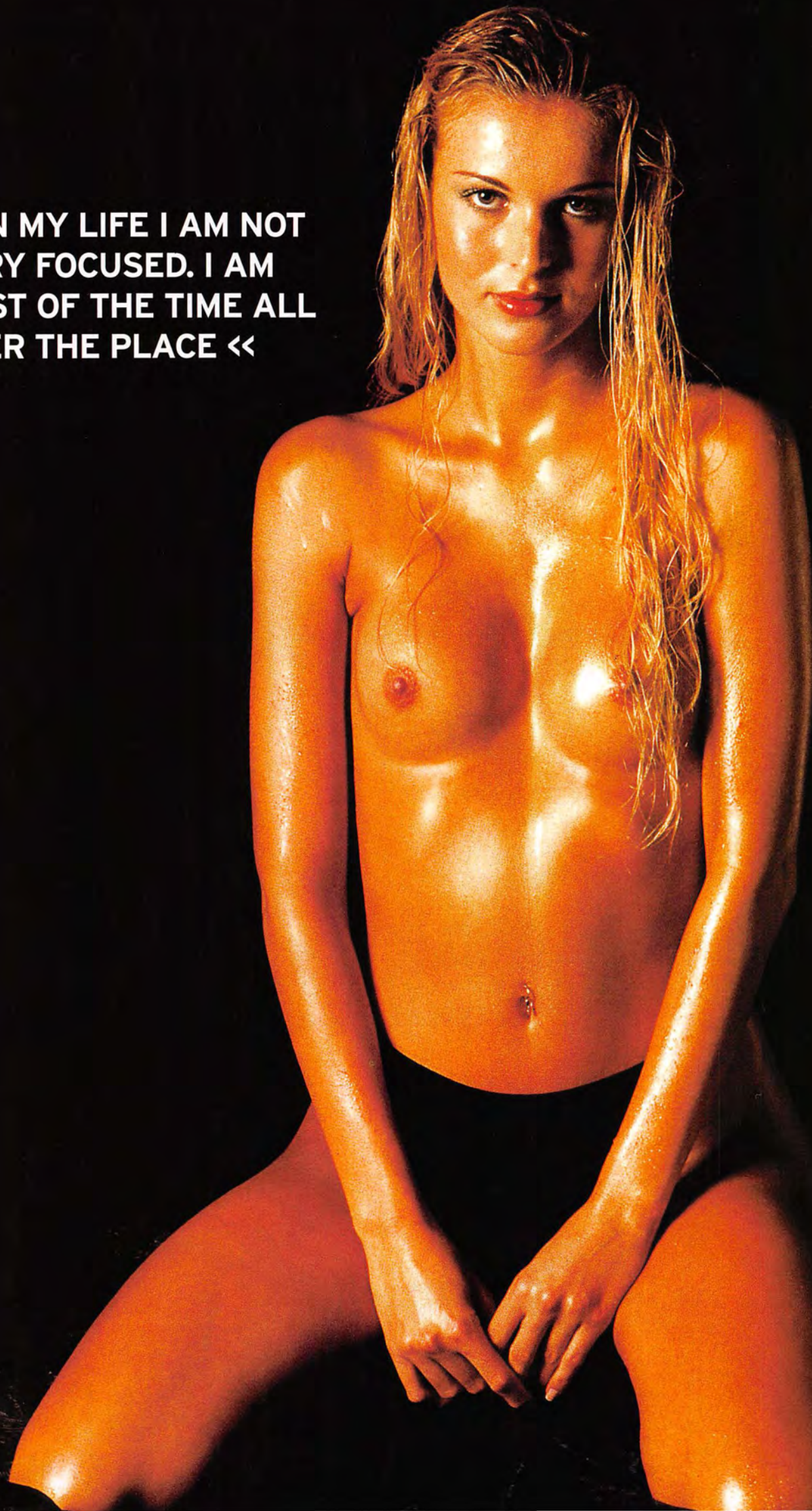
Black, quite surprisingly, because I have a rather happy personality. It is a classy colour that I like to wear.

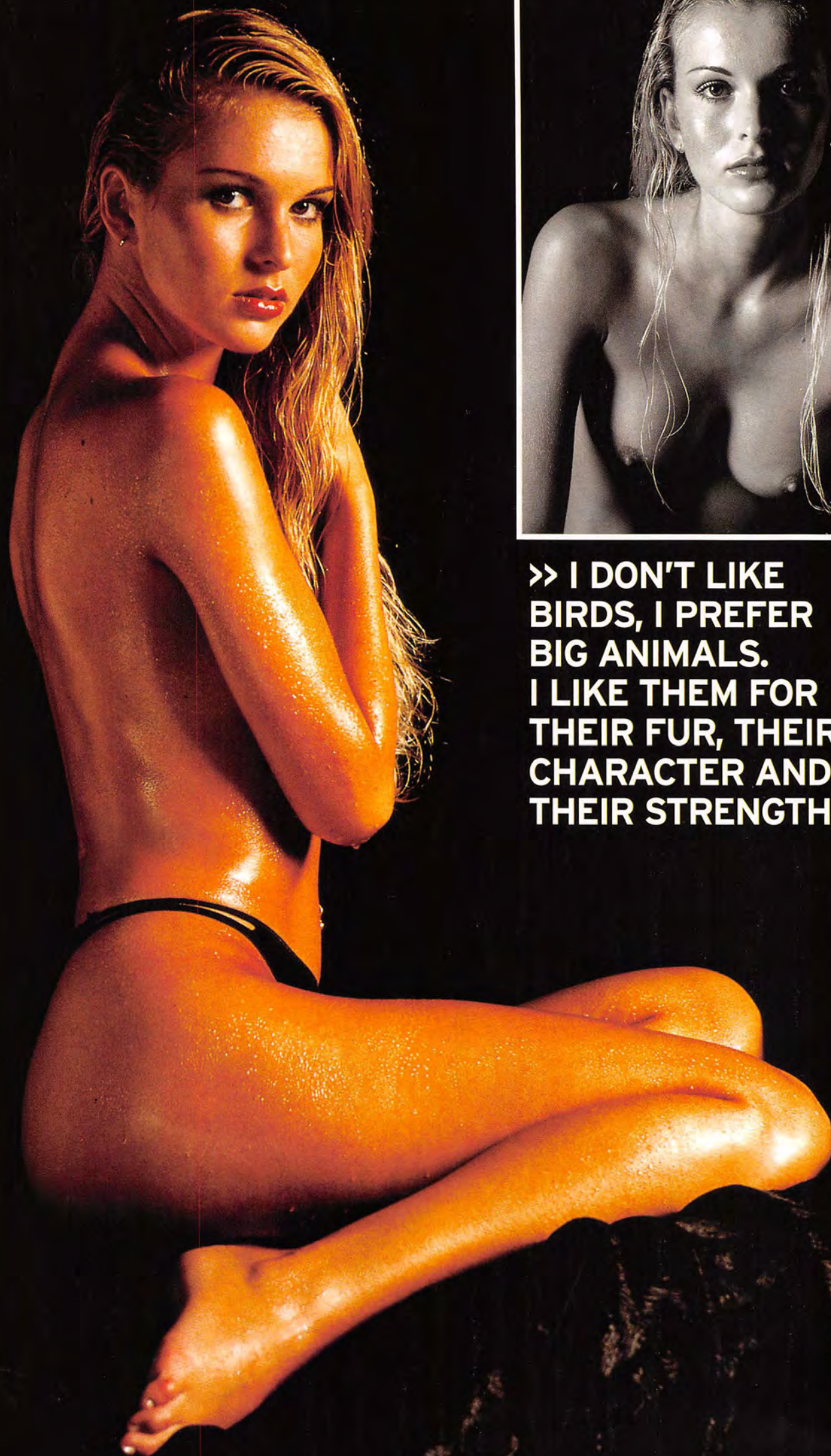
If we sent you flowers, what should they be?

A big bunch of white roses is for sure the best present that someone ➤



» IN MY LIFE I AM NOT
VERY FOCUSED. I AM
MOST OF THE TIME ALL
OVER THE PLACE «





**» I DON'T LIKE
BIRDS, I PREFER
BIG ANIMALS.
I LIKE THEM FOR
THEIR FUR, THEIR
CHARACTER AND
THEIR STRENGTH «**

could offer me. The white rose represents beauty and purity.

Do you like birds?

I don't like birds, no. I prefer big animals. I would like one day to go to a safari in Kenya or in Tanzania. I like these animals for their fur, their character and their strength.

Do you like reading, what about authors?

Szilvassy Lerjos.

If someone were to recite some poetry?

Ady Endre, a Hungarian poet, is who I most admire.

What about men, any famous ones you'd go for, like one off of cable telly?

I don't have any; I don't like to identify to that kind of character. I prefer the real world, living human beings who have actually some real things to tell.

Or heroines, then, do you have any?

It is the same thing. I am not a fan of fiction characters, be it in movies or in comics.

Er, any favourite painters?

Van Gogh. I am seduced by the impressionist style. I often go to exhibitions. It feels very peaceful when you just stand there in front of a painting from a famous painter and you can imagine the interpretation of the work and the message he wanted to get through.

When we name our children, what are your favourite names?

Anne, Marc, Yasmin.

Speaking of gifts of nature, which ones would you most like to have?

Curly hair and a tanned skin. We always want what we don't have, don't we?

Depends if you're offering. Ahem, what mod con do you most value?

The automatic car. It is easier and less stressing to drive.

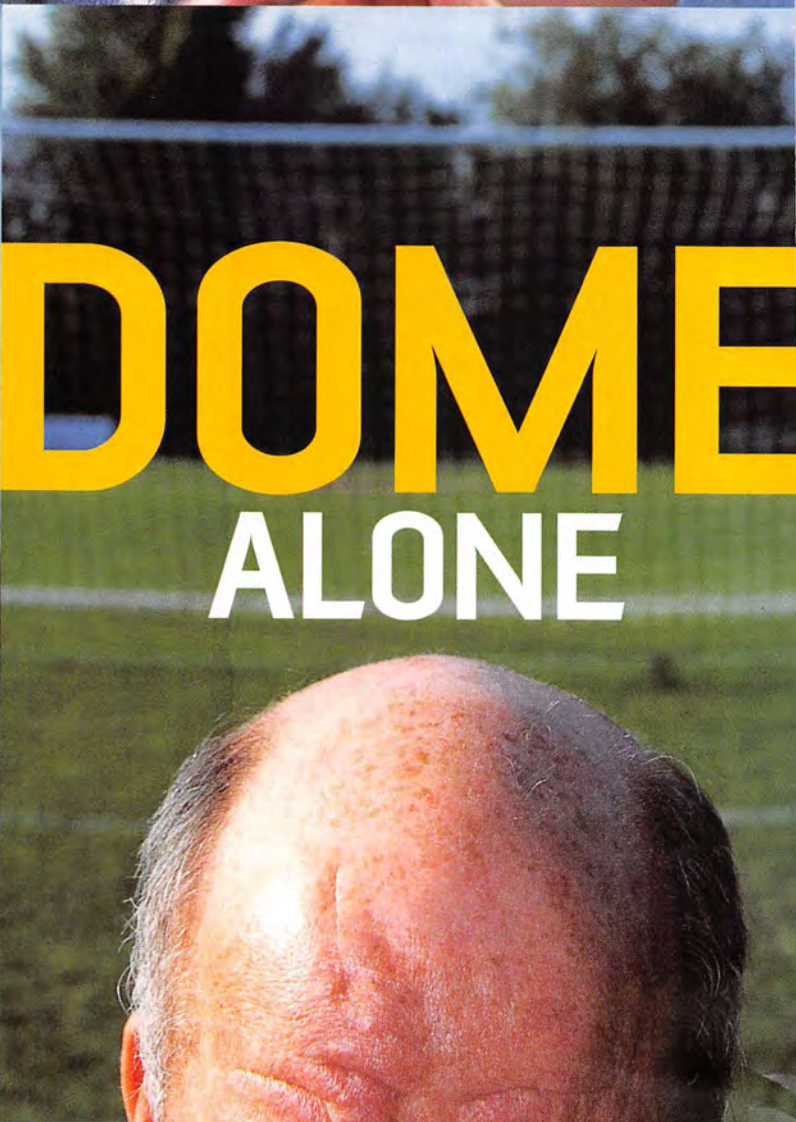
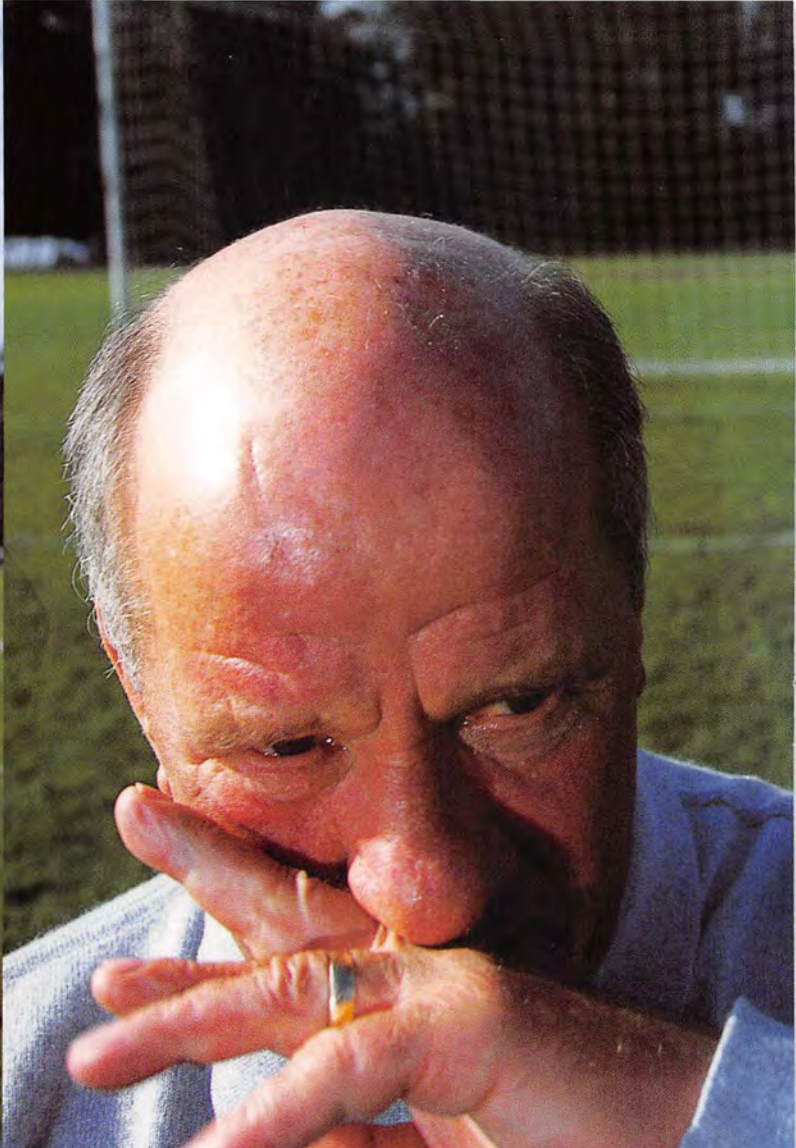
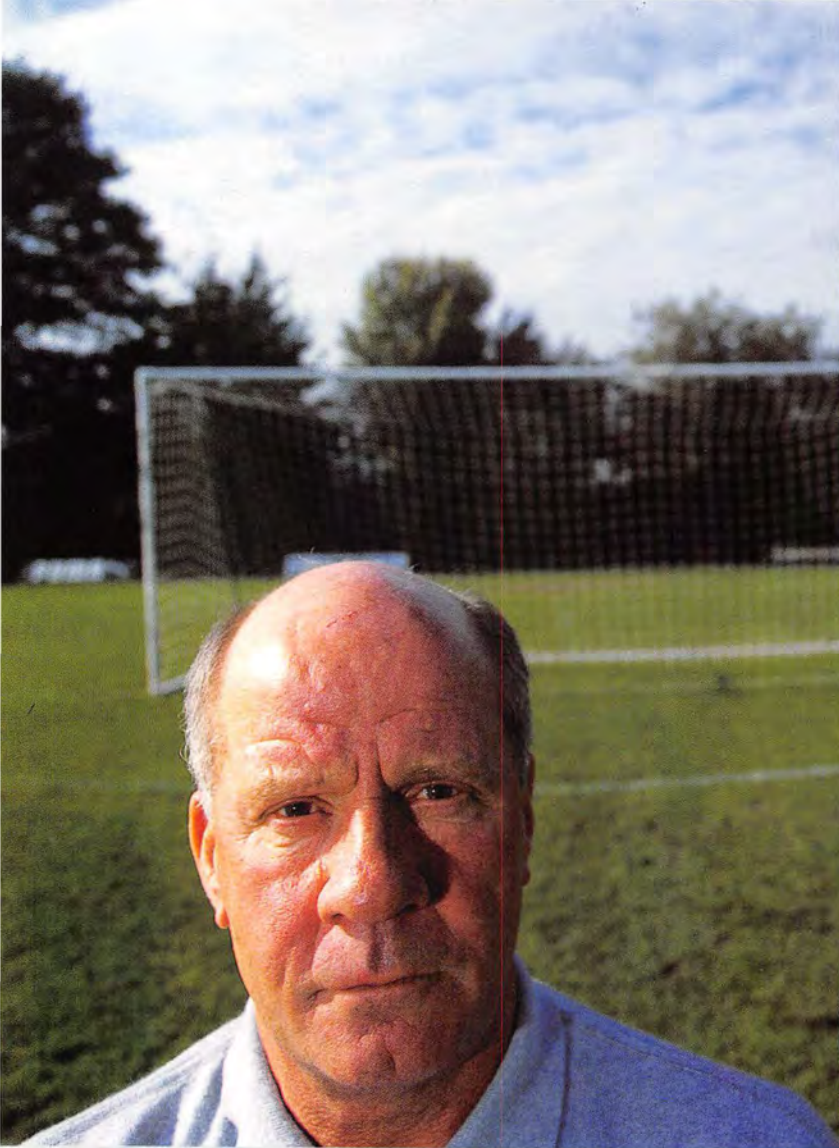
Henrietta, if you were face-to-face with death, how would you like to die?

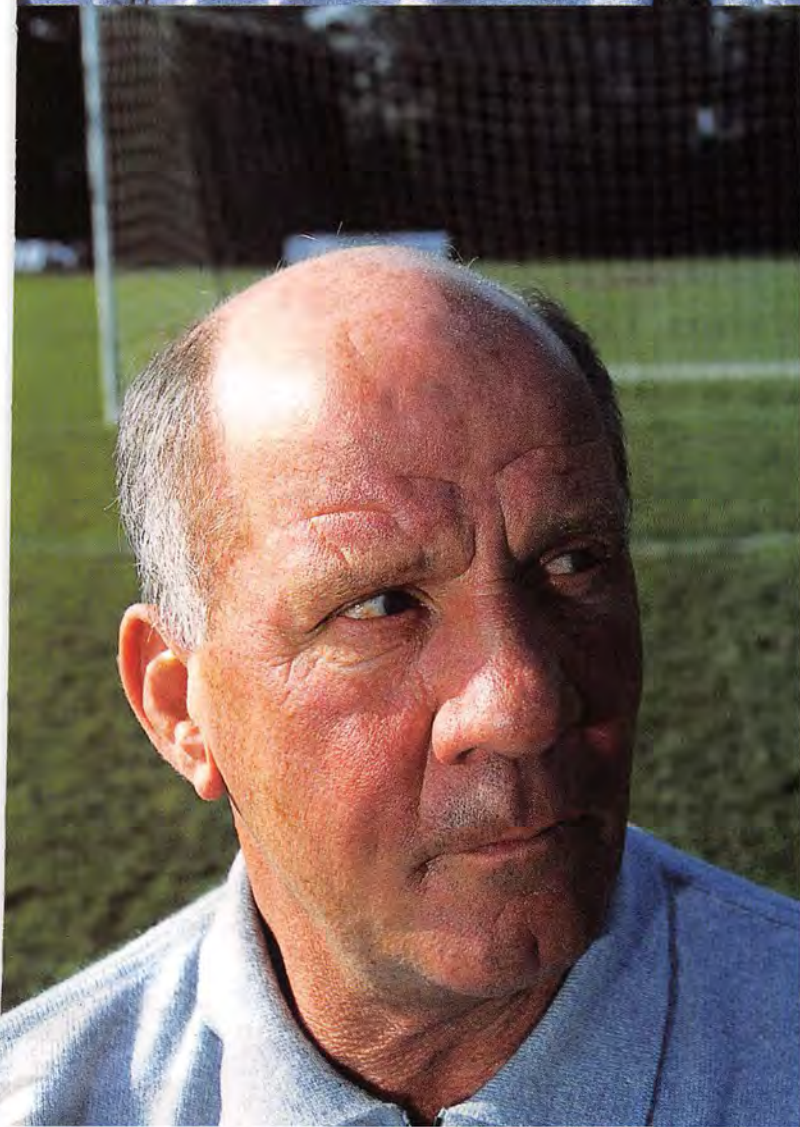
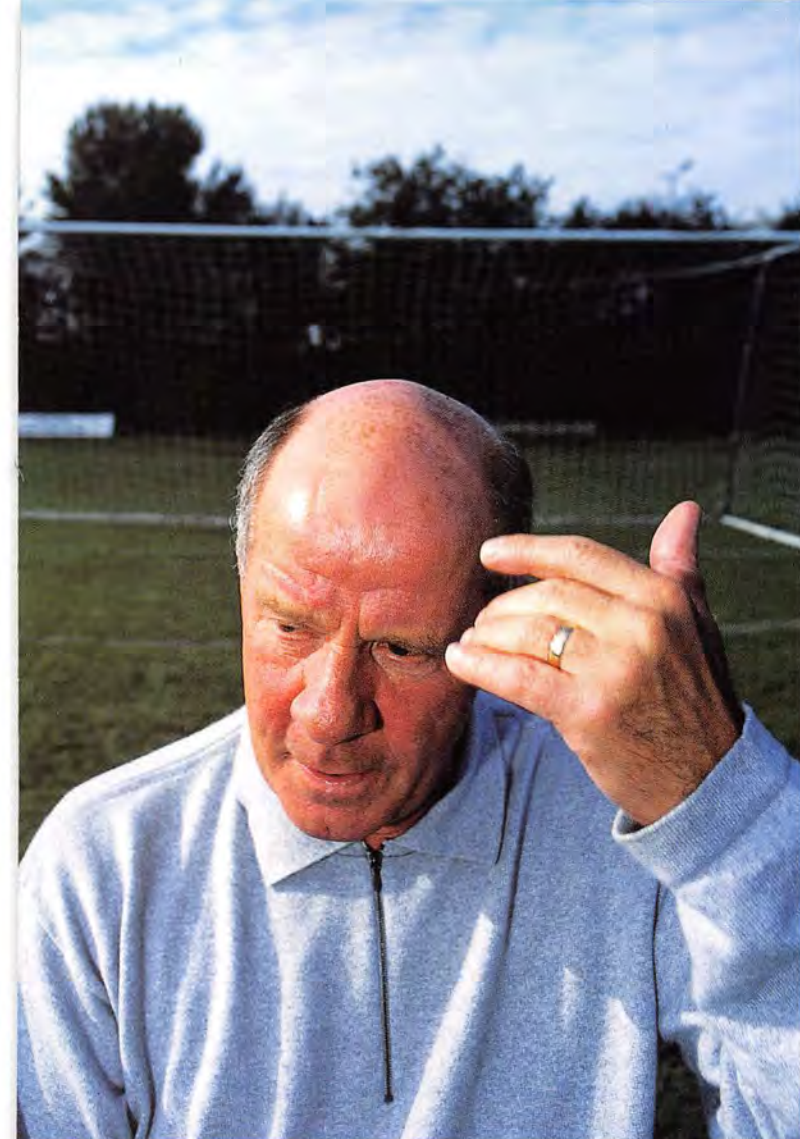
The best death for me would be to die in my bed. A sweet and light death.

Yes, well, are you like all women and have a habit of changing your mind all the time?

I often change my mind. I would like to touch on many different things. So I take on many ventures at once without getting any further into any of them. Curiosity is my drawback. **F**







DERBY COUNTY MANAGER JIM SMITH LOST HIS HAIR BY GETTING ANGRY AND THROWING CUPS AT PLAYERS. HE CAN LAUGH ABOUT IT NOW

Mr Smith is sat on an orange plastic seat in the middle of a football pitch, going 'Der-der-der-der' in his Sheffield accent before giving his opinions about the world of football. We're at the training ground of Derby County, a fine lawn of a toggler field next to a dual carriageway. The reserves have been out this morning and now the big boys are turning up for an afternoon's slog after midweek internationals.

'Der-der-der-der-Kinkladze'll have an excuse not to come in,' Jim says. 'He was playing for Georgia the other night, so we'll be lucky - ha-ha-ha!' The Bald Eagle is plugging his new book, *It's Only A Game*. It's one of the most honest accounts of a football career you will ever read.

Are Derby going down this season?

Ha! Well, we're in a bad position at the moment, but I have every confidence with the quality of the players we've got that we'll stay up. We're scoring goals, and that's important.

But you're letting in more goals than everybody else.

Ha-ha-ha, that's true. That's got to be sorted, but I think we'll be okay.

If you could buy one British-born forward, who would you go for?

British-born? Not a foreigner? The choice is huge, because we've got quite a good crop. It's got to be Michael Owen really. But I don't need forwards, I need defenders, ha-ha-ha! And there's not many of them.

There's none coming through, is there?

No there isn't. That's the problem.

Jim, you've got a big spider on your head.

[Jumps] Eeeeh - have I? Let's hope it's a money spider! Has it gone?

Yes, it's dropped on the floor.

Where was I? Yeh, if I was after any British-born defender, I'd want a leader really, so I'd want a young Tony Adams.

Did you watch England's last World Cup qualifiers?

Yeh. Shocking, wasn't it?

What's your opinion on the way Keegan went?

I respect his decision to go. But I felt if he was going to go, he should have done it after Euro 2000, or after Finland - not after Germany.

It sounded like a spur-of-the-moment thing - he'd heard the crowd, and Keegan's always been receptive to the crowd, hasn't he?

Graham Taylor said the same to me. He said, 'I know what it's like, cos I've been there. When you walk down that tunnel and the crowd are giving you stick, it's horrible.' That's where the mob stands, of course.

Have you had that kind of stick?

Oh aye, yeh - ha-ha-ha!

Very personal stuff?

The worst was in Newcastle. On a New Year's Day, against Wolves, it was. We lost at home 4-1. It started a bit from the yobbo end, like.

How does that affect you?

Well it's not very nice, obviously. You look at 'em and you want to bash 'em, but you've got to keep face, haven't you? It gets at you a little bit. You start to feel, 'I'm wrong, I've got to go,' but the decision has to be what's good for the club. With Keegan, it weren't good for England. I understand why he's gone, but I felt the timing wasn't right.

Have you ever been approached by a country to manage them?

Ha-ha-ha, the Faroe Islands! No, I'm having you on, son. ➤

Do you think that foreigners are ruining our game?

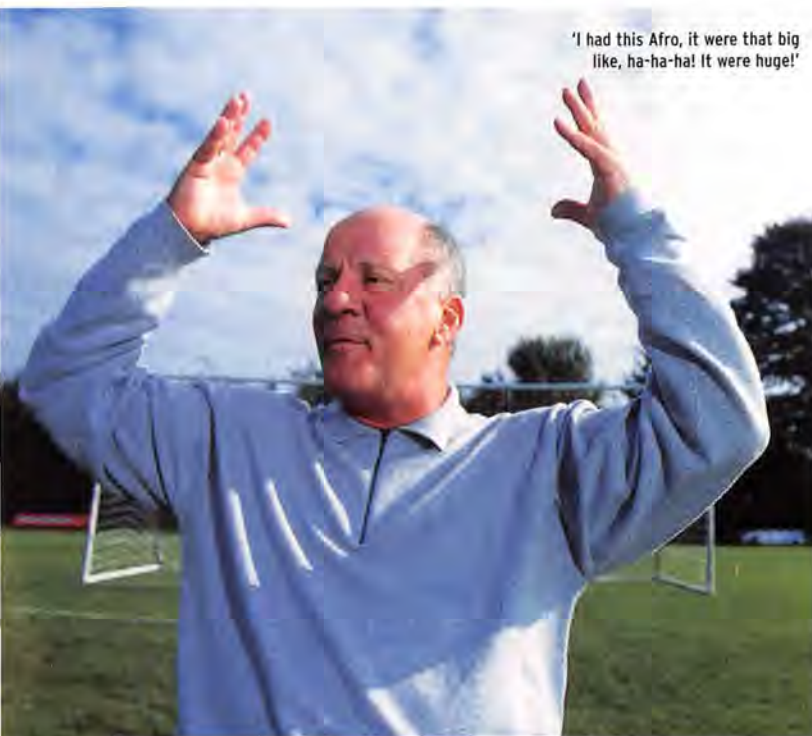
I've had a lot of foreigners, to be fair, and I've got a few here now. I think there will be a time when we won't have so many. It was forced on us in a way because of transfer fees and the lack of quality in our game. But I believe our lads at this club have benefited by having foreign players in. Hopefully they're gonna replace them. I'm not against having a number of foreign players at a club though.

There are some good young players coming through - the under-21s could whip the arse of the proper English national side.

They're tremendous. There's a hell of a lot of top-quality players. They've got Jeffers, Smith and Joe Cole in the international squad - Barry, Ferdinand - d'you know what I mean? And I think they've been encouraged by the skill of the foreign players. That's my opinion.

You use a psychologist at Derby, don't you?

Yeh, we do - we did. He was with us for four years, then he decided that four years is too long to work with one set of players, which I can understand, and he went off and joined Manchester United - ha-ha-ha!



'I had this Afro, it were that big like, ha-ha-ha! It were huge!'

breed of footballer. They're foreign. It's a different way of managing and a different way of coaching now. You have to test their ability and their thinking, not throw cups at them, as we used to do.

Have you thrown cups at players before?

I have done it, yeh - ha-ha-ha! The only problem is that I've done it once or twice, and now I'm labelled as the biggest cup-thrower of all time. I've done it twice, I think. Well no, I've done it three times.

Who was it at?

I threw a cup against the wall when I was player-manager at Boston United. And all the tea spattered over me, so that was a waste of time. I did the same at Newcastle - I wish I'd noticed it was a plastic cup. We let in a goal at the last minute, and I thought, I'm gonna show you lot what I can do. I got drenched. But I knew what I was doing and there was a reason - to frighten them a little. I did it at Newcastle when we played Southampton. The game more or less sent us down, and Mirandinha had missed two open goals. He was smiling as I bollocked the lads. I saw this tray of sandwiches and launched them at Mirandinha. My assistant, Bobby Saxton - they landed on him.

Did you burst out laughing?

We all burst out laughing, so it didn't actually work.

Is language a problem for a manager?

No. With Georgi Kinkladze, he'd been at Man City for a while and then in Holland, so he speaks English. It's embarrassing - 90 percent of 'em come in and they speak very good English, so that's never been a problem. We've got an Argentinian - Carbonari. He weren't from Buenos Aires, he was from the sticks, and when he came over he could say a couple of words, but now he's picked it up and he's even got the same sense of humour as us. They have to do, to be fair.

How did you get on with Robert Maxwell at Oxford?

I never had a problem with him, not till the end of being at Oxford.

Did he look after his people?

He was good. He employed me, and he'd never interfere.

You didn't have to fax through team sheets?

No, in all fairness, he was brilliant with me. Once he bought the Mirror he changed. He kept asking Harry Harris who we should buy. He became big-time when he was at the Mirror, and that's when we had a big fall-out, and that's when I left. But overall, he was very supportive.

Do you have a problem attracting players to Derby, because it's not as fashionable as London?

Not many problems, but I've had the odd one saying he doesn't want to come to Derby. When they say to me, 'I want to go to London,' then you think - are they coming here for football or restaurants? The

>> MIRANDINHA WAS SMILING AS I BOLLOCKED THE LADS. I SAW THIS TRAY OF SANDWICHES AND LAUNCHED THEM... <<

Would you say that he helped the club?

Very much so. And he works for England with the under-21s. I think he did a good job, yeh.

Did he do one-on-one psychology sessions, or group meetings?

Nah, not group sessions, they'd all mess about.

Did he bring a bit of belief back to the club?

Yeh, and he used to watch every home game looking at body language. I was all for it, and it worked, yeh.

Do you punish players for going clubbing?

Well they're not all angels at Derby, but in the main, they're too quiet, ha-ha-ha. They're very well-behaved lads. You find out about one or two who've had a drink, and what-have-you, but as a group, we take the lads away. They did a four-wheel drive thing in Bristol at the weekend. If they break the rules you've got to fine them. But that isn't too often in the game now. It's a different lifestyle now. They don't go out to a club, they go to top restaurants and have wine and champagne. Not like us - it were sing-songs in the pub!

Is it difficult to keep your temper?

Yeh, sometimes. I do better now than I ever did, cos they're a different

people we've brought in, in the main, are people who enjoy this kind of life - Derby's a nice place to live. Ernio loves it. Stimac was good when he first came here, but he was always hankering after the big lights, London, and what have you.

Before you lost your hair, was your nickname just The Eagle?

Ha-ha-ha-ha! Very good. No, it was Tony Curtis, because I had curly hair. All curly it was! Ha-ha-ha!

If a lad who lived next door to you kicked the ball through your greenhouse windows, would you get angry with him?

Er, no.

Has it happened?

No. When you've got kids of your own, and when you're a kid yourself, you knock a few in. It wouldn't bother me, no.

That's good to hear.

Well, you wouldn't, would you?

Lee Gale

Jim Smith The Autobiography: It's Only A Game, which was written with Bob Cass, is published by Andre Deutsch. It's funny because there's a lot of shouting. And cup throwing.



The Album → Coldplay
David Gray Blur
U2 Richard Ashcroft
Radiohead Travis
Placebo Fatboy Slim
Air Robbie Williams
The Chemical Brothers
Paul Weller Toploader
Gomez Moby Feat. Kelis
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Daniele Alessandrini; jumper, £75,
Pringle; chain, £250, American Retro

Gucci wool, belted pea coat, £770,
Harrods; lambswool scarf, £14, Gap

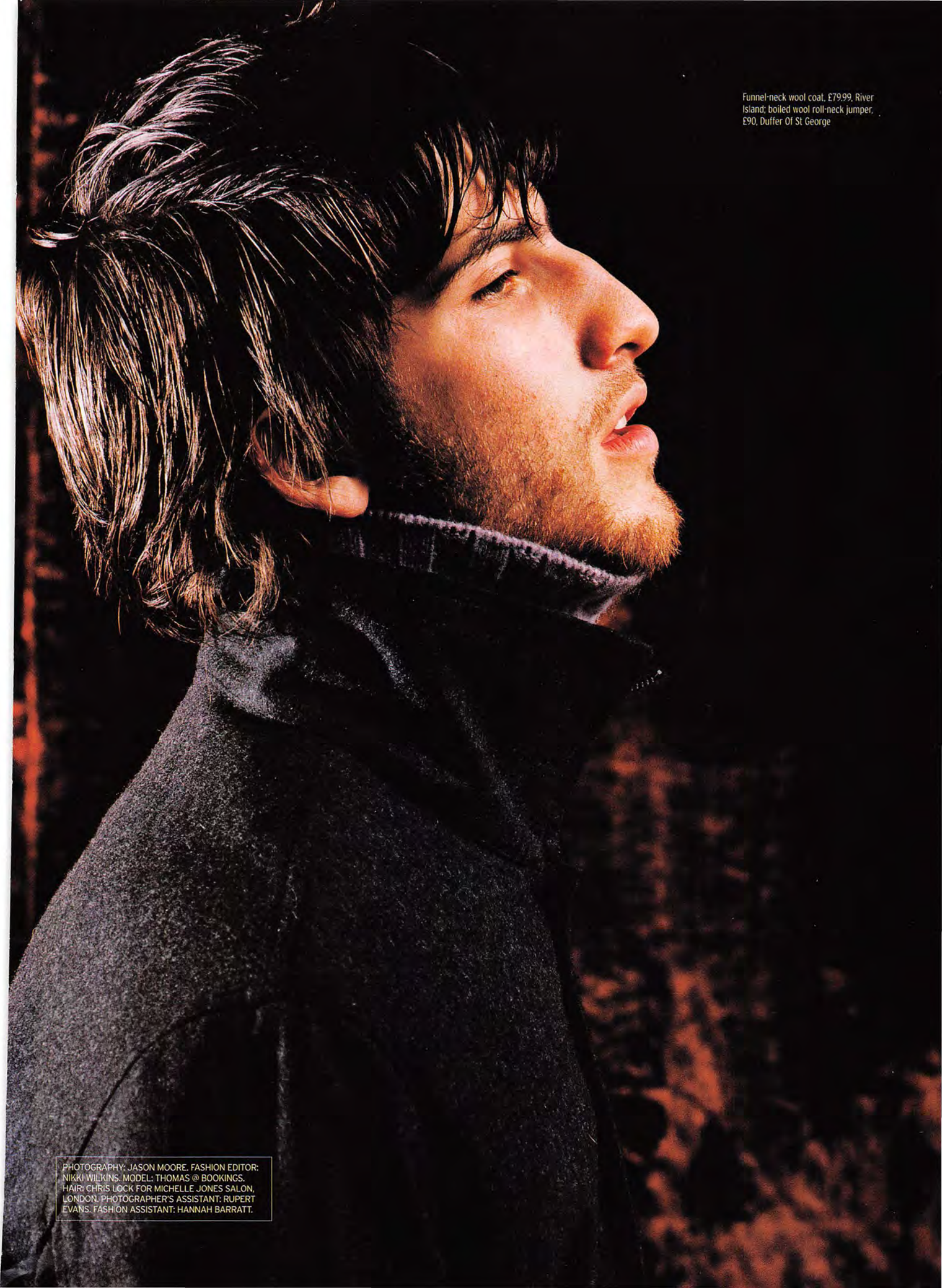




Boiled wool three-pocket coat, £290,
John Rocha; pinstripe trousers, £115,
Jasper Conran; chunky wool jumper,
£135, Burro; hat, £69, James Lock &
Co; leather shoes, £80, Office



Wool three-quarter-length coat, £279, Austin Reed; cotton zip-up cardigan, about £60, Psycho Cowboy; striped knitted scarf, £14, Gap; Kangol bucket hat, £45, Duffer Of St George



Funnel-neck wool coat, £79.99, River
Island; boiled wool roll-neck jumper,
£90, Duffer Of St George

PHOTOGRAPHY: JASON MOORE. FASHION EDITOR:
NIKKI WILKINS. MODEL: THOMAS @ BOOKINGS.
HAIR: CHRIS LOCK FOR MICHELLE JONES SALON,
LONDON. PHOTOGRAPHER'S ASSISTANT: RUPERT
EVANS. FASHION ASSISTANT: HANNAH BARRATT.

GET KNITTED



Wool Velcro-neck jumper, £100, Hope.Glory



Boiled lambswool button-detail jumper, £90, Duffer Of St George



Raw-edge cream fleece, £55, Armand Basi



Interwoven lambswool V-neck jumper, £135, Burro



Wool rainbow roll-neck jumper, £70, French Connection



Wool turtleneck jumper, £30, Tesco



Wool-mix turtleneck jumper, £19.99, H&M



Wool rollneck jumper, £35, TopMan

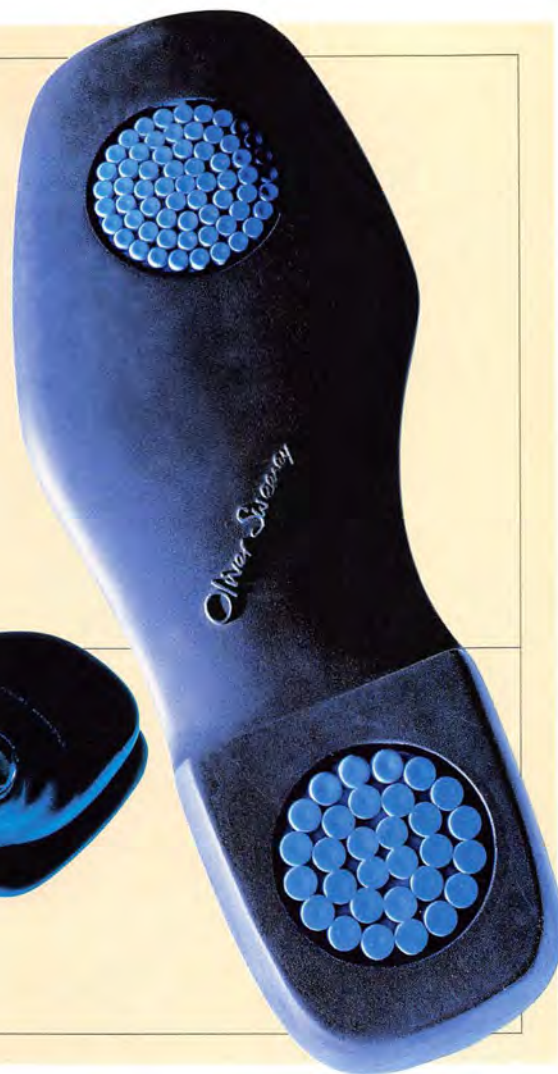
LABEL OF THE MONTH

Oliver Sweeney

YOU WON'T PUT A FOOT WRONG IN THESE SHOES

Oliver Sweeney shoes have always been a gentleman's classic favoured by celebs, editors and gangsters. But now they're setting the standard as an everyday geezer's favourite as well, thanks to the new diffusion Blue Spot range. With all the quality of the Oliver Sweeney mainline collections, the soft nappa leather lace-ups feature contrast, ice-blue stitching and the trademark 'S' that ensures you're getting the real McCoy. And with each pair hand-crafted in Italy, you know you're not wasting your money.

Check Sweeney's latest range of footwear, designed for the Autograph collection for men at Marks & Sparks - about time they got some decent footwear. Oliver Sweeney has also gone solo with his first stand-alone shop in the City of London, featuring his stylish new bags and belt range. Ollie, we salute you. For more information, call 0976-412804.



CHAMBER OF GEEZERDOM

JEAN RENO

ON-SCREEN ASSASSIN GETS THE BEARDS IN

Now ordinarily, if you put a wispy-bearded man in little round specs, a beanie hat, and trousers so high that they look like they've lost a custody battle for the shoes, he would carry the unmistakable air of a mothball-ridden geography teacher. However, cobble this outfit together, lose the leather elbow patches, hang it on Jean Reno playing a hit man in the film *Leon*, and the Dexy's *Midnight Runners* gear never looked so swish. Cloth sculptor Jean Paul Gaultier designed the basic look and Reno did the rest.

It's rare for a beard to be socially acceptable these days but Reno's is the exception and accompanies him everywhere, even when he's acting. There are claims that it was in fact Jean's beard that merited his place in the FRONT Chamber Of Geezerdom, which is situated next to our loft. The chamber, by the way, has everything a trend-setting style guru could need - mirrors, Pot Noodles, trouser press, the lot.

In a career that spans over 35 films, Reno has rarely played anything but cool. He had to put on a few dodgy swimsuits in *The Big Blue*, but the round sunglasses and close crop carried Jean through with his reputation unscathed. In *Ronin*, it's back to gun chic, in a man-of-few-words-on-a-mission kinda way, with a leather and corduroy look to go with the old beanie hat. Final words, however, must go to *Leon*. Dunno if he's talking about personal hygiene or killing, but it works anyway. 'It's a goodbye gift, go clean.'



JEAN RENO PHOTOS: BIG/KOBAL/RONALD GRANT



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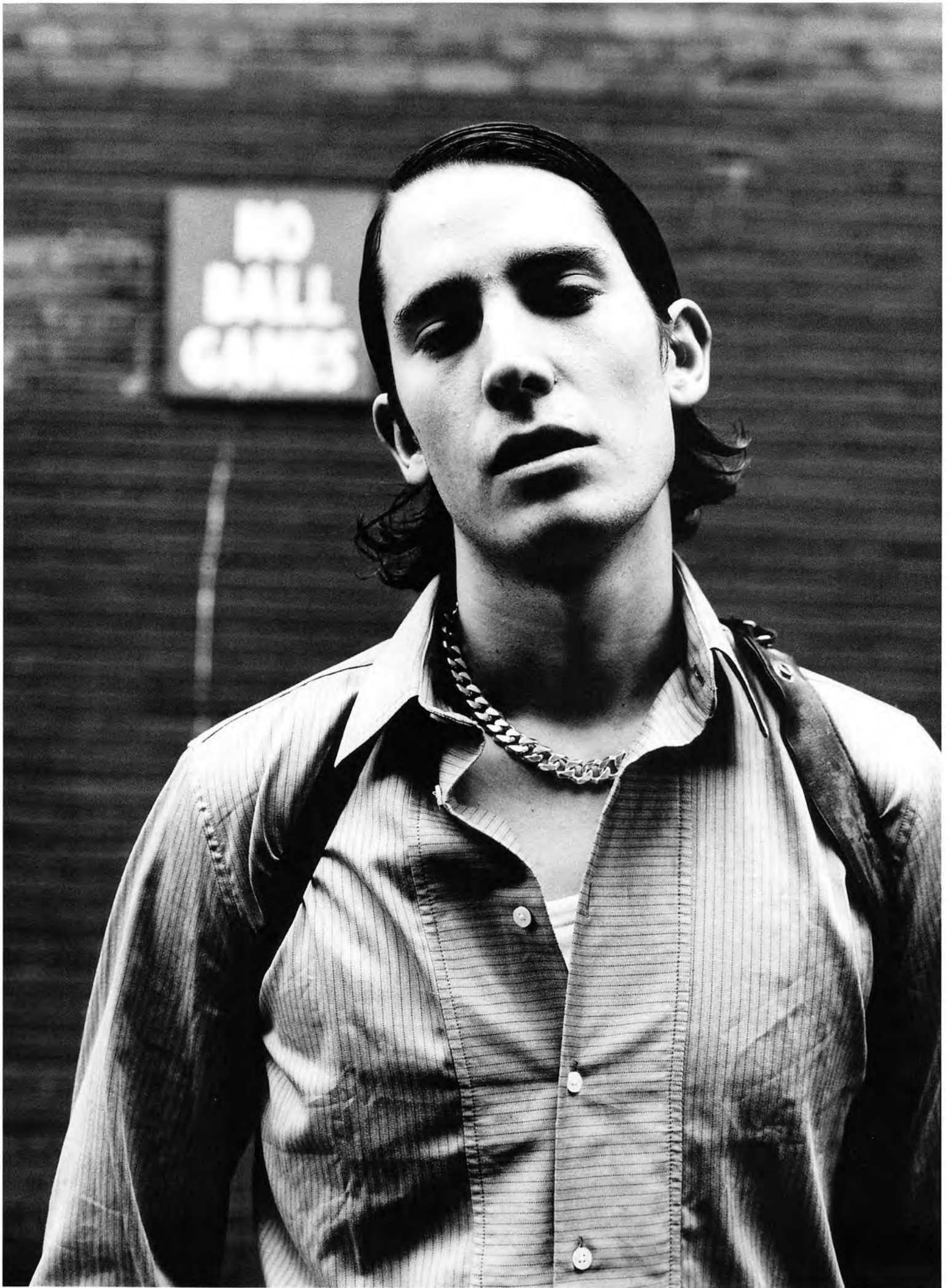
STYLE COUNCIL

SPIVS' COATS, OLD-SCHOOL TRACKSUITS AND FAT JEWELLERY - HIGH FASHION ON THE HIGH-RISES





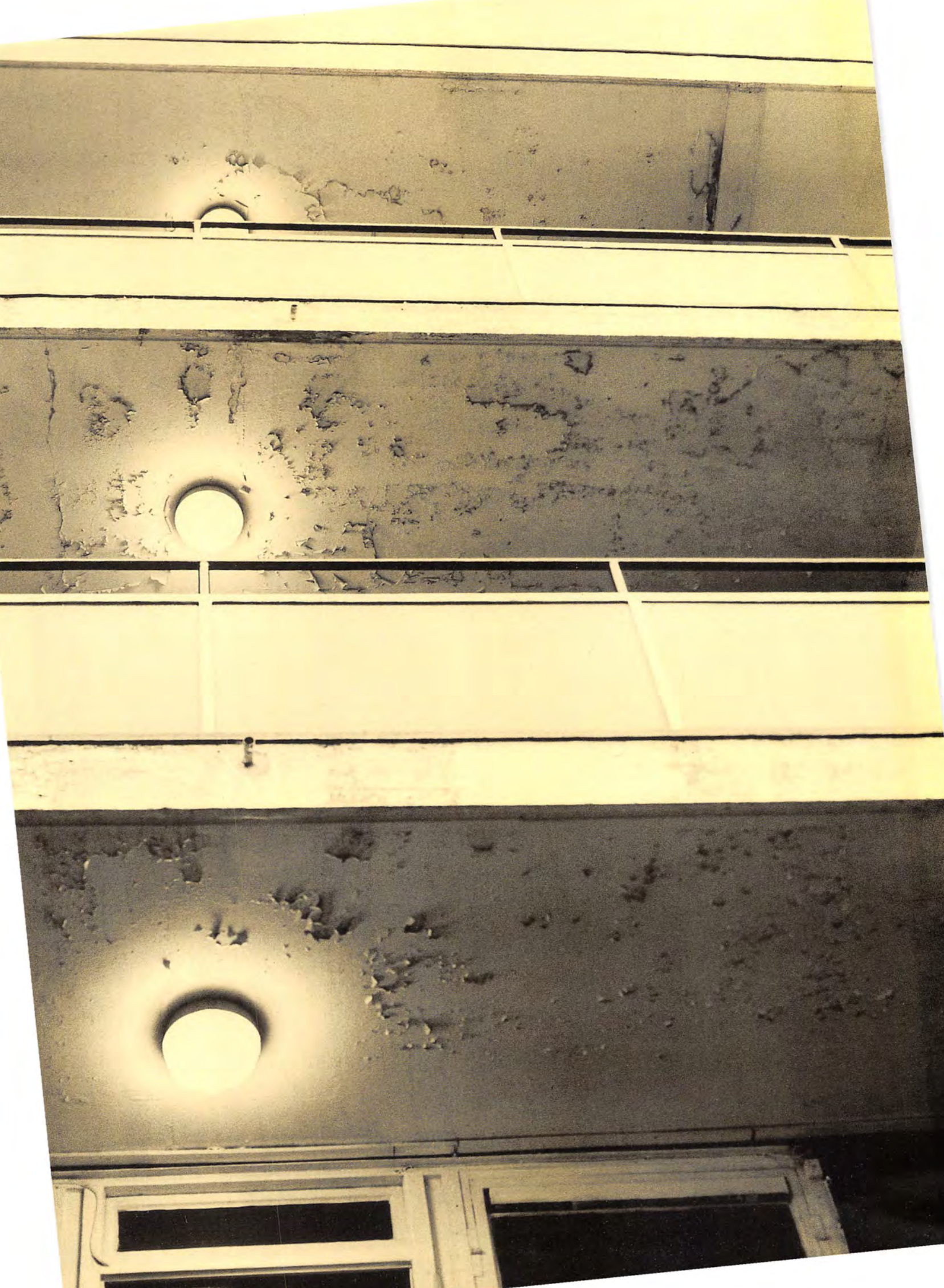
Sheepskin coat, £1,200, Dryshod; basketball vest, £19, O'Neill; trousers, £170, Tomasz Starzewski; racetrack necklace, £375, Stephen Einhorn; trilby, £10, Rockit



Cotton, striped shirt, £75, Burro; cotton vest, £15 for two, Marks & Spencer; racetrack necklace, £375, Stephen Einhorn; leather holster-style wallet, £15, Rockit

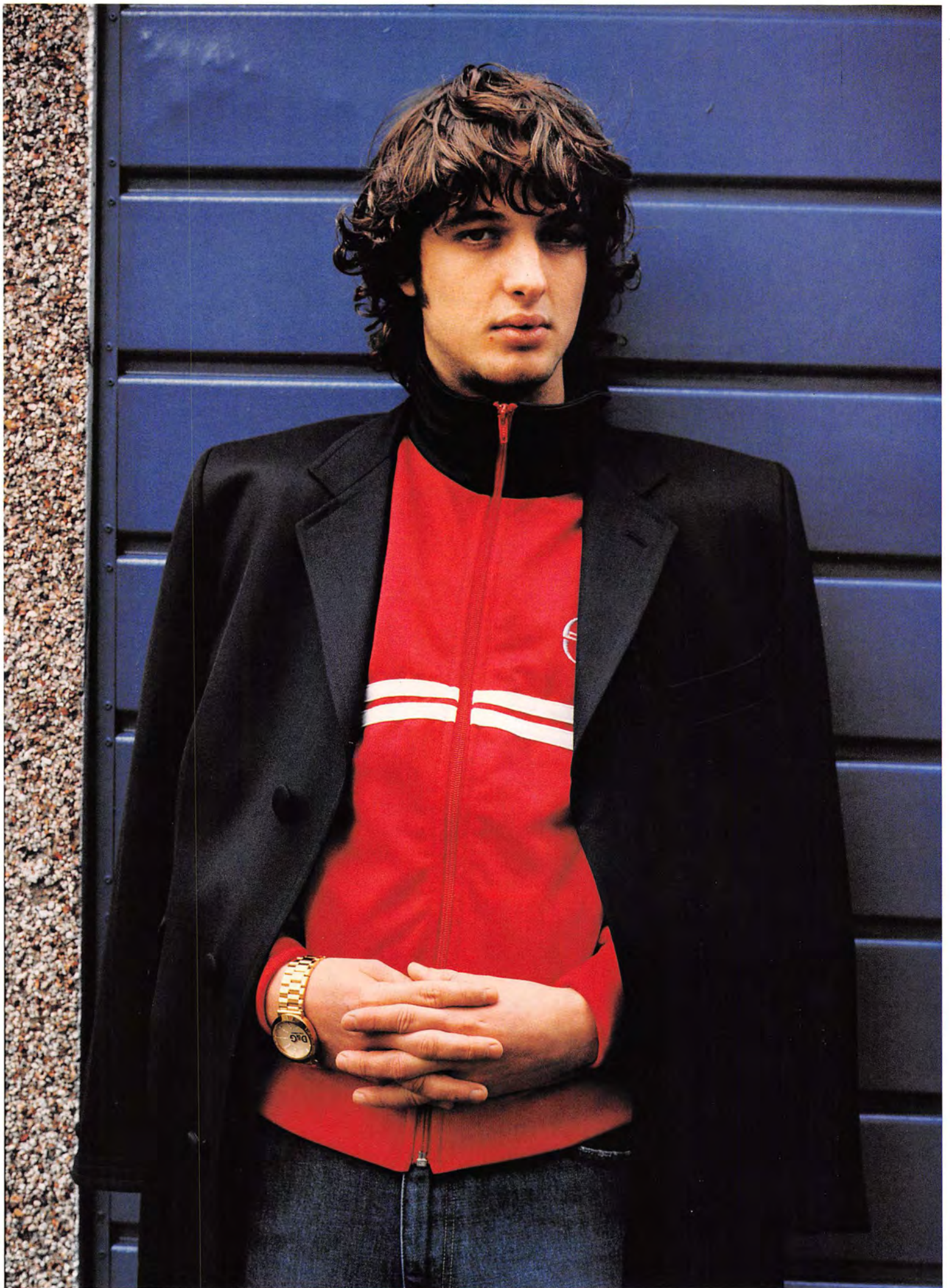


Battered denim jacket, £95, Closed; cotton shirt, £38, Gap



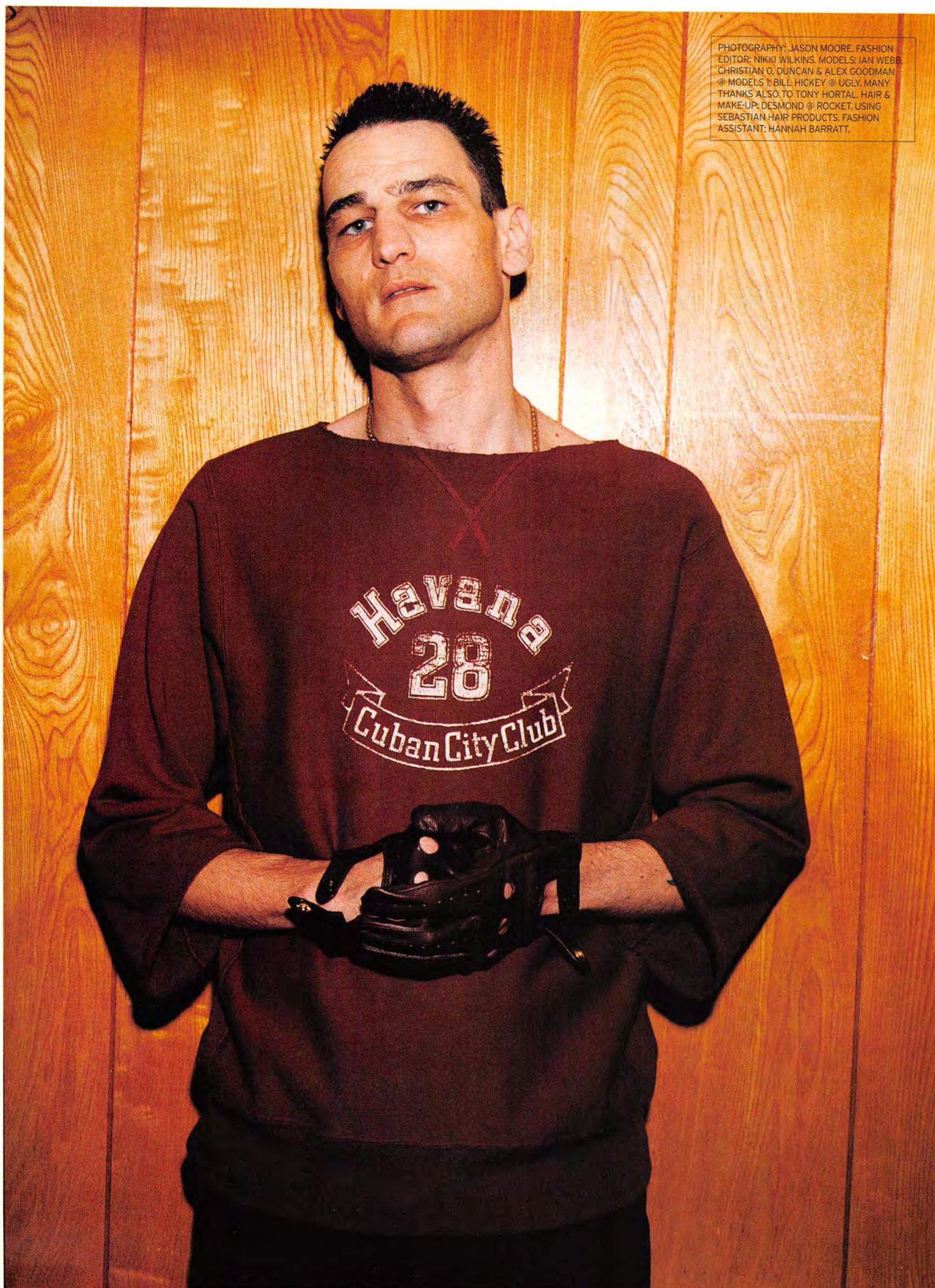


Cotton-mix tracksuit, £95; cotton vest, £12.50; both Lonsdale; sapphire ID bracelet, £425, Stephen Einhorn



Covert coat, £395, Alexandre; Sergio Tacchini zip-up top, £65, The Size? Store; denim jeans, £70, Closed; watch, £175, D&G Time

PHOTOGRAPHY: JASON MOORE. FASHION
EDITOR: NIKKI WILKINS. MODELS: IAN WEBB,
CHRISTIAN O, DUNCAN & ALEX GOODMAN
© MODELS: BILL HICKEY @ UGLY. MANY
THANKS ALSO TO TONY HORTAL. HAIR &
MAKE-UP: DESMOND @ ROCKET. USING
SEBASTIAN HAIR PRODUCTS. FASHION
ASSISTANT: HANNAH BARRATT.



Sweatshirt, £35, Hooch; leather driving gloves, £35, Dents; 18ct gold necklace, from a selection, H Samuel



**THIS MONTH
WE'D LIKE TO
BE WEARING...**

**PUMA MOSTRO (ALSO
COMES IN BLACK), £50,
FIRST SPORT**

BAG IT

Urban clothes label Duck And Cover have uncovered a sideline: accessories. New things to carry around in Spring/Summer 2001. Not just to carry balls about in.



LUXURY CLOTHES LINE

In case you're wondering what the hell www.yoox.com is, log on and find out. Check some of the world's most wanted luxury brands, including Paul Smith, Helmut Lang, Miu Miu, and Jil Sander. Yoox promises an average saving of 50 percent on more than 60 of the most prestigious designer collections. Well worth staying in for.

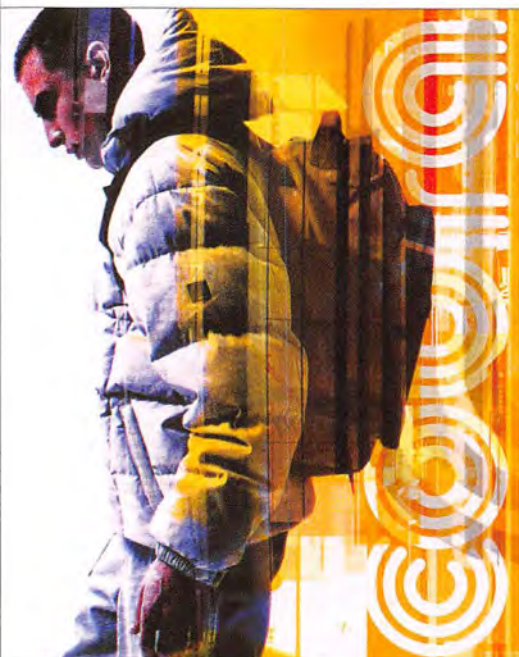
BEE SHOES

Not made of genuine bee, you understand. The buzz word is Jimmy Bee, shoe designer with his toe on the pulse. Check out his soft leather loafers, ergonomic lace ups and classics with a twist. Serious on design, and easy on your pocket. Prices from £59.99-£69.99.



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TOPMAN: 0800-731 8288



COBRA BITES BACK

Back with venom, Cobra returns with names like Levi's, Duck And Cover, Nike, Adidas, Champion USA, and Fred Perry to name but a few. Check out the cameras in the 'Try before you buy' area, where you send digital pics of yourself to friends for approval.



PIPE UP

You can't beat old classics and we've been gagging for the pipe to come back. With a celebrity following, award-winning Pipesmokers Of The Year (yes, the ed was there last year) include: Eric Morecambe (1970), Jimmy Greaves (1985), Rod Hull (1993) and most recently Joss Ackland (2000). For more info, tap into: pipesmokerscouncil.org.uk



style: clift



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PHILIPS

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FACE/OFF

'I DON'T WANT NO SCRUBS,' TLC SAID, BUT WE CERTAINLY DO, BECAUSE THEY KEEP YOUR PORES CLEAN



1 RALPH LAUREN POLO SPORT SCRUB
£13 (75ml)

Nice, sporty whiff (not as in the Spice Girl) in the form of cool blue gel. The menthol makes for a cooling scrub with hard core exfoliation. Don't mistake it for your toothpaste, though. **6/10**



2 CLINIQUE FACE SCRUB
£13.50 (100ml)

From the pioneers of men's grooming - no girliness, no fragrance and comes in caveman grey. This one definitely merits a place in the shadows of the bathroom cabinet, next to the emergency beer. **10/10**



3 PUR:PHUEL REVIVER
£14 (150ml)

This one's so good you could eat it. But you'd exfoliate your tongue, mind. Chunky grains promise to do a tough job on skin that has a mind of its own. **8/10**

4 ORIGINAL SOURCE TEA TREE & MINT SCRUB
£3.25 (100ml)

Ooo ya bugger! This face-smacking minty mixture will leave your cheeks glowing. If that's really the look you want to go for. **7/10**



5 THE BODY SHOP TEA TREE OIL SCRUB
£4.50 (100ml)

Smells medical, but has friends in high places (well, at FRONT) cos it's cheap and does the job - if only everything in life was. **6/10**



6 ZIRH ALOE FACIAL SCRUB
£12 (118ml)

You could sandpaper a mahogany fireplace with this little bruiser. It's a nice fresh gel, but can you take the strength? **9/10**



GROOMING

AND DON'T FORGET BEHIND YOUR EARS

WE'D LIKE TO PUSH THE FOLLOWING PRODUCTS ON YOU, WHETHER YOU NEED THEM OR NOT



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GLOW JOB AWARD

The best head this Christmas has to go to Brylcreem. The clever devils decided to launch UV-glow hair gel out in the clubs of Ibiza last summer. Thing is, the limited edition was so in demand, Brylcreem has been forced to release it in the UK. It's supposed to be for your hair, but they're smothering it everywhere! £2.89 for 150ml.



YANKS A LOT

There's no escape, you'll be seeing it everywhere: American Crew, a range of grooming products new to the UK. The range covers everything from shaving, hair gunk, stuff to wash it out again, and a variety of skin-survival creams. It's all formulated with natural herbs, so it smells good, too.



BACK UP

If your back looks like a game of dominoes, Zirh's new Body Bar might be just what you're looking for. It's designed especially to exfoliate the skin and prevent the dreaded 'backne'. Body Bar contains lemon oil to moisturise, and peppermint to speed up the healing process. The cost? £14, from Selfridges.



NASTY NICKS

Wilkinson Sword claims it has developed the safest, closest wet-shave yet. The Protector 3D Diamond has blades as tough as diamond (hence the name), a micro-fine guard to stop you slicing your chin, and a 3-D pivoting action to keep the blades at the best shaving angle. Looks good, too. Chrome handle razor, £4.99.



VIRGIN DT:NT DRINKS FRIDGE

FRONT has teamed up with Virgin dt:nt, the new stimulants range, to make your dreams come true. Next time you get home from the pub, there'll be more than a furry tomato and a carton of lumpy milk in the fridge. Virgin dt and Virgin nt come in three refreshing flavours: Ice/Lemon (Green), Cranberry & Grapefruit (Purple), and Mixed Fruit (Blue). Virgin dt is a non-alcoholic blend of taurine, vitamins, caffeine and ginseng. The Virgin nt is combined with a shot-and-a-half of

Virgin vodka. So it's all back to yours. Waheyyyy!

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1. One prize only will be won as a result of this competition. 2. The closing date for entries is 31 January 2001. 3. Calls cost 60p per minute at all times and last approximately 2 1/2 minutes. 4. The prize must be accepted as offered. 5. There is no cash alternative to the prize offered. 6. This competition is not open to employees or family members of Cabal Communications, associated production companies, or organisations connected to the prize itself. 7. All entrants must be 18 years and over. 8. The judge's decision is final. No correspondence will be entered into. 9. Usual FRONT comp rules apply, see page 7 for details.



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Fear not, for scary Victorian barbers with quivering blades are a thing of the past. Step into the first user-friendly Lynx grooming experience on London's Oxford Street, and say hello to 2001. Take a seat and demand Sky Sports on your own personal TV, while having your locks expertly snipped by people just like you (no attitude or big shoes anywhere - honest). Choose from loads of stuff, including a cut £15;

wet shave, £10; or a massage, £15. There'll be one near you soon. Enquiries: 020-7734 1400.



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135 - Barbie Girl	880 - Never the same again	1159 - Around the world
141 - Believe	852 - Uncle John from Jamaica	1170 - Rhythm is a dancer
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5516	3917	5328	5323	1300	698
5004	5689	4119	1935	3974	289
4639	5622	2111	3950	1385	3289
3387	5496	5357	1929	4754	2865
1678	4695	1339	3756	4689	1324
3985	5585	4636	5015	1107	5252
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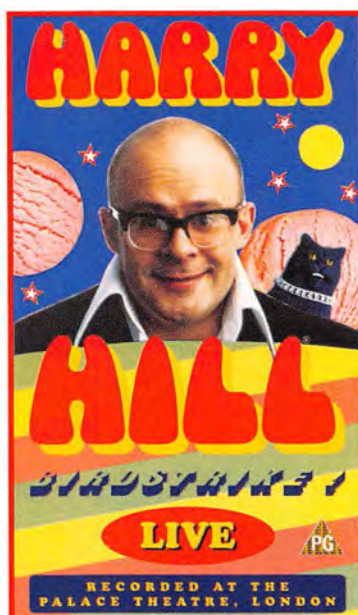
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BACK

ABIGAIL TOYNE PHOTOGRAPHY: JAMES BAREHAM/ALL BONUS BIRD PHOTOS: COLORIFIC



SKINT BOSSKI

BOMBERHARRIS

DAMIAN HARRIS IS THE FOUNDER OF SKINT, THE MIDFIELD GENERAL, AND THE FATHER OF BIG BEATS. AND HE'S GOT A FEW THINGS TO SAY ABOUT THE MUSICAL MONSTER HE CREATED

'Sometimes, people say to me, "So you had this vision, right?" and I'm just, "No, we stumbled across it." I sometimes wonder if people just think that's a load of bollocks.'

Damian Harris, the Midfield General, leans back in his chair and lights up a post-meal cigarette. We're here to talk about his recent album, the stunning Generalisation, and the Big Beat Boutique's Bands And Booze UK tour.

Yet Damian's conversation continually returns to the other things that dominate his life. Things like Skint Records, which he heads up (as if you didn't know), or Norman Cook, whose third Fatboy Slim album has just hit the streets. And that's before he gets around to the rest of the label's roster (including Lo-Fidelity Allstars, whose second album is almost ready, Cut La Roc, whose debut

album is imminent and new signings X-Press 2 and Freq Nasty). He wishes he'd signed Turin Brakes, and he loves to talk about the beautiful game.

When you look at Damian's achievements in such a short space of time, it's little wonder that people think he had a vision. That he wants to talk about it all, however, is less to do with arrogance and more about the embarrassment of talking about his own music. Harris has really just stumbled onto something good and is as surprised as anyone about how successful it has been. Despite the fact that every man and his DJ dog now denies ever having liked big beat.

'We've just been quiet for nine months to a year,' says Damian. 'A while back I could never have dreamed of doing that. We used to run on these incredibly mental days, full of adrenaline. We never actually stopped and took a step back to have a

look. Anyway, while we were away, the music we were associated with got panned. And we thought that was great. We were like, "Don't look at us, we haven't even got any records out." I felt happy that we'd always put the right records out, and I feel confident that all of our artists make the music for the right reasons and that we never tried to cash in on the big beat thing.

'For me, it was always the whole picture of Req [Skint artist/cut-up king, with two inedible albums of beat collaging already released but practically ignored] just as much as Norman,' he continues. 'Even though the musical term big beat became quite naff, all those people who were making records still love the sound. I was talking to Ed Chemical the other day and he said, "I really hope that someone makes a really great big beat tune soon, just because it's so pathetic how everyone

>> WE USED TO RUN
ON THESE INCREDIBLY
MENTAL DAYS, FULL
OF ADRENALINE, AND
NEVER STOPPED TO
TAKE A STEP BACK <<

slags it now." All we were doing was making great breaks tunes.'

Generalisation, however, couldn't be further away from the popular conception of big beat. Indeed, like much of the Skint roster (and artists like the Chemical Brothers), the General uses beats that are distilled from electro and house. Those big, filtered breaks were simply the ones that people remember jumping up and down to at the Heavenly Social. I wonder how Damian would like his own music to be viewed. What images, for instance, sum up the Linda Lewis-vocalled single, Reach Out?

'Watching the telly during Goal Of The Month!' he says. 'I could edit the scenes to Reach Out, watching football. During Euro 2000 we sent out copies of Reach Out, hoping that someone would pick up on it because I could see it, you know... slow



motion, someone going through the pain and the agony. I could have made that clip myself.'

Damian Harris is still stumbling along, but with considerably more success than the England team.

Martin James

Generalisation is out now on Skint Records.

FRONT'S CHOON CHOICE



FAIRY TALE OF NEW YORK, SHANE MACGOWAN AND KIRSTY MACCOLL Spittle flies, boozing editor Eddie scares kids.

A SPACEMAN CAME TRAVELLING, CHRIS DE BURGH Jesus came from space to rid us of sin, not give everyone odd retro viruses.

PEACE ON EARTH - LITTLE DRUMMER BOY, DAVID BOWIE AND BING CROSBY Bing cheated the reaper long enough to duet with Lady Bowie in 1977.

INVISIBLE TO YOU 89-91, BRIDEWELL TAXIS The best band ever to come out of Leeds, and the video involved shoplifting.

STAY, EAST 17 Picture-desk Lee's got the trousers and fluffy jacket, like in their video.

TOTAL CONFUSION, A HOMEBOY, A HIPPIE AND A FUNKI DREDD Undated proto-house with strange hair. Where are they now? Answers on a postcard if you've seen 'em. Seriously, we'd like to know. Put 'em on the cover and that.

FRONT LABEL OF THE MONTH: NO. 5 TOMMY BOY



Tommy Boy began life as the nugget of an idea in the brain of geology graduate Tom Silverman.

After running college radio shows and putting together his own music magazine, Disco News, Tom heard the new sounds emanating from the New York underground scene, and was hooked. At this time, around 1979, words like b-boy and break-beat were references to a subterranean world of innovative music about to explode, and Tom Silverman was holding a light to the fuse. Hooking up

with electro pioneer Afrika Bambaataa, he released Tommy Boy Records' first 12in single, Havin Fun by Cotton Candy, a dance tune with a rap by Bambaataa, with Soul Sonic Force. Switching the magazine's name to Dance Music Report, Silverman kicked off the label in earnest.

The next important addition to the team was Boston DJ Arthur Baker. With Silverman, he released Jazzy Sensation, a version of Gwen McCrae's Funky Sensation, with one side by Afrika Bambaataa and the other by Kryptic Krew. The record sold 35,000 copies and kept the label afloat. In terms of landmarks, Bambaataa's Planet Rock (1982) was the one to put Tommy Boy - and electro - on the map. A fusion of NY beats and

European influences, like Gary Numan and Kraftwerk, Planet Rock changed the direction of dance music.

With the electro boom in full swing, Tommy Boy kept pumping out the classics, but it took De La Soul, in the late 80s, to add currency to the label's power. While Run DMC were getting leathered up, De La Soul were voicing hippie opinions to dreamy beats and loops. Their 1989 album, 3 Feet High And Rising, was hailed a classic, and Tommy Boy's first gold

record. The 90s also brought success with Queen Latifah's up-front style and Naughty By Nature's arm-waving rap anthems, OPP and Hip Hop Hooray, but runaway sales peaked with the signing of House Of Pain.

These two Irish-American rappers and Lithuanian DJ stormed charts around the globe with their Jump Around single and Shamrocks and Shenanigans LP. A peak for

Tommy Boy only rivalled by its other star in the making Coolio, whose Gangsta's Paradise became 1995's biggest single worldwide.



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ALBUM OF THE MONTH

CREATION RECORDS INTERNATIONAL GUARDIANS

OF ROCK 'N' ROLL 1983-1999 (COLUMBIA) ■■■■■■

Now that Alan McGee's stable of musical thoroughbreds has clip-clopped into the glue factory of the outside world, here comes the definitive 'Best Of...' album by which to remember his legendary Creation label.

One of the most intriguing things about Creation was its commitment to diversity, and International Guardians does its best to record that fact, from the caustic, rough edges of mid-Eighties rock resurgence, to the floppy-fringed shoe-gazing years of the early Nineties - with a few mid-decade forays into stadium-sized barnstormers.

The number of anthems on this compilation almost defies you to single any one track out, but

you could do a hell of a lot worse than Ride's navel-observing, parent-defying droner, Drive Blind, The Orb's definitive remix of Primal Scream's Higher Than The Sun, or even the fabled The Man Don't Give A Fuck, from Super Furry Animals. There's even a handy pull-out sleeve with the Creation Records family tree observed in painstaking detail, so all the depressed people can memorise each of the band's 14 incarnations - if there's nothing better to do.

You might not be able to stomach the whole spectrum of styles involved in a compilation like this, but you have to give a nod to the way that Creation, through its distinctive and timely releases, changed the face of music. **EC**

ALBUM		THE DEAL	THE SOUND	THE BEST TRACKS	THE VERDICT
THE FALL THE UNUTTERABLE (COG SINISTER) ■■■■■□		There is no 'deal' where The Fall are concerned. You get what you're given. What's good about Mark E Smith is his eye for detail. He's not a pop star, but your next-door neighbour, who you talk to over the back fence.	You don't get many synth washes these days, but there's good ones here. The 80s revival is busy with shite bands like Durex, Spandex Billet etc. On this, there's dance, rockabilly, pop and anger.	Unutterable is like grumpy kids experimenting with bad words. Cyber Insekt is sheer class, the usual closing-time growls over sweet sound. Lovers of the Top 40 will dread the rest: hard, with guitar and electro keyboard.	You have to be clever, in-the-know, to like The Fall, so you students, just stick to Teenage Fannyclub and Wireleshead. This album is a return to form for The Fall, though there wasn't that much of a dip. LG
OASIS FAMILIAR TO MILLIONS (BIG BROTHER) ■■■□□□		The Christmas onslaught kicks off with the release of last summer's Wembley gigs. Familiar To Millions lives up to its name, though you're probably more familiar with tabloid reports than the tunes these days.	Oasis knock out a decent repertoire, their hallmark blistering sound being well received by 70,000 attendees at Wembley. Even though you're hard pushed to love the recent material, you can't argue with that.	With 18 crowd-pleasers over two CDs, you're spoilt for choice. Classics Supersonic and Shakermaker are there, as well as the more sensitive Acquiesce. For the hardcore there's recent attacks like Go Let it Out.	It's a clumsy performance and you'd be wrong to think this is as good as they've ever been. All said though, Familiar To Millions plays out the full range of Oasis' talent - and you never know, this time could really be the last. EC
DESTINY'S CHILD THE WRITING'S ON THE WALL (COLUMBIA) ■■■□□□		Columbia Records' finest girl group to date take us on a trip of laid-back, stunning vocal tracks singing about their favourite subject: men, and how useless they think we all are.	Sexy sounds and lurve harmonies for the man who likes his lady to be the guv'nor. When this gets whacked on the Alba, she'll burst into a Ricki Lake move, saying, 'I don't need no man.'	From head-noddies like Bills, Bills, Bills and Say My Name, to the I've-been-in-bed-too-long-I-need-to-get-up-and-wash-the-car anthem, Bug A Boo, it's a nice image of how we'd like the Spice Girls to sound.	If r'n'b isn't your thing, then don't bother, but I've yet to find someone who doesn't like at least one of their tunes. A must-buy for the car - just get those wrist chains out the window. DM
ROY BUDD GET CARTER OST (SANCTUARY) ■■■■■□		In the worst casting blunder in history, Sly Stallone is Carter in a remake of the film that cemented Michael Caine's reputation. This is the original soundtrack - and Christ knows what Sly's going to do to that.	Haunting. If you've seen the film an unholy number of times, you'll recognise the control used to create an atmosphere of intimidation. The re-release also features a remix album - sometimes dodgy, mostly superb.	It's the grim strains of Carter Takes A Train that most will connect with on a first listen. The stand-out remix has to be Lionrock's effort, casually picking up where Roy Budd left off.	This is still one of the best soundtracks ever - and the remix album is refreshingly respectful (and lacking in garage versions). If Stallone could only do soundtracks as good as this, we'd all be much happier. EC
VARIOUS CREAM ANTHEMS 2001 (VIRGIN) ■■■■■□		Legendary compilation series all have their good days, and we reckon Cream have just had one. The last Anthems went platinum, but this two-CD set might just go bloody mental.	Think house, but remember diversity. From beaty bouncers to last year's remixed summer classics, you'll be lost in a dizzy spin at the flashback-inducing nudges the tunes give to your addled memory.	Kernkraft 400 whine and whirr away, Moby plays on without having to be on a Vauxhall ad or something, and Spiller and Modjo bang away without radio DJs talking shite during the last 30 seconds.	Christmas parties, skinning up on the stairs, spilling vodka on someone's coat, and wondering where in the country you are. You'll need these tunes to remind you there's more to life than this. EC

ALL SINGLED OUT



MO'LOKO INDIGO (ECHO)

That Roisin Murphy's a cheeky strap of a thing. The new single sounds a bit like Donovan having a scrap with Chicory Tip at Fatboy Slim's jumble sale. Which isn't bad actually, though it's a fair bit more raw than their previous tunes. Wa-a-i-t a minute... the 12-step mix has just come on and it's more like Matt Bianco's backing band. But with a decent singer. A strange

effort that veers away from the duo's disco days. A bit twangy. ■■■□□



THE CROCKETTS 1939 RETURNING/CHICKEN VS. MACHO (V2)

US-styled number from the mushroom-gobbling band with odd names. 1939 Returning sounds a bit like a young Radiohead playing country in leather trousers - and there's no Doodlebugs on it or anything. Chicken vs. Macho gets even more jangly and chirpy. Music to lure sparrows and insects home with. ■■■■□



EMINEM STAN (INTERSCOPE/AFTERMATH)

This will be, without doubt, the inescapable track of the season. Stan catches Eminem in one of his rare chilled moments, rapping in the guise of an obsessed fan who's been taking the whole Mathers act a tad too seriously, as many often do. But it's not just lyrical content that makes this such a great tune: Dido's

haunting backing vocals will stay with you for weeks, and the overall plodding pace of the single makes it perfect for the time of year. Seasonal. ■■■■□



MYKYLA FANTASISE (SOUTHSIDE COLLECTIVE)

Smooth vocals from Mykyla with full backing from MC Creed, UK Garage's most v-v-v-versatile vocalist. According to the sleeve, it's 'Every woman's right to fantasise', but there's not much reason to in Mykyla's case: this tune oozes ass-wigglin' class from every mix. And guess what - even stalwart junglist and infamous booyaka-merchant General Levy takes a bash

at the mike, giving it the big Incredible. Star turns all round. ■■■■□



HEDROCK VALLEY BEATS COMING THRU (MY STEREO) (INFECTIOUS RECORDS)

Dance act HVB were first spotted by FRONT in September '99 while doing a city guide in Belfast - the trio's home town. We weren't expecting much, but they were blinding. A surprise is always welcome. Coming Thru is like Prodigy being dropped in New York

in 1985 and being made to work with old equipment. Dance heavyweight Arthur Baker has remixed the track but he shouldn't have bothered. It's dog poo on the end of a stick. Keep to the original and you can't go wrong. ■■■■□



SIR KILLALOT V ROBO BABE ROBOT WARS

Do you remember how much the crime rate rose when the Doop Doop single was released? Well, be prepared for uncontrollable anger. The artist currently known as Killalot has teamed up with none other than the credible Robo Babe of Robot Wars fame. Use this CD as a ninja death star when opening unwanted presents,

or make an attractive coaster for the tea drinker in your life. ■■■■□



TRUE STEPPERS FEATURING BRIAN HARVEY & DONELL JONES TRUE STEP TONIGHT

The True Steppers are the garage merchants who are always willing to deliver. This time it's a tea chest made of bass, with a brimful of a certain Brian Harvey, the golden-larynxed songbird of east London. True Step Tonight doesn't just signal another notch in the

Steppers musical bedpost, it heralds a new era of Brian as well, and that's been worth waiting for. Especially since he ditched the mad dancers. Makes you want to roll your eyes back until only the whites are showing. Good. ■■■■□

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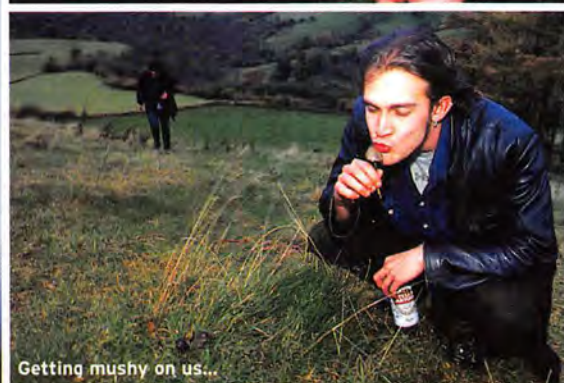
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SPORES OF SATAN

IT WERE MAGIC!



MAN HAS TRIPPED HIS NUTS OFF ON MAGIC MUSHROOMS FOR SQUILLIONS OF YEARS. FRONT CLIMBED ON THE MAGIC BUS TO WALES WITH INSANE ROCKERS THE CROCKETTS

'Oil Get yur feckin arses over here... I've found some shrooms, man!' This psychedelic discovery comes via the gob of a certain Davey Crockett, lead singer and rhythm guitarist with The Crocketts. It's a grey, autumn afternoon in the Welsh valleys, pissing with rain, and we're out picking liberty caps.

It's been 20 minutes since we started trying to spot the little buggers, and it's not easy. The only way is to keep your eyes down and gaze at the ground. Davey's come up trumps, probably because he can't wait to get off his head.

'Won't you just look at the soize a the bastards', he drawls, and triumphantly holds up a large, nipple-topped toadstool. He twiddles it before squatting back down like some tripped-out Apache tracker. Guitarist Dan Boone bounds over to check the crop, quickly followed by drummer Owen Cash and bassist Rich Wurzel.

Even though mushrooms are dead hard to find, they're easier to spot once you find one. Sure enough, there's a whole clump. 'Let's just feckin eat 'em... roite here, roite now,' chuckles Davey, wickedly. All talk of this nonsense shuts up as FRONT lensman Patrick sensibly reminds us that a) It is very nearly dark, and b) Judging by the

>> Won't you just look at the soize a the bastards. Let's just feckin eat 'em. Roite here, roite now <<

amount of cow shit, anyone would be mad to eat any without washing them first.

As with all mushroom-picking excursions, this one began without sensible planning, in Manchester, the night before. The Crocketts had just turned in a blinding gig, and accompanied by beer and reefers, were discussing what to do the next day. Conversation drifted to the stoned one's early days of mushy picking. 'I had a mushroom summer once,' said Dan. 'A carrier bag full. Cost me 500 quid - 'ad to stop after a while, it all started goin' a bit mental.'

From there, a history lesson followed. Owen reckoned ancient pictures of mushroom-headed men had been found in some African caves, and Siberian shamans took huge amounts of fly agaric shrooms to enlighten their paths into the spirit

world. We all nodded earnestly. Rich added that tripping was common in the Americas until the Spaniards moved in. Davey filled me in on Shane McGowan's six-acid-tab-a-day habit, when they toured with him, and his stage gear. 'He puked over his stage suit on the first night and wore it for the whole tour. He drank all day and by the time of the gig, he'd be *hanging*. We trained under his tutorship. It helped.' By about 3am, we voted to hack across to Wales, toadstool heaven.

We take our harvest to a mate's house and someone puts the coffee on. The Crocketts want to sample the fruits of the day's labour. My train to London departs in 40 minutes, so I decline. They think I'm a wuss. Patrick takes the last snaps and says, 'Pass a drink to Dunc.' As Patrick shoots, I take a few gulps of coffee to warm me up - not like coffee I've ever tasted. Glancing at Dan, I see he's wearing a One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest smirk. Then Patrick, me and Sarah, The Crocketts' press princess, jump in a cab to the station.

At this point, things get colourful, and as the cab turns into newspaper, the seats become a waterbed and a massive mushy rush kicks in. I enjoyed the trip home.

The Crocketts excellent album, *The Great Brain Robbery*, is out now on V2/Blue Dog Records.

FRESH BREATH!

Thanks to breathe.com - pioneer of mobile Internet services - and Freedom Card, FRONT is offering you the chance to win a one-day DJ course, courtesy of Point Blank, along with a day at Timeless Studios in Greenwich, London, working with the Top Ten record production team (worth about £5,000). Your record will be reviewed by Russell Cooke - A&R manager at Telstar/Decode Records. Also, Gemini DJ is offering a complete Gemini DJ kit, including two decks, mixer, headphones and leads. Good work.

breathe

HOW TO ENTER Just send an e-mail with your details to front1@uk.breathe.com

This competition is open to UK residents only. Entrants must be aged 16 or over. The closing date for entries is 31 January 2001. Registration contains a list of the full terms and conditions for redemption of prizes. The usual FRONT competition rules apply, see page 7 for details.

1ST PRIZE

One-day music technology, or DJ course, courtesy of Point Blank. One-day recording in Timeless Studios in Greenwich, London, working with the Top Ten record production team. The finished record will be reviewed by Russell Cooke, the A&R manager at Telstar/Decode records, with a view to you being signed. The winner of this top prize will also receive a complete Gemini Scratch Master set, with two decks, a mixer, headphones and leads, courtesy of Gemini DJ.

FOUR RUNNERS-UP PRIZES

Each runner-up will receive the Euphoria CD Collection and Pure R&B collection. T-shirts, and other merchandise, courtesy of Telstar Records Mechanic, will also be put your way.



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TWO LONE SWORDSMEN

DUEL PERSONALITIES

FRONT FINDS THE FORMER SABRES OF PARADISE, STILL NECK-DEEP IN ELECTRONICA, ARE SHARPENING UP THEIR ACT

Andrew Weatherall and Keith Tenniswood are sat in their Rotters Golf Club Studio, big grins slapped across their faces. The reason they're feeling so happy? After a decade locked in dusty basements and sweaty clubs, they're still considered the dons of the UK techno scene. The proof? Their recent tour was packed to the rafters night after night and their mesmerising new album, *Tiny Reminders*, is already being hailed one of the year's finest.

What distinguishes Two Lone Swordsman from their contemporaries is hard to pin down. Some people believe they've been making music

together for such a long time they've found the perfect recipe. Others insist they're simply talented producers who know how to turn playful breaks, beats and loops into irresistible tunes. And the Swordsman themselves?

'Keith knows how to get the funk out of the computer,' says Weatherall. 'He's the fucking king of the chop.' Tenniswood's cheeks start to flush, so he repays the compliment. 'Andrew's got a humongous record collection,' he says bashfully. 'And his knowledge of music is almost as big.'

An acid-house veteran, Weatherall kick-started his career with a residency at Shoom, and a

column for legendary fanzine, *Junior Boy's Own*. After a brief period in Balearic group Bocca Juniors, he tweaked tunes at Kiss FM, ran the hugely successful Sabresonic and Bloodsugar club nights, and formed the Sabres and Emissions labels. But it was Weatherall's production skills that really made his reputation - most memorably on Primal Scream's *Screamadelica*.

Tenniswood met Weatherall at club nights in the early 90s and the pair bonded over a shared appreciation for punk rock and acid. Together with David Holmes' producer, Jagz Kooner, they recorded as Sabres Of Paradise until late 1995, when Weatherall decided to move to Pontefract. Following a much-needed rest (from clubs, drugs, women and partying), he returned to the studio with Tenniswood to record *The Fifth Mission*.

Ecstatic reviews followed the first Two Lone Swordsman release, and the pair haven't looked back since. Now signed to Warp, they've released another two albums - *Stay Down* and *Tiny Reminders* - and countless killer EPs that ooze dark electro, techno and digi-dub.

So how do they decide what to release as the Swordsman, and what to release under aliases? 'It can be anything from a certain bass element to the rhythm,' says Weatherall. 'It doesn't matter

>> WE HATE IT IF YOU CAN TELL PEOPLE'S BRAINS WORKING OVER THE MUSIC <<

what box you put it in - techno, hip-hop, whatever - it's just got to sound like us.'

Self-confessed vinyl addicts, both Swordsman admit that their listening tastes are pretty broad. 'For technique and programming we check out a lot of improvised electronica,' says Tenniswood, 'while dub, funk and Krautrock get us into the groove of a track. They're manifestations of the same thing really, just separated by technology.'

Although they could happily talk for hours about oscillations, tones and pulses, both Swordsman believe that the concept of a track should never override the actual music. Or as Tenniswood bluntly states, 'We hate it when you can tell people's brains working over the music.'

And conscious that live electronica runs the risk of being banal, the Swordsman keep their performances fresh with an assortment of drum machines, keyboards, battle weapons, dub plates and EFX. 'With live sets, the DJ warms the crowd up and gets a really good groove going. Then nine times out of ten, a live band come on and just fuck things up,' laughs Weatherall. 'They change the tempo and pretend to be arsing around with laptops, when really they're playing it off a DAT!'

Asked what kind of response they like to elicit, Weatherall breaks into another cackle. 'I'd love for someone to stop dancing after we've finished and ask, "What the fuck was that?" Then for someone else to say, "That was Two Lone Swordsman, live." That's what we're after.'

Lola Rocks

Tiny Reminders is out now on Warp. For more info, check out www.warprecords.com

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SOMETHING FOR THE WEEKENDER

THE FRONT WEEKENDER: LOONS AND CHOONS COME TOGETHER FOR A BINGE OF RECKLESS PROPORTIONS

The FRONT Weekender was an absurdly successful three-day mash-up of coastal craziness. The talents of Boy George, Brandon Block, Alex P, Seb Fontaine and a host of decknologists from GodsKitchen and Penge, all came together to cook up unique ear fodder for the 4,000-strong crowd of nutters from all over the country.

The venue was Pontin's, at the 'not so sunny' Camber Sands on the south coast near Rye, and the plan was simple - pack a bag, bring some mates and pretend you're on holiday for the weekend. Staying up late and dancing like a monkey undergoing pharmaceutical testing, while still trying to get laid, was what it was all about, and we were bang up for it. The Red Coats had been told to 'do one', and the chalets had everything that was removable, removed. It seemed they didn't trust a few thousand off-their-tits FRONT readers!

It didn't take much persuading for the FRONT staff to down computers on Friday and bundle ourselves into a selection of crap motors in order to head for the coast. As luck would have it, we arrived just in time to hear El Blockski playing a storming set of top-shelf shenanigans. Those immortal words, 'We're gonna take it easy tonight, so we're on form for tomorrow,' were heard on the way

down, but they were quickly eaten - along with other things - as the evening took shape.

Next day... was... er... Saturday. The FRONT team emerged from their igloos - sorry, chalets, at a resoundingly early nine o'clock. In the evening, obviously, and off we went again.

Recollections of the evening consisted of a haze of scantily clad babes, two rooms with some of the best music legally allowed, and untold wide-eyed disciples holding light sticks like mini light sabres at a Darth Vader convention. The top room soon descended into throbbing insanity in the hands of the GodsKitchen crew, wrecking lives with beats so hard they're usually only administered in the school bogs to children with limps.

Downstairs meanwhile, Penge took action with the wibbly path of Leftfield tunes. People believed they had attained the 'next level'. They were actually downstairs, but deaf to argument either way.

By the end of Saturday night we somehow found our way into the VIP bar and who was there - FRONT's Duke Of Dodginess himself, Mr Dave Courtney OBE, and his muscle-bound entourage. To say all were

'I'm so fucking crazy, me! Look, I made a kite into this rather attractive rave top!'

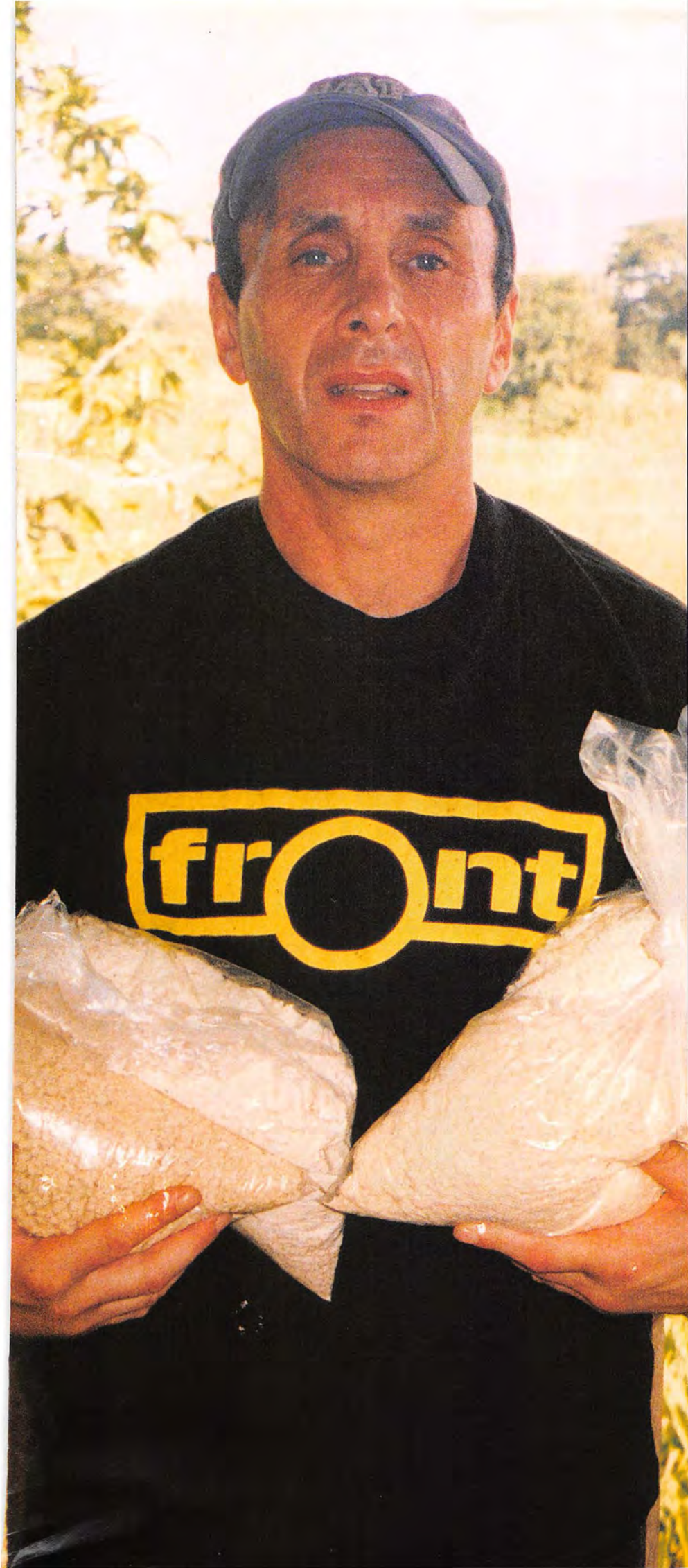


on good form (or something stronger) is an understatement. To say we hung around till lunch, well, that would be slightly less of one.

Before we know it, it's Sunday. We're confused, we've got nothing left, we could eat, but we're not too sure we want to. We could do loads of things, but we decide to get out and dance. So we do. Producing a class magazine goes onto the backburner (as does Monday and perhaps the whole bloody week, for a few). Boy George brings the crowd to an on-the-ceiling orgasm, as does the mighty Blockster, all from a glorious vantage point overlooking a stunning Olympic-size swimming pool. From then on, Sunday lunch would never be the same. Let's face it, how many times have you gone through three packets of Wrigley's Extra, four bottles of water, two bimbos and a four-hour stomp before 3pm on a Sunday. Or were you there too?

Eddie Hardin

PHOTOGRAPHY: JULIANO/MELISSA LOUCA



NEXT MONTH IN

FRONT **BAGS OF** **FUN IN THE** **COLOMBIAN** **COCAINE** **FIELDS**

Chicago trailer-
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DANIELLA WESTBROOK:
SHE'S BACK AND SHE'S KEEPING
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FRONT GOES TO THE WORLD
LYING CHAMPIONSHIPS. NO,
SERIOUSLY, WE DID, ALL RIGHT?
WE GOT PHOTOS AND EVERYTHING
LOADS OF LADIES WHOSE
CLOTHES FELL OFF, AND MORE
STUFF WE HAVEN'T SORTED YET

ON SALE 4 JANUARY



FILM OF THE MONTH

MEET THE PARENTS

CERT 12, UIP, 108 MINS ■■■■■

WHO'S IN IT? After the strange humour of *Analyze This*, Robert De Niro proves he can do comedy just as well as he does Italian mobster, because he's superb as Jack Byrne, the straight-laced, pedantic and extremely over-protective father who takes an instant dislike to his daughter's boyfriend.

Equally hilarious is Ben Stiller, who plays Greg Focker, the boyfriend (and object of hatred) who desperately tries to impress in the face of the usual 'I don't like you, you're poking my daughter' routine.

WHAT'S IT ABOUT? When Greg pops the question to his long-term girlfriend Pam, he finds there's an obstacle in the path to their wedded bliss - her father.

Greg is intent on getting his woman down the aisle, but Pam's old man Jack (De Niro) is having none of it. A weekend trip away together only makes matters worse,

particularly when Greg stumbles on Jack's secret past, triggering a disastrous chain of events that would have got Mother Theresa a ten stretch.

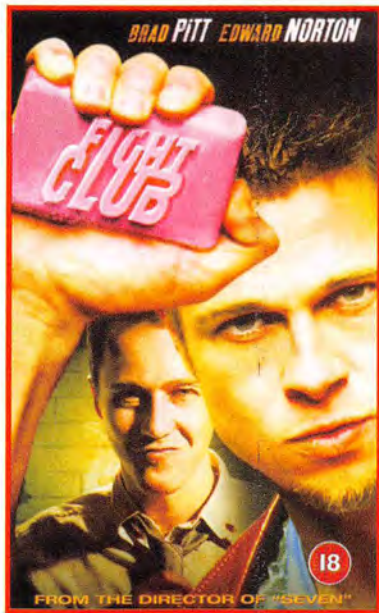
WHO'S IT FOR? If you're insane enough to contemplate getting spliced, don't go and see this one. You're bound to call the whole thing off when you realise you could end up with a father-in-law who keeps banging on about a 'circle of trust' and 'keeping your snake in its cage'.

VERDICT From the moment the lights dim until the final scene, you'll laugh yourself silly. Especially if, like most men, you've been subjected to a sound grilling by a girlfriend's fucking insane father.

You know the scenario - he's there giving it 20 questions, and you're thinking, 'Don't look down your nose at me mate, I've seen your daughter with nowt on!' **MH**

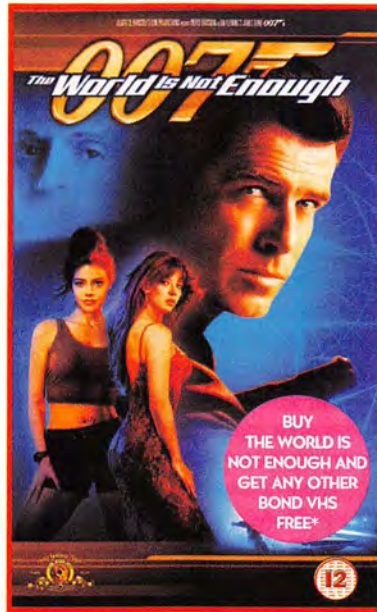
FILM		WHO'S IN IT?	WHAT'S IT ABOUT?	WHO TO TAKE	VERDICT
CROUCHING TIGER, HIDDEN DRAGON CERT 18 SONY 120 MINS ■■■■■		It might be subtitled, but this is a very early contender for 2001's film of the year. Director Ang Lee should hang up his camera, as he's unlikely to better this martial arts epic, with top Asian actors Chow Yun-Fat and Michelle Yeoh.	Set in the last days of the Qing dynasty, Lee fuses a plot-line about forbidden love, arranged marriage and honour, with breath-taking action sequences choreographed by Yuen Wo Ping, who also worked his magic on <i>The Matrix</i> .	Your lady friend, as she'll go all misty-eyed as the main characters battle with their emotions. Bear in mind, however, the cast had five months of training, so don't try to recreate any of their back-flips at home.	If you can't sit through Inspector Morse without going cross-eyed, this might not be the one for you. Still, it's worth it just for the gravity-defying fight scenes, which will make you wince yourself blind. MJ
CHARLIE'S ANGELS CERT 15 COLUMBIA 98 MINS ■■■■■		Never mind the rumours of on-set disputes, because this Bond-style remake of the classic 70s TV series stars Cameron Diaz, Drew Barrymore and Lucy Liu. Better yet, they're clad in leather and hot pants, and ready to kick criminal ass.	Okay, so the Angels fall off buildings and dodge bullets, without smudging their lipstick. That's not the point. This is an unashamed action pic, with Arnie-style one-liners and serious noncing potential. No excuse at all for missing it.	Whatever you do, don't take the missus. She'll have a hissy fit when she looks over at you all lovingly mid-film, and sees that you're drooling at Diaz's arse. Which, incidentally, has several scenes all to itself. An Oscar perchance?	Lucy Liu is the Angels' weakest link - she gets the worst gags, has fewer action scenes than the other two and is most likely to be absent from the inevitable sequel. But, it's a cracking film. MH
THE GRINCH CERT PG UNIVERSAL 86 MINS ■■■■■		Hollywood always churns out some seasonal tripe, and this year there's a big-money adaptation of a Dr Seuss book. And Jim Carrey, as the hairy green Grinch, makes matters even worse - he's as nauseating as smoking a turd.	Don't expect to be entertained - this is a right yawn. The Grinch, who's so mean his heart is two sizes too small, dresses as Santa and sneaks into the snowy little village of Whoville, to steal all the toys.	Either an insomniac in need of some respite, a down-and-out who needs to escape the cold, or a bunch of under-fives. They're the only ones who'll laugh at the pantomime humour and Carrey's ability to pull a funny face.	The only pleasure you'll get from this is the knowledge that Carrey had to sit for five hours every day having his make-up put on. And the fact that a month after its release, it'll be in the bargain bin at your local video store. MH
BEAUTIFUL CREATURES CERT 18 UIP 88 MINS ■■■■■		A Brit film without mumbling, fluff-haired nonce Hugh Grant. The beautiful creatures are, in descending order, Rachel Weisz, from <i>The Mummy</i> ; Susan Lynch, from <i>Nora</i> ; and an albino German Shepherd.	The girls kill someone 'accidentally' and try to arrange a profitable cover-up. This involves fooling the menfolk, which sounds pretty despicable. But it's an enjoyable enough caper, with the lasses trying to get away with murder.	You could bring your bird to convince her that she ought to look like Weisz, but she might get funny ideas watching two ladies in such empowered roles. Be careful with her around power tools.	It's not going to break any box-office records, but go and see it just to do your bit for the British film industry - sort of like giving blood, but without fainting before you get your free biscuit. LS

TOP DOG FOR CHRISTMAS



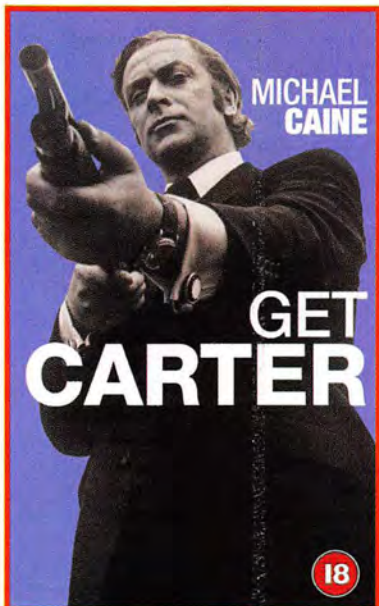
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CLAIRE STRUTTON

IT'S ONLY A RAVE SHOW

BIG BROTHER'S BIG BIRD LOVES HAVIN' IT AS A TV PRESENTER

Finally, the TV stardust has settled on the grave of the Big Brother household. While several of the inmates have capitalised on their ill-gotten fame in the most disgraceful fashion, the hot-tub chemistry of Claire Strutton lingers fondly in our memories. After lying low for a respectable period and avoiding insane sponsorship deals, she's become the voice and face of Dance 2000, a clubbing show hitting your screens this Christmas. We managed to collar Claire for an explanation of this unexpectedly respectable career choice - and her obligatory panto appearance...

So how did you get involved with Dance 2000?

I met Ben Turner [series producer] in Ibiza a couple of years ago. It was the same summer that Lisa l'Anson went missing, and Zoë Ball and Norman Cook met in the pool. Ben phoned me when I came out of Big Brother and asked if I wanted to present Dance 2000!

What's the new series going to be like?

I'm the link between the different slots. A lot of the interviews were done in the summer, so it flows between them and comments about people's favourite animals - silly. Then we follow a DJ around for 48 Hours.

What celebrities are you looking forward to meeting?

I'm not a celeb person, really. If I meet someone and get on well with them, then I'm happy. But I did go to an awards ceremony that Paul McCartney was at. That was a bit, 'Wow.' I stood about a centimetre away from him.

I'm not surprised - he's had the Grecian 2000 out.

Has he? I haven't seen him for ages, so I wouldn't know.

When was the last time you went out for a weekender?

I missed most of the weekenders this summer because I was on holiday, then thrown into Big Brother. The last big one I went to was, er...

Just strange lights and sounds, eh? Had one of those recently myself.

I can't think of anything specific. Probably a Chuf Chuf.

I was going to ask you about your first time out clubbing, but you were probably 14, and I'll get some poor club manager in terrible trouble.

Er, yeah! I think everybody, when they're really young, wants to go to the local.

Ritzies? Hollywoods? There's always a Rumours.

Yeah, those sort of places. You're just well-chuffed when you get in, then you start to get more discerning.



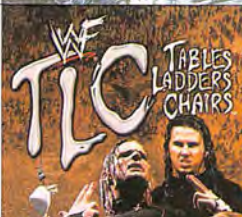
Well, you couldn't be less discerning really...

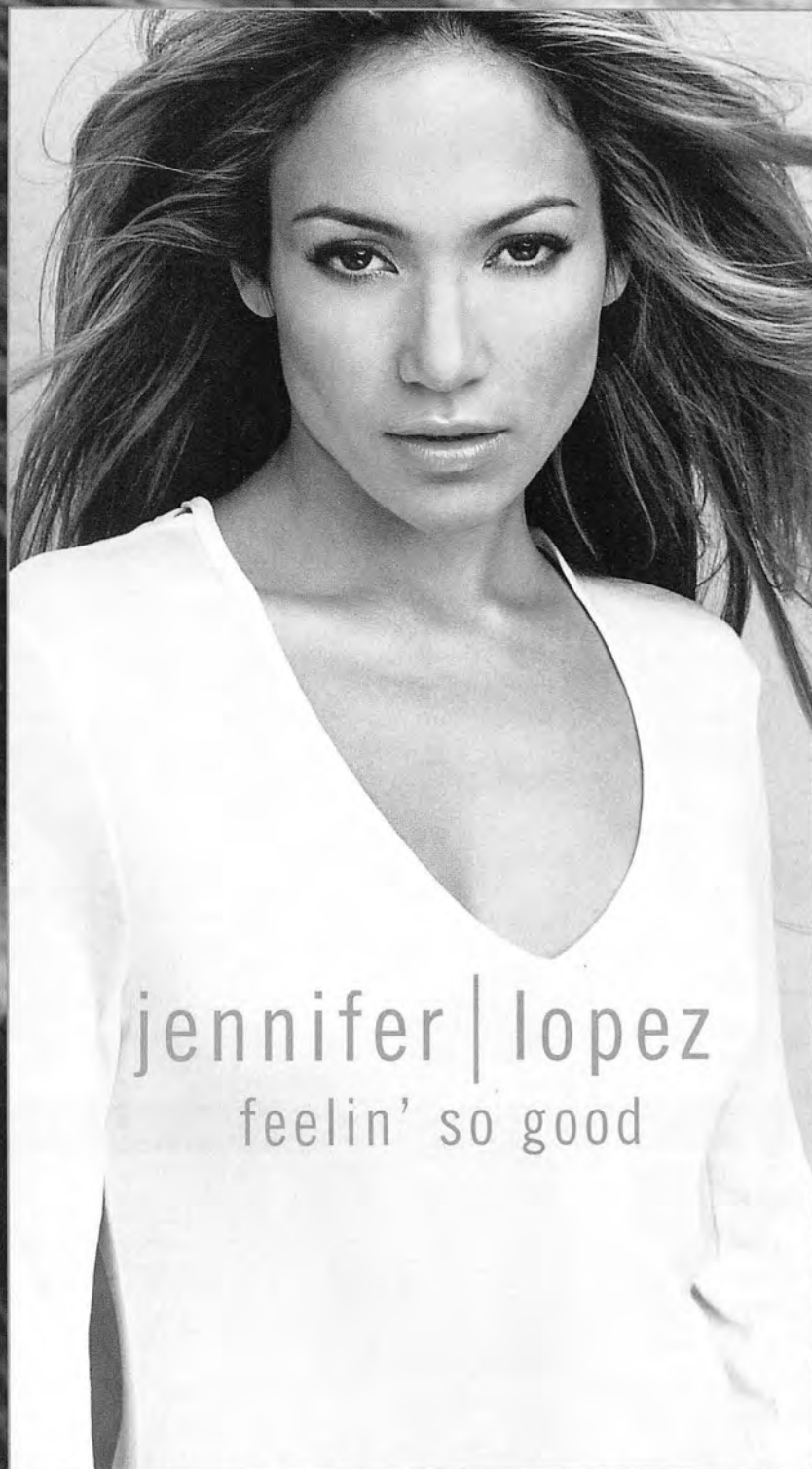
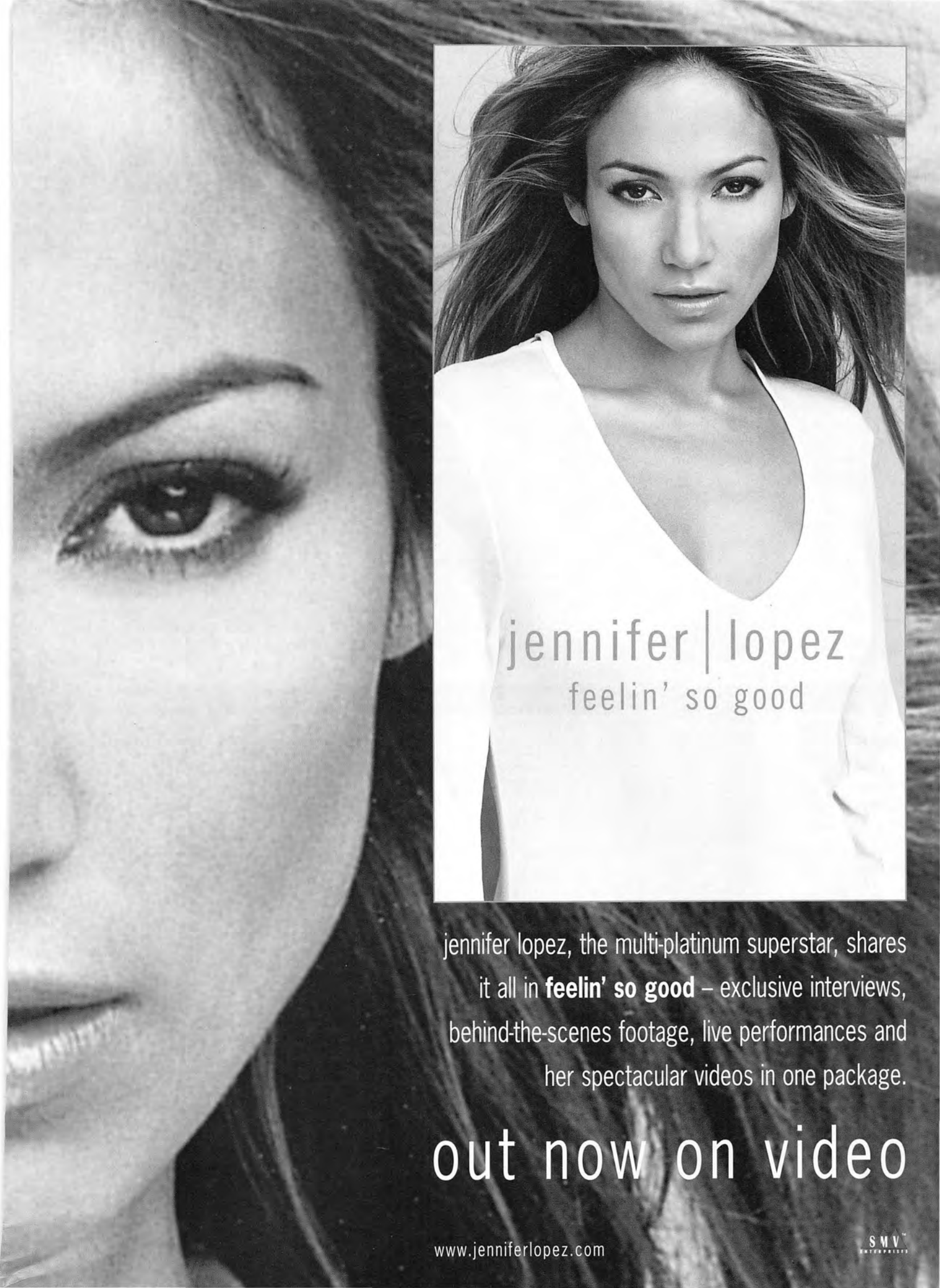
Actually, and I'm being totally uncool, when I'm with all my friends, we have an absolutely mental laugh at those places. You go there and just don't care.

So, Christmas: go out, or stay in?

Definitely, no question, going out. Haven't got a clue where yet, because I'm in pantomime until nine or ten every night - I'm a fairy. I wasn't going to do it because I knew I'd have the piss ripped out of me by my mates, but I've got this seven-year-old brother, and seeing the look on his face was worth it.

Dance 2000 is on ITV at 1am, Friday nights.

VIDEOS		WHO'S THIS THEN?	WORTH IT FOR	WHAT YOU GET	THE VERDICT
ANALYZE THIS CERT 15 WARNER HOME VIDEO, £15.99 ■■■■■		None other than all-round pillar of the acting community Robert De Niro, this time teamed with Billy Crystal and the interminably mookish Lisa Kudrow. She looks like a cat with its tail caught in the door.	The ever-satisfying De Niro turning in a peak comedy performance. He seems to get funnier with age, does our Bob, and his deadpan delivery sets off Crystal's nerdy, anxious therapist spiel to perfection.	A gangster Don copes with panic attacks by repeatedly kidnapping the family therapist. Lisa Kudrow (not the family therapist) irritates as usual, but it could have been worse - Meg Ryan was busy.	Must-see comedy with a twist, which keeps its pace and humour throughout. If you watched Meet The Parents at the flicks and liked it, go and buy Analyze This immediately.
THE BEST OF SMACK THE PONY CERT 15 CHANNEL 4 VIDEO, £14.99 ■□□□□		Three lasses you've all seen before. With a combined pedigree of appearances in Alan Partridge, The Day Today and Goodness Gracious Me, you'd imagine they would be pant-soilingly hilarious. 'Fraid not.	The times they get it right are pretty good, with spot-on satires of ads and fads, but all too often the sketches are designed purely to make other women laugh. They should make their own tampon ads.	Eighty minutes of comedy-lite cavorting, with nothing you can really sink your teeth into. It has won awards, mind, but it just isn't right somehow.	Buy it for your girlfriend's Crimbo present, but don't expect to knock a sly one out over it when she's gone to the bingo. You'd be better off getting her Cindy Crawford workout tape, a shameless classic.
THE PERFECT STORM CERT 12 WARNER HOME VIDEO, £19.99 ■■■□□		George Clooney and Mark Wahlberg, fresh from their antics as GIs in Iraq (Three Kings), turn in a soggy performance as sailors on a fishing boat that gets the shit kicked out of it by a bloody big storm. That's it.	The amazing special effects and computer-generated images that wash over your screen. The DVD does this film proud: widescreen, and with barnacle-defying sound quality. Lovely.	A decent enough sea-dog tale, though lacking slightly in the story department. Some people get wet, scream, and then they drown. Folks at home cry a bit. The storm goes away.	If you thought Yorkshire was wet, and if you thought that was funny, then you'll like The Perfect Storm. It's nothing on the book though, but then again, this can be enjoyed heartily by the illiterate.
WWF TABLES, LADDERS, CHAIRS CERT 15 SILVER VISION, £12.99 ■■■■■		Wrestling at its barmiest - three tag teams take you through their matches against each other. Very different to the usual kiss-chase in Speedos - this involves a good bit of fist and boot.	Sitting on the sofa, shouting 'Look at this nutter! Look at that loon!' These wrestlers defy the laws of gravity and sanity, but then again someone has to do it in the ring, cos you certainly can't do it in a pub car park.	Proper stuntmen doing 30ft drops, chair attacks and slamming all and sundry onto tables. Even the tasty women who get cheeky aren't spared the wrath of the Dudleyz, the Hardy Boyz and Edge & Christian.	Never watch it drunk, because these men are trained - so don't learn the hard way and impale yourself on an unnoticed plug. Definitely restores my faith in American madness.



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ENTERPRISES

BRUCE REYNOLDS

MAN ON THE RUN

A GREAT TRAIN ROBBER EXPLAINS THE CRIME'S LASTING APPEAL

In August 1963, 16 men hijacked the London Royal Mail Train. They managed to shift £2,631,634 into their waiting vehicles, making the heist the most audacious and well-known in British history. Bruce Reynolds - dubbed The Napoleon Of Crime for his involvement - has co-authored a new book examining the media onslaught about the crime, and he had a few words with FRONT about the matter.

So what's the deal with The Great Train Robbery Files?

It's a study of how the media attacked the whole thing, like the way they were desperately searching for a headline. They originally went with Ali Baba And The Forty Thieves - until someone came up with The Great Train Robbery, in homage to the old silent film. They're talking about the Great Millennium Dome Diamond Heist now, so the adjective 'great' just gets thrown in everywhere.

How exactly have you contributed to the book?

Rather than a commentary, I've put comments in where they have some sort of value, like with the prison photographs that appeared at the time. Really, my son [Nick Reynolds, artist and co-author] has done the donkey work with it. We also worked with Alan Parker, who had a lot to say about Biggsy's episode with the Sex Pistols.

Doing the crime's one thing, but escaping afterwards is something people don't seem to do much these days.

I think everyone had some sort of idea of what to do after the event. At the time, you're young and you think, 'I've got a couple of million pounds, and I don't care, I'm going to be out of the country anyway.' When Charlie Wilson escaped from Winson Green he had it all marked out before he went away, in case anything happened to him.

Do you think the success of the Train Robbery has created a legend?

I suppose that's what's made it the longest-running criminal soap opera there is. After the sentences were handed out, people noticed that for a robbery you usually only get 30 years. The sentences were, even by today's standards, pretty long - the robbers were sentenced to 307 years altogether.

Why don't criminals make heists like they used to?

There's much more money in transferring a load of dope, isn't there? And the tariff for drugs smuggling is less than it is for high-profile robbery. But there's nothing romantic about drugs smuggling, whereas there's a great deal of romance about stealing a load of money. It's a pretty

THE GREAT TRAIN ROBBERY FILES



Bruce Reynolds • Nick Reynolds • Alan Parker

basic business, drugs, it's just an import and export trade. That accounts for the pecking order in prisons - your armed robber figures quite highly, because he's the only one who will risk his life.

The Great Train Robbery Files is out now (Abstract Sounds Publishing, £14.99).

You can also read about Bruce Reynolds' life story in The Autobiography Of A Thief (Virgin, £7.99).

BOOKS		WHO'S THIS THEN?	WORTH IT FOR	WHAT YOU GET	THE VERDICT
E-TALES: THE BEST & WORST OF INTERNET HUMOUR CASSELL, £4.99 ■■■■□□		Who? Move with the times, idiot. This is a compilation of all those gags, lists and insults that fly around your e-mail all day, even though you have no clue who's sending them, much less thinking the bastards up.	Reams of gags, some of which certainly won't be jamming your inbox just yet, including dubious 'true' stories and lists of redneck insults you'll never get a chance to use unless you actually visit Norfolk.	Plenty of material to dress up as your own and impress large mailing groups with. Well, it makes a change from sending horrendously corrupted movie files to large companies for a laugh, doesn't it?	If you've already got a computer and spend your waking hours flailing around for similarly desperate e-mates, it might cheer your dull life up a bit. Just like Tomb Raider did.
ONLY FOOLS AND HORSES: THE BIBLE OF PECKHAM (VOL 2) JOHN SULLIVAN BBC, £15.99 ■■■■■		Del Boy, Rodders, Granddad and Uncle 'Boomerang' Albert come to life in a collection of scripts from the staple show of TV controllers with nothing new to put on. But it's still a work of genius.	Re-running all the classic moments in your head as you read them. It might disturb the other people on the train to see you laughing maniacally though - just dribble a bit afterwards and they'll ignore you.	In volume one they chuck in the Peckham Concise Trotter Dictionary, defining such phrases as 'pas de Calais' and 'this immortal curl.' Volume two gets you the Trotter family album and the Peckham Who's Who. Classic.	Still funny, no matter how many times you've seen it. Strange when you think that the scriptwriter also put his name to Dear John and Just Good Friends.
THE BARE FACTS VIDEO GUIDE CRAIG HOSODA TITAN, £19.99 ■■■■■		Thousands of nude scenes involving almost every female actress you can think of, from Julie Andrews to Susannah York. There's a convenient flesh-rating system, and the exact times of when it all comes off.	The painstaking efficiency of the cataloguing system - with one flick you can unearth treasures like Liv Tyler's partial crotch shot in Stealing Beauty, or Helen Mirren's breasts and buns revelation in Age Of Consent.	Well, it certainly makes a trip to Blockbuster more appealing - it may even mean you don't need to take Striptease out any more. Plus, you need never sit through a Channel Four film in vain expectation again.	A positive boon to the discerning skin flick addict who can't afford to leave porn lying around. This should be in every bloke's stocking this year.
PRIZE FIGHTER DALE WEBB MAINSTREAM, £15.99 ■■■■□□		Tyson should know his name. Bob Fitzsimmons was a gentleman prizefighter from Cornwall who went on to become the first British World Heavyweight Boxing Champion. And he didn't even wear gloves, the nutter.	The cheek that Fitzsimmons had. He took on the most feared men in the most untamed corners of the globe - he even had a pet lion to wrestle with. And at one of his fights, 300 guns were found in the crowd.	Bareknuckle commentaries, the history of boxing and a nifty biography in the bargain. He pans out to be a cobweb-brained has-been after chewing fists with 350 opponents, but still, you've got to admire his spirit.	This story of the origins of modern boxing throws a bit of light on why the sport is as mad as it is. A bit slow at hooking you in, but worth it for the detailed bout descriptions.

The Fairytale is Over



Once upon a time there was a little girl called Alice who got lost in a place called Wonderland. But that was long, long ago, when the world was a happy and innocent place. Now things have changed. And so has Wonderland. Now you have to be ruthless if you want to survive, you have to kill if you don't want to be killed. And this time your attempts to destroy the vicious and evil Queen of Hearts will be supported by the new and improved version of the Quake 3 engine, the best 3D action environment yet created. So welcome to a twisted and sinister new dimension. Welcome back to Wonderland.



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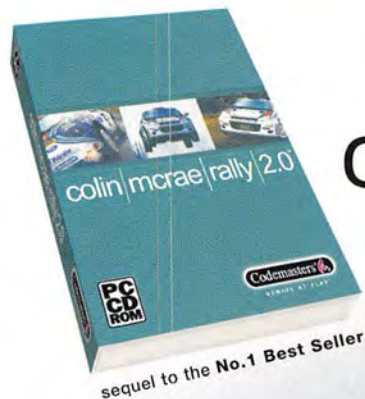
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GENIUS AT PLAY™



GAME OF THE MONTH

MEDAL OF HONOR UNDERGROUND

PLAYSTATION, £25.99 ■■■■■

THE DEAL FRONT's favourite Hun-crushing, Schmeizer-wielding WW2 spy shooter makes a welcome return to the PlayStation, with mindless Nazis, revenge-based plot-lines and settings straight out of Raiders Of The Lost Ark.

THE GOODS Like its predecessor, this game puts you in the boots of a master spy against the might of the Nazi war machine. This time, you're causing merry havoc in North Africa, trying to halt Adolf's unfair plans to kill everyone who doesn't look like Darren Day.

THE PAY-OFF The playability exceeds all expectations, proving that shoot-em-ups don't have to be about bloody velociraptors and three-headed death trolls. They even based one spy on a real-life French Resistance type, and she doesn't drool acid or brimstone or anything. Not even crème de menthe.

THE VERDICT Dreamworks' team of jingoists romp in with a well-deserved Game Of The Month. If they keep making them like this, we'll kick off next time Fritz so much as looks at a sunbed.

FRONT'S GOLDEN NUGGETS

Spend all day fanning about in HMV on the free PlayStation? Do you lie awake at night still pondering how you can get past Sonic's cave? Well, you're probably in need of a bit of new blood, games-wise. If these spotty herbert developers really think that yet another F1 simulator is actually interesting, they could learn a few things from us. Here's a few new software titles currently in development at FRONT HQ.

FERN CITY 3000 (PC)

Hot on the heels of the award-winning Ultimate Hedgerow, comes a game of cunning strategy and germination. Decide whether to unfurl your fronds in the path of your natural enemies, move a root three millimetres over the course of a month, or resist the lightest breeze. Fern City 3000 employs state-of-the-art chlorophyll simulation techniques to replicate the experience of living on a damp hillside, like never seen before.

GPO PARCEL CHALLENGER (PC & CALCULATOR WATCH)

You are the postmaster, lord of all the packages you survey. Your mission: to deliver a fragile kidney all the way from the depot to City Hospital, in order to save the ailing daughter of a benevolent charity worker. Time's a-tickin, and the world's eyes are on you and your Bedford van. Dribble, throw and drop-kick your way through the crowded pavements - and watch out for that posse of dubious-looking Chinese doctors! Hours of hilarious fun for the under-12s.



UK GARAGE BITCHGRIND (DREAMCAST & SPEAK AND SPELL)

Using the latest in 3-D feelie entertainment, choose any woman from the past or present, make them even nicer and get them legless on a never-ending supply of Bollinger and Cognac. Then listen to some loud garage, because you are the man.

RAIL COMPANY VIRTUACHAIRMAN (TOMY 3-D)

Sit on your liposuctioned arse all day snorting the purest Colombian, before legging it to the Azores dressed as a baby, while getting somebody else to clear up your eggy mess. Disgusting and very real. (This game may also make you director of a large water company.)

SHOVE HA'PENNY CHAMPIONSHIP ALL STARS 3 (MICROWAVE)

Real-time strategy action as you take the mantle of an upstart manager hungry for the highly prized Shove Ha'penny Charity Shield. Scroll through thousands of very interesting league tables recruiting young hopefuls who are eager to stay in the pub for the rest of their lives eating pickled eggs and coughing.



Two issues ago we featured a load of pics from GameSpot UK, but the flooding caused all mention of their excellent website to be washed away. GameSpot UK is officially Blighty's most popular website for all things gaming - with news, previews, reviews and tips for PlayStation, Dreamcast, PC and N64. It's got all the latest X-Box news and a huge amount of info about Sony's brand-spanking new super console, the PlayStation 2. Check it out at www.gamespot.co.uk

GAME		THE DEAL	THE GOODS	THE PAY-OFF	VERDICT
CALL TO POWER II PC £39.99 ■■■■■□		Civilisation, the wobbling behemoth of the strategy games world, has shoved its arse in the pond of creation and spawned a monster sequel. Call To Power II doesn't deviate too far from the winning formula of old, but does it a lot better.	This time around the developers have refined the whole management and diplomacy models, allowing players to go at it a tad faster without losing the same degree of control over world events.	Ideal for the bedroom Hitler, Call To Power allows you to make and break men, from spear-chucking savages to ray gun-caning spacemen. Only your ambition and hatred of competition will see you through the centuries of struggle.	One for the bearded agoraphobic, rather than thumb-grating speed freaks, Call To Power will keep even the most dedicated at their desks for weeks. A good return visit.
FORMULA 1 RACING CHAMPIONSHIP PS2 £35.99 ■□□□□		Yet another one. Came it around tracks very fast and become the ultimate driving champion - with a choice of 22 cars and eleven drivers. The motor adjustments and set up are pretty much the same, though driving aids (ABS, anti-slide) are plentiful.	The cars are modelled according to the 1999 season, and the tracks are faithful to the originals. Even the trees are the same. The handling is very realistic, and the acceleration is more sensitive than your girlfriend after a weekend sesh.	Interesting 'scenario' and 'driving school' options. Imitate a real event from the 1999 season, such as becoming Tagaki and overtaking Badoer in three laps at Monza. The driving-school option is useful if you're a bit of a Maureen.	Plays well, but so it should, considering they've had so much bloody practise at making these games. Despite being of smart design and good playability, it doesn't better Colin McRae 2. Nowt revolutionary.
ULTIMATE FIGHTING CHAMPIONSHIP DREAMCAST £39.99 ■■■■■□		Everyone's favourite bloodsport crashes into the world of video games. It was only a matter of time, wasn't it? A sport that allows you to use any kind of fighting style, in caged arenas, only ending in utter submission and defeat? Yes please.	Surprisingly, this game is pretty damn good. You might imagine it to be the shortest lived cash-in of the century, but Ultimate Fighting Championship manages to demonstrate the 'anything goes' philosophy to decent, violent effect.	With authentic, vast-jawed fighters, nasty-looking fight scenarios and more moves than Pickfords, it'll take a while to exhaust your interest. Even the bruising looks sore.	Worth a purchase, and if the game doesn't satisfy, you can always enjoy the thought that somewhere out there there's some nutters doing all this for real. Amazing.
THIS IS FOOTBALL 2 PLAYSTATION £29.99 ■■■■■□		Its predecessor sold in excess of 500,000 units. Let's hope that the 2 in the title doesn't refer to the amount of buyers this time around.	I'm no soccer expert, and football games tend to confuse my monkey brain, what with all this passing and playing as someone you can't even see on the screen. I did manage a couple of goals mind, but only because I was playing against myself.	Contains, apparently, some artificial intelligence, and you can just tell the difference. When you're on pitch and sweating, sometimes it works. Best bit is Timewarp mode, where you can play the greatest teams of the past 50 years.	If you really want this game, then this review won't stop you buying it. However, I would point out that there's a time and a place, and that's the park on Sunday.
MARIO TENNIS N64 £39.99 ■■■■■□		The most sickeningly cute - but long-lived - characters in video games appear yet again. This time it's tennis they're bastardising, but no matter how hard you try and reject this game out of hand, you won't be able to put it down. Ever.	In the same vein as the superb Mario Golf, Mario Tennis keeps to the rules of the sport, but with daft entertainment at the fore. All 16 characters are there, volleying with individual variations of speed, strength and catch phrase. Wheeee!	The arcade styling, intense speed and magnificent multiplayer option combine to make this game far better than Virtua Tennis. There's even loads of the old Mario secrets and bonuses to go for, making this a very well-rounded game indeed.	Well, if you can't stand these cartoonish blighters in the first place, you'll know to steer clear. But if you want a rather stupid tennis game to while away the days till next Wimbledon, I'd recommend this game heartily.

BOX CLEVER

Tired of straining their eyes on a monitor that makes games look like shit, an enterprising bunch of gamers have come up with the last word in cardboard and Velcro technology - The Virtualizer. It comes flat-packed, and once assembled, you apply it to your PC screen and stick your head in. It makes the images on-screen look larger and further away, lending the most humble of games a nice 3-D edge. One warning: this device can totally fuck your eyes up if you use it for too long - a bit like last month's Razzle - but otherwise it'll spark up any old game you care to choose. The Virtualizer costs £19.99 (inc p&p). Send a cheque, or postal order, made payable to Virtualizer, to Unit 1, Milton Business Park, East Wittering, Chichester, West Sussex PO20 8RL.



GAMES CHARTS

CONSOLE TOP 10

1. WHO WANTS TO BE A MILLIONAIRE? (PSX, DC)
2. METROPOLIS STREET RACER (DC)
3. FIFA 2001 (PSX)
4. TONY HAWK'S PRO SKATER 2 (PSX)
5. SPIDER-MAN (PSX)
6. POKEMON PINBALL (GBC)
7. MARIO TENNIS (N64)
8. POKEMON SNAP (N64)
9. PRINCE NASEEM BOXING (PSX)
10. FERRARI F355 CHALLENGE (DC, PSX)

PC CD-ROM TOP 10

1. CHAMPIONSHIP MANAGER: SEASON 2000/01
2. COMMAND AND CONQUER: RED ALERT 2
3. WHO WANTS TO BE A MILLIONAIRE?
4. SUDDEN STRIKE
5. FORMULA 1 GRAND PRIX 3
6. COMBAT FLIGHT SIMULATOR 2
7. BALDUR'S GATE 2: SHADOWS OF AMN
8. THE SIMS
9. AGE OF EMPIRES 2: CONQUERORS EXPANSION PACK
10. THE SIMS: LIVIN' IT UP

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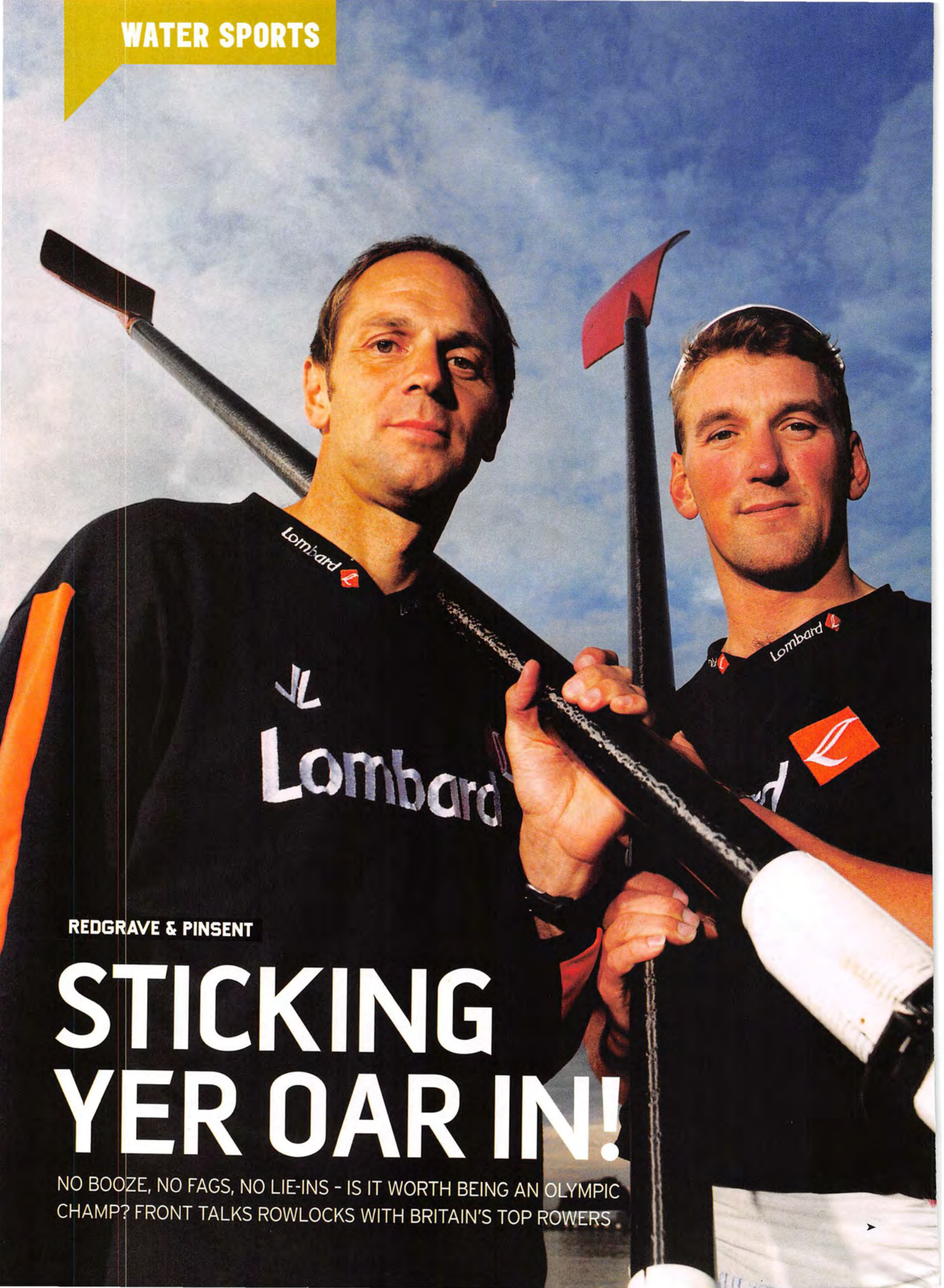
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REDGRAVE & PINSENT

STICKING YER OAR IN!

NO BOOZE, NO FAGS, NO LIE-INS - IS IT WORTH BEING AN OLYMPIC CHAMP? FRONT TALKS ROWLOCKS WITH BRITAIN'S TOP ROWERS

Steve Redgrave won his fifth consecutive gold medal at the Olympic games in Sydney this year, in the coxless four (no sniggering). He's 38; he's diabetic. Matthew Pinsent, 30, has been Steve's main rowing partner for the past ten years, and has won three Olympic golds. Steve has announced that he's giving up competitive rowing, but FRONT caught up with him and Matthew at the Supersprint event near Windsor.

Has your achievement at the Sydney Olympics sunk in yet?

Steve: Not really, I'm still enjoying the whole adulation of it all.

Matt: I think the impact of Sydney at home has been bigger than Barcelona and Atlanta put together.

Why is that?

Matt: It's a combination of things: the build-up we had in the run-up to the games; the BBC programme we made, Gold Fever; Steve's story, with going for five gold medals. And we had a very close race, which sticks in people's minds. All of those factors mean that we now get stopped in the street.

Have you made any long-term plans?

Steve: None at all. I planned for the Olympics

>> You can have a heavy night drinking and still do some training the next day. Rowing's a pretty good hangover cure <<

for a long time, and now that's happened, I just take one day at a time.

Matt: No. The reception at home has been so good that I'm already getting rose-tinted spectacles about what went on in Sydney. But before I commit myself to anything, I've got to realise that rowing for a four-year period is going to be full of hard training and early mornings.

In Sydney, were you doing it more for Steve?

Matt: No! It's for yourself predominantly, it's for your crew second, and your country third. I want to win a gold medal for myself, but I can't do it without Steve, Tim or James. I wasn't thinking, 'I hope that Steve wins his fifth gold.'

Did you try to convince each other to carry on rowing?

Steve: No, Matt didn't influence me. We have to make our own decisions individually.

Matt: Everyone's got to make their own decision. When the alarm clock goes off on some February morning, and the rain is beating against the window, Steve's not there to help me out of bed. It's up to me to

motivate myself, and if someone has leant on me to do anything, it's going to be harder for me to get out of bed that morning.

Steve, doesn't the wife mind you doing your Supersprint Rowing thing?

Steve: No. She didn't want me to carry on four years ago. When I did, she bought me a Jaguar XJR at the end of it.

What to keep you away from the boat?

Steve: It gets me to training quicker.

What's your relationship with Matthew like?

Steve: Obviously it's very close. We've been through a lot, and had a lot of successes - more successes than defeats, which is nice. And we love playing a round of golf together.

Steve's wife said it was like you and Matthew are married.

Steve: We don't fight like married people do!

Matt: I've never been married so I wouldn't know about that. It's like being good friends on some levels, and like being brothers and business partners as well. And it's changed over the ten years we've rowed together.

You play golf together as well...

Matt: Yeah, we get quite competitive on the golf course. We're competitive rowing against each other in training, as well.

Who's the best golfer?

Matt: It varies. We both have the same handicap - 16 each, so it's pretty even.

How did you deal with the expectation that had built up over the years?

Steve: The pressure is all part of it. You have to deal with that, and if you couldn't, then you wouldn't be there.

Is it a burden being held up as a role model to everyone in Britain?

Matt: I guess it comes with some responsibilities. If we go out for dinner and drive home, there's added responsibility. I tend to be quite sure about not drinking and driving anyway, but I know that if I had a second glass of wine and got caught on the M4 drink-driving, it'd be a big tabloid story.

Is being a sportsman something you'd recommend to other people?

Steve: Oh, I'd highly recommend it. If you try to explain what the Olympics are like, you can't do it justice. When people go to the Olympics, they come up to you afterwards and say they understand why you do it. It's a very special feeling. So if anyone's got the opportunity to do it, give it a go. You don't have to do it for as long as I have.

What's your training regime like?

Steve: Seven days a week; 49 weeks a year; one day off every three weeks; half day once a week; four to five hours a day. We meet at 7:30am in the summer and 8am in winter.

What about your diet?

Steve: Most rowers have what they describe as a see-food diet - when they see food they eat it. It's very high in carbohydrates, something like 6,000 calories a day, which is a vast amount. I struggle to eat that much.

Do you get to smoke or drink?

Steve: That's not at all advisable.

Are you looking forward to that sort of thing when you retire?

Steve: I'm not looking forward to smoking at all. I don't drink very often anyway, so that's never been too much of a hardship.

Matt: I definitely don't miss smoking. You can have a heavy night drinking and still do some training the next day. Rowing's a pretty good hangover cure. But you can't get away with it two nights in a row.

Did you all go out together in the Olympic village?

Steve: A lot of socialising goes on after the events finish - there's a lot of good parties.

How did you celebrate after the Sydney win?

Steve: I did a lot of interviews. Got back to the village about 9:30pm, watched a bit of the athletics on TV, then went to bed. My wife is the British rowing team's doctor, so she had to work the following day. I didn't really have the opportunity to celebrate.

Do you ever go for a joyride in the boat, after you've had a few drinks?

Steve: No, no. When you're let out after four years of hard labour, you don't want to go back to prison to crush more rocks.

Some athletes think it's a bad idea to have sex before an important race. Do you?

Steve: I do it when I get the opportunity - as long as the wife doesn't find out!

So is rowing a good way to meet women?

Steve: Yeah - women's rowing is very much the growth area within the sport, so there's lots of opportunities. I married an oarswoman, so there you go.

Are there any plans for a Chariots Of Fire-style film of your successes?

Steve: No; I'll have to get the rights for that.

Who would you want to play you in a film?

Steve: I'd play myself if I got the opportunity.

Matt: I'd be very surprised if anyone makes a film of it. The drama is in watching live sport, not a film that's been made afterwards.

Do your children want you to keep rowing?

Steve: I think my children would like a normal life, but what is a normal life? I don't think my life's going to be normal, whether I row or not.

WHAT DO YOU WANT, A MEDAL?

STEVE REDGRAVE, CBE Olympic Games

2000	Gold, coxed four
1996	Gold, coxless pairs
1992	Gold, coxless pairs
1988	Gold, coxless pairs; bronze, coxed pairs
1984	Gold, coxed four
World Championships	
1999	Gold, coxless four
1998	Gold, coxless four
1997	Gold, coxless four
1995	Gold, coxless pairs
1994	Gold, coxless pairs
1993	Gold, coxless pairs
1991	Gold, coxless pairs
1990	Bronze, coxless pairs
1989	Silver, coxless pairs
1987	Silver, coxless pairs
1986	Gold, coxed pairs

MATTHEW PINSENT, MBE Olympic Games

2000	Gold, coxless four
1996	Gold, coxless pairs
1992	Gold, coxless pairs
World Championships	
1999	Gold, coxless four
1998	Gold, coxless four
1997	Gold, coxless four
1995	Gold, coxless pairs
1994	Gold, coxless pairs
1993	Gold, coxless pairs
1991	Gold, coxless pairs
1989	Bronze, coxed four
1988	Gold, junior coxless pairs
1987	Bronze, coxless pairs

Martin Beckford

SUBJECT SURF

WHOLE LAURA LOVE

FRONT FINDS OUT IF SEXYLAURA.COM LIVES UP TO HER NAME

Wednesday afternoon, there's not much happening in the office. Then the phone rings: 'Hi, it's Sexy Laura.' Now, some of you might remember Laura from a couple of



All this could be yours

years back; she won a vibrator in our Reader's Birds competition and promptly e-mailed us a photo of her using it. Nice! Anyway, Laura has a somewhat lively website called sexylaura.com and every month she goes out on a date with one of her fans. Did I [FRONT telephonist], she enquired, fancy going out on a date with her?

Two weeks later at five in the afternoon she phones from Euston station, and we meet up in a pub opposite the office. Laura looks nice and I look slightly nervous. She has her overnight bag with her and suggests we drop it off at my place where she can get changed. We get the tube, and on the way back the talk turns to what she gets up to on her dates. 'If I like them, I have sex with them,' she replies. 'And I like you.'

There's no need to go into detail - suffice to say, Sexy Laura does live up to her name, and a date with her comes highly recommended. Check out her www.sexylaura.com and you might win the next date yourself.

SITE OF THE MONTH

I-GIG.COM

<http://i-gig.com/home/>

Too fat to leave the house and get to that Beautiful South concert? Too depressed to see Radiohead down the student union? Well, i-gig has the answer. Riding on the breaking wave of broadband technology that finally lets you have TV-quality video streams over your computer, the i-gig people cart cameras all over

the country to the best live acts, capture the lot and cast it over the Internet to a lazy audience. From Leftfield to David Gray, Fatboy Slim to Blur, they've got the lot on film, and it's all ready for you to download and enjoy.

In the future, i-gig is looking to install itself in bars, clubs and socials up and down the country, so you may be seeing a whole load more from this site. If you ever haul your arse out of the house, that is.

Cheer up
mate, you're
on Internet TV



GEEK OF THE MONTH

SCHUMIN'S REVENGE

Look what just turned up on FRONT's e-mail: Dear FRONT, I've just received a copy of your June 2000 issue, with instructions to turn to your Geek Of The Month. After the initial look of surprise when I realised it to be myself, I found it to be somewhat interesting. With this letter, I would like to point you to my comments on my time as Geek Of The Month. My site has changed address, to www.schuminweb.com and attached you will find the picture to go with the current quote on my site. Forget Davinia - say hello to me! Ben F Schumin

Ben, we salute your audacity, and even your portly back. Heck, we'll even repeat your new web address so that readers who missed it first time around can witness the wonders of your world. Readers, check out www.schuminweb.com. If you (or a 'friend') have unnatural desires, perverse realities, a strange body shape and your very own website, send your home-page address to front@cabalcomm.com



HAYLEY'S ON IT!

Each month, Hayley from Breathe.com reviews the sites that only a woman would remember.

This month, ease your troubles shopping for the ladies with www.agentprovocateur.com

If you're looking to buy your girlfriend sexy underwear this Christmas, make sure she isn't unwrapping a red polyester basque you picked up at the market - you're unlikely to get the response you're after. I'm not saying the idea itself is a no-no, just that you need to know the difference between sexy and sleazy. If you need help on this, the Agent

Provocateur website might not be a bad place to start.

Even better, the site gives you an excellent excuse to cast your eyes over dozens of erotic photographs of well-toned women with very little on, all in the name of buying a present for the woman you love. It's classy stuff, mind you, and it doesn't come cheap. A pair of panties might set you back £30 (and they don't even come with a crotch!). But you know we're worth it, and the more you spend on us, the more likely you are to get results.

The founders of Agent Provocateur claim they want to bring sex - and its accompaniments - away from its seedy connotations. I'm not quite sure how

posting an image of a woman in seamed stockings crawling on all fours through a hedge helps, but I'm sure you lot won't be running to the Equal Opportunities Board. And to be fair, most of the company's clothes are anything but seedy.

But while a lot of what they sell is relatively conventional, you do have to wonder who's buying some of the racier things on offer. Does Anne Robinson have that smug look because she's sporting a leather basque under that trouser suit? Did Pat Butcher waddle down to the Soho store after a tryst with Frank, to stock up on gossamer nighties? Until next month, I'll leave you with that sobering thought.

FRONT BACK ISSUES If you've missed out in the past, worry not. Copies cost £3.95 per issue UK; £4.95 overseas



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W.I.N!!

GET YER KIT ON

FRONT has teamed up with *haggar* menswear to offer 20 badly dressed readers a chance to win £100-worth of clobber each from the Autumn/Winter collection. *haggar* has come up with a hassle-free range of smart/casual threads, including moleskin and stretch cotton-mix shirts, and wrinkle-free khakis (handy if you're out all night). Worn by the EastEnders crew, *haggar* is getting pretty popular, and classy knits have been added to the range. The gear comes in colours such as stone, muted chocolate, olive, claret, and is on sale at Debenhams, House Of Fraser, Allders, Bentalls and independent stockists nationwide.

HOW TO ENTER

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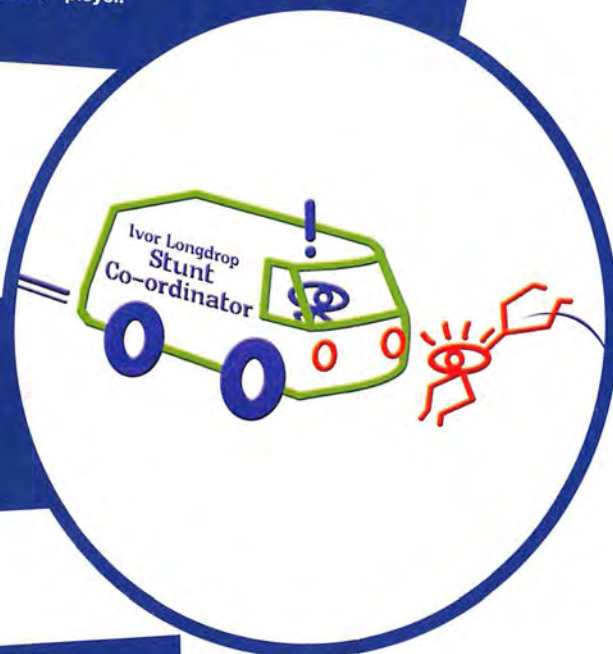


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In the ordinary scheme of things, thrilling and exciting part time jobs aren't particularly easy to come by. To improve your chances of landing a job, choose a profession which requires you to take outrageous risks, such as a stunt man. Then set out to impress your prospective employer.

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Should that not have the desired effect, drag your by now fairly bruised body onto a bicycle and attempt to leap over his van, making sure that the bandage you acquired after the first stunt is firmly in place.

If he still doesn't recognise your obvious talents, leap on top of his van, dangling your now totally bandaged torso over his windscreen. Brace yourself as the large 'Employ Me' sign you've dangled in front of the screen causes him to crash into the local sewage works.



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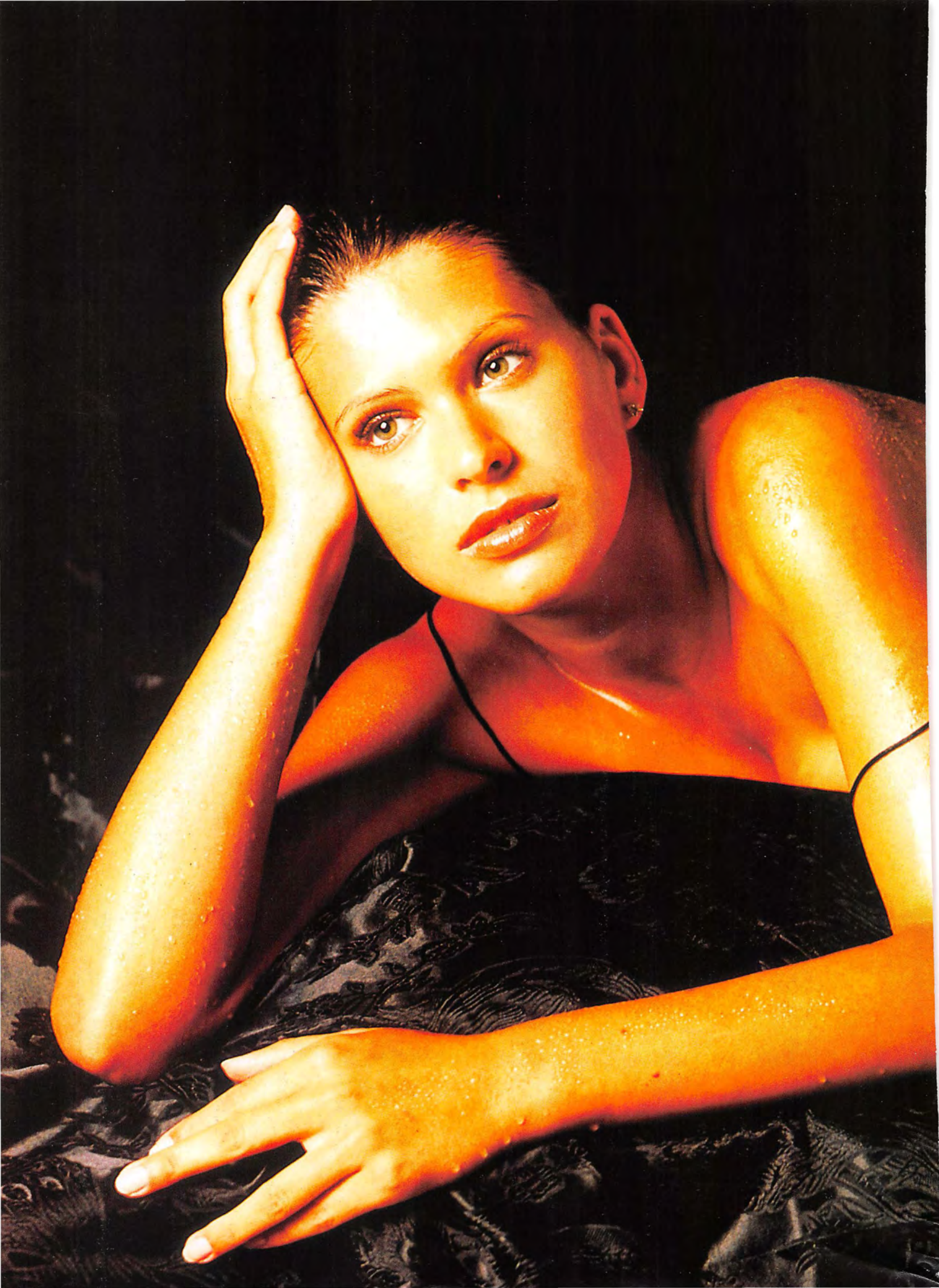
ALEXANDRA

One of Kwik Fit's most popular mechanics, Alex doesn't mind working with a bunch of greasy spanners



BONUS
BIRDS!

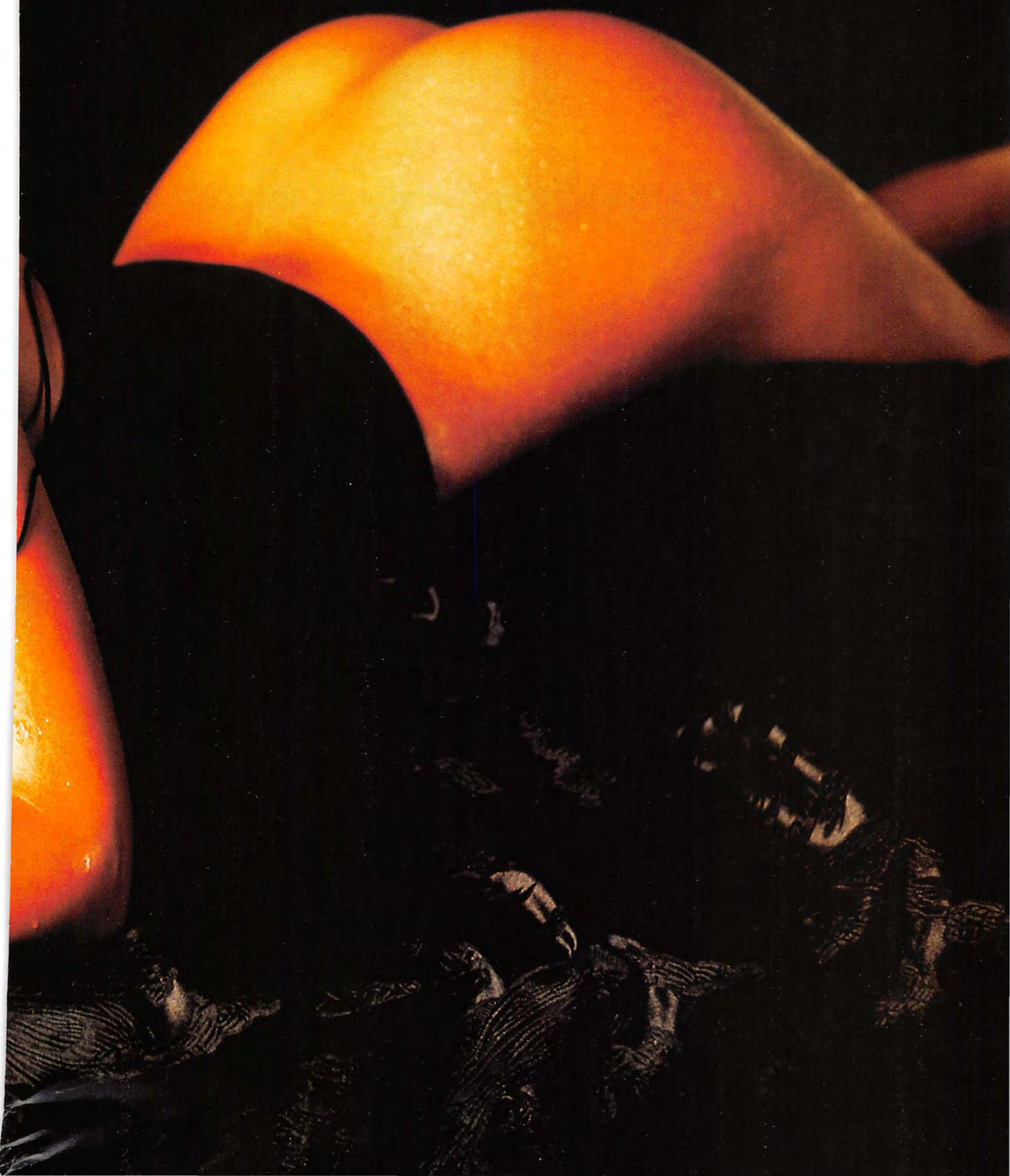
THIS MONTH: BEAUTIFUL, BUSTY BRUNETTES





INIKO

Great head, full-bodied with a tasty, black velvety finish. Iniko is actually a pint of Guinness. Bottoms up!





Rachel

Our Rach is actually a cheerleader for the Miami Dolphins - it's not difficult to imagine her smiling with two furry balls in her hands



LAURA

Here we see lovely Laura on her hands and knees polishing wood - anyone else got any wood that needs a good polishing?



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Pregnant Wife 09066 400 171
Eavesdrop 09066 400 172
Noisy Railway Station 09066 400 173
Taken to the Cleaners 09066 400 174

MDL Leisure BCM 8307 London WC1N 3XX Call £1 min

PERSONAL

13p/min weekend 25p/min eve 35p/min day

FROM 13P/MIN! LIVE CHAT!

Private Chat!

Connect one to one!

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Men wanted!

Live women online are waiting for your call!

0707 50.11.183

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INTRODUCTIONS

www.fantasy-uk.com

adult contacts

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More callers • More choice

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North-West 0845 080 3344

"connections"

IT'S YOUR * CALL!

09062 14 20 20 only 25p a minute

0845 calls charged at local call rates. Membership from only 5p a minute
* Not applicable to 09062 calls. 18 years+. Customer service 0207 497 0303 (10am - 6pm)

DON'T PAY MORE FROM ONLY 13P/Min LIVE chat!

07075 009.009

Only 13P/min weekend, 25P eve, 35P day
XS11 - PO Box 21713 - London E14 5UD - 1900

Ultimate Chat!

24hrs. Non Stop Chat!

0906 277.77.55

ONLY 25P/Min!

Walkie Talkie!

Fun for Two!

0906 277.77.88

Dial-a-Date!

Exchange numbers with women online

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XS11 - PO Box 21713 - London E14 5UD - 1900

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£2.99 p/min

0374 541 042

credit card

020 7915 6104

09068 660 947

www.motel69.net

men4men

credit card

020 7915 6029

09066 800 785

only 25p/min

WILD CHAT

0374 556 396

CALLS COST £1 PER MINUTE

09067 360 592

credit card callers

020 7915 6133

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credit card

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speak easy

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GAY MEN 08000 75 76 71

dial direct - no credit card required

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GAY MEN 0906 306 0597

calls cost 50p/min | from 6p/min with credit card
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1-2-1 chat!
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Man 2 Man 0707 500 1835
Only 10p weekend, 17p eve, 35p daytime.
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Women & Couples,
Wanting Fun Only Affairs
(100% Genuine)
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LINES OPEN 10AM TO 10PM
Hot Housewives Chat
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Calls cost £1/min at all times. PO 2623 BNS 4EW

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Stories that turn you on and get you off!
00 569 05 882
I'll share my secret with you
00 569 05881
INSTANT SATISFACTION EXCHAT PO BOX BCM 5106 LON WIN 3WD

ADULT CHATLINE
HOUSEWIVES, GIRLS 18+
WOMEN ON-LINE
0906 364 6829
COST 60P PER MIN, MESSAGE EXCHANGE, JCG TN21 8XY

UNCENSORED ADULT CHAT
LIVE 1-2-1
HAVE FUN NOW
0906 960 6085
PO Box 201 CA4 8GU
Calls cost £1/min. All calls recorded

Pleasure
Lets Have Fun Now!
0906 919 2417
Calls Cost £1/min
SX, Box 121, TW8 0EW

LIVE WOMEN-ON LINE
1to1 call me now for some afternoon fun & games
090 66 44 44 40
chat & date
090 66 44 44 42
Calls cost £1 min. PC LTD PO Box BCM, London WC1N 3XX

HOT = HOT = HOT
ORGASMIC
CUM TO ME
LUV TO LUST
ON TOP ANAL
WET, WET, WET
FOURS UP, BOTH
BLACK BEAUTY
BOOB, ORALLY
TAKE CHARGE
NEW CUMMER
09091 090 870
0901 090 871
09091 090 872
09091 090 873
09091 090 872
09091 090 875
09091 090 876
09091 090 877
09091 090 878
09091 090 879
LET'S TALK NAUGHTY! LIVE! 09067 340 135
(DISCUSS ANY OF THE ABOVE NOW)
CALLS COST £1 PER MINUTE PR. PO13 9DA

GAY, GAY, CHAT
CUM TO THE END
NYMPHO ANAL
FRENCH SLAG
TV KNICKERS
Anna and Matron
SUCKING LIPS
Cum to stroke
Voyeurs Delight
ANAL FANTASY
LUV TO CUM
T/V Curious GAY
09091 095 792
09091 092 202
09091 092 222
09091 092 242
09091 092 262
09091 092 282
09091 092 302
09091 092 342
09091 092 342
09091 092 362
09091 092 382
09091 092 802
09067 340 135
(DISCUSS ANY OF THE ABOVE NOW)
CALLS COST £1 PER MINUTE PR. PO13 9DA

Let's Do IT
If you are looking for fun on the phone, then call to find out where the action is!
Call 0906 918 4299
hot stuff on the internet - www.ppsltd.com/sex
calls cost £1/min at all times - SX, Box 121, TW8 0EW

GAY, BI, MAN 2 MAN CHAT
09067 590122
BP PO13 9DA CALLS COST 75p/min, Curious?

USA LIVE!
Talk live 1-2-1 with Californian girls!
09061 919 410
CHAT UK!
CHAT DIRECT TO GIRLS IN THE UK OR IN THE USA!
09069 526 945
Box CUS8306 WC1N 3XX 09069 calls cost 75p/min
09061 calls cost £1.50/min. Live calls recorded

30 SECONDS TO HEAVEN
ADULTS ONLY
Live INSTANT PLEASURE
09069 192 002
P.O. BOX FORUM, LONDON N18 2BU.
09069 calls cost £1.00 per minute at all times. All calls recorded.

Are You Over 18yo?
If So, Let Me Put A Smile On Your Face In Under A Minute!
LIVE
NO LONG INTROS- STRAIGHT TO THE CHAT
DIRECT DIAL
09066 423 111
PO BOX BCM6002, LONDON WIN 3XX.
09066 Calls cost £1.00 per min at all times. Calls recorded.

KINKY sex games
0870 755 3617
Taste my pleasure
0870 755 3620
Miss DOM
WILL WHIP YOUR BUTT!
09061 202 905
Let Me Show You The Rope!!
09061 202 909
PO Box 105, Calls cost £1.50/min at all times. All calls recorded

Dating exchange home phone numbers
Direct
09061 661 027
INTERACTIVE MESSAGE EXCHANGE
PO BOX BCM1451, LONDON W1N 3XX. CALLS COST 60P PER MIN ALL TIMES.

LIVE ADULT CHAT
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Call me now boys xxx
www.GETmeGIRLS.com
"Ring now and the girls will tell you what they Really, Really want..."
020 7348 2740
TBS Ltd. Box 18936 London W14 0WU
Calls cost 50p per 1/4 min. minimum debit 5 min. +85p admin

ADULT Stories
DIAL 09067 555 +
2 GIRL FUN 124
ALL STEAMED UP 125
TEENAGE STUDENT 126
TANYA TAKES IT 127
DD, Box 94, M6 BDF. Calls cost 75p/min.

LESBIAN SEX
GIRL ON GIRL SEX ADVICE
DIAL 09068 334 +
920 Top 5 LESBIAN SEX acts
921 2 GIRLS & masturbation
922 Lesbian FANTASIES
924 Lesbian SOLO SEX
925 2 GIRLS talk orgasms
927 Secrets of LESBIAN ORAL
DD, PO Box 94, M6 BDF. Sex Advice by F.Baker, counselor. Calls cost 60p per min.

Adult Sex Talk
Detailed Sex Advice
Dial 0906 755 51 +
81 Anal sex, rear entry
82 Lesbians masturbating
83 Men's masturbation
84 Sex from behind
85 Oral sex for her
86 Woman giving oral
87 Spanking females
88 Domination - submission
89 C.P. & DOM fantasies
90 Advanced masturbation
DD, PO Box 94, M6 BDF. Calls cost 75p per min.
Sex Advice by F. Baker, counselor.

EAVESDROP!
LISTEN IN TO LESBIAN CHAT
GIRLS TOGETHER!
09067 555 102
Bored housewife - 09067 555 102
KATE'S CONFESSION - 09067 555 104
CASUAL CONTACTS - 09067 555 105
DD, Box 94, M6 BDF. Calls cost 75p/min
www.sexroom.co.uk

XXX HARD CORE PHONE SEX
020 7348 2737
LISTEN IN ON LESBO ACTION (20 2 LK 2 5)
ORAL SATISFACTION IS MY SPECIALITY...
WHY WAIT ANY LONGER ???
Just dial
020 7348 2735
CALL ME NOW 1-2-1
I'm ready & waiting
020 7348 2744

3XLIVE!
USA
UK
AUSSIE
09069 192 313
GUL BOX 5306, London WC1N 3XX. Calls Cost £1 per min Live Calls Recorded.

ADULT STORIES
UNIFORMED TRAINING
09067 555 112
PRIVATE DANCER
09067 555 113
BUSTY BABES
09067 555 114
2 GIRLS PLAYTIME
09067 555 115
NEIGHBOURLY FUN
09067 555 116
Adult Stories PO 94, M6 BDF. Calls cost 75p/min

PRANK CALLS!
Recruited for the army
TV escort
Listen in on the line as your victim gets wound up!
Stammerer
Phone date
09066 402 755
Prank Calls, Box 94, M6 BDF. Calls cost 100p/min

www.sexmax.co.uk
LUCY needs to do it
09096 659 095
Collage girl wants it
09099 30 11 05
Nurses in uniform
09099 30 11 07
SPANK ME NOW
09069 126 700
0909 614 6013
Bored housewives waiting now for you 09099 301 106
09099 301 108 - LIVE ACTION ALL THE WAY 1 on 1
TBS Box 18936 London W14 0WU 020 7348 calls cost 50p per 1/4 minute. minimum call 5 mins. + 85p admin. 0909 calls cost £1 per minute

ANAL PLEASURE
LEPARDIEN SUITS
0906 553 2327
ANAL STEWARDRESS
0906 553 2328
DEBNAUTY BUSH
0906 553 2329
ANAL NUN WIFE
0906 553 3705
LESBIAN NEIGHBOURS
0906 553 1089
Calls cost £1/min
Total Payments, PO Box 124, BNS 4EW

TV CLASSIFIEDS
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Forced into Dressing Up
TV Underwear Party
Ms. Jane's Hired Maids
TV Maid's Inspection
My Sister's Panties
TV GIRLFRIENDS
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0906 698 1217
0906 698 1220
0906 698 1221
0906 698 1222
0906 698 1218
0906 698 1288
www.tvcontacts.co.uk
Calls cost 60p/min

www.ForNowt.com
LISTEN IN SPECIALS
CALL ME MADAM
09066 402 791
A WORKING GIRL
09066 402 792
DDL, Box 94, M6 BDF. Calls cost £1 per min.

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chatline
EVER!

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women on line!

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home
phone
numbers
on line
NOW!

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the switch

CALL AND MAKE A
HOT DATE
NOW!!

CALL FREE NOW ON....
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MEN **0800 3763 777**

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CALLS ARE FREE. YOU ONLY PAY FOR ONLINE FACILITIES. ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

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single
has
never
been
so
much
FUN!

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...SMS TEXT MESSAGE CHAT & DATE...

..Matches and
Messages
sent direct to
YOUR MOBILE..

...100s of Matches in your area NOW!!!

..call... 0800 3767 365...NOW...**WORD UP**

A little bit of what you fancy does you good!

CALL NOW!!
09066 14 14 23

CALLS COST 60P/MINUTE. WORD UP, PO BOX 402, LONDON N1 1AA

CHAT NOW

PULL
THE
HOTTEST
GIRLS
ONLINE
NOW!

09062 622 690

CALLS COST £1/MIN ON, PO BOX 402, LONDON N1 1AA

Clubland

Are you
up for it?

09063 644 678

CALLS COST 60P/MIN. CLUBLAND, PO BOX 402, LONDON N1 1AA

House Party**09066 140 120****THE PARTYS' BUZZIN - CALL NOW!!**

CALLS COST 60P/MIN. HOUSE PARTY, PO BOX 402, LONDON N1 1AA

On the pull? Get the Vibe!

the vibe!

ONLY
25
MIN

09062 77 33 64

CALLS COST 25P/MIN. VIBE, PO BOX 402, LONDON N1 1AA

CALL NOW!!**09066 14 14 23**

CALLS COST 60P/MINUTE. WORD UP, PO BOX 402, LONDON N1 1AA

GAY BAR

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100'S OF HORNY-GUYS
WAITING TO TALK TO YOU!

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the switch

CALL AND MAKE A HOT DATE NOW!!

	MEN	WOMEN
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NORTH EAST	0800 3760 352	0800 3760 362
NORTH WEST	0800 3760 353	0800 3760 363
MIDLANDS	0800 3760 354	0800 3760 364
WEST	0800 3760 355	0800 3760 365
SOUTH EAST	0800 3760 356	0800 3760 366
LONDON	0800 3760 357	0800 3760 367

www.theswitch.co.uk

Calls are free. You only pay for on-line facilities. All major credit cards accepted. Callers must be 18 or over.

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**JOIN FOR
FREE
NOW**

...100s of Matches in your area NOW!!!

**TO REGISTER
CALL
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YOU AND ME

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LIVE LIVE LIVE

£2.99/min

ADULTS ONLY £2.99/min

LIVE GROUP CHAT

0374 556 172

i'm ready and waiting for you

£2.99/min

0374 556 177

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Interact with our girls live for hours of hot action



confessions of a cyberchick
0374 559 538

www.adultchatclub.com

Live Chat
09096 659 091

Girl Talk
0909 614 6025

Young+Hot
0906 734 1253

Calls cost £1/min at all times. Live calls recorded. Media Partnership W4 5UT



girls on line
ready and willing to chat live
09096 659038

Calls cost £1/min calls are continuously recorded. Rayshield Po Box 384 CB2 5LR

UNCENSORED ADULT CHAT

Get the Phone I'm Ready

0374 556 561

0374 556 173

£2.99/min

CALL 4 hot chat...

09096 659 204

£2.99/min

Calls cost £1/min calls are continuously recorded. Rayshield Po Box 384 CB2 5LR

LIVE WOMEN ON LINE

09096 659 199

Calls cost £1/min calls are continuously recorded. Rayshield Po Box 384 CB2 5LR

Citydate "Choose a date from YOUR area today"

SCOTLAND	09069 126 806
NORTH	09069 126 807
MIDLANDS	09069 126 808
SOUTH EAST	09069 126 809
SOUTH WEST	09069 126 810
WALES	09069 126 811

Calls cost £1/min. Helpline 0374 541000

ADULT CHAT 1-2-1

0374 556 171

£2.99/min

she's waiting!

0374 556 179

£2.99/min

100% NAUGHTY NYMPHOS

THESE GIRLS ARE HOT + HORNY!

0374 556 562

£2.99/min

HOT GOSSIP

YOUNG 18+ (BUT WILLING!)

09069 126 617

£1/min Helpline 0374 541000

LIVE WOMEN ON LINE

09093 911 253

£2.99/min

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ADULT CHATLINE

HOUSEWIVES, GIRLS 18+ WOMAN ON-LINE

0906 364 6829

COST 60P PER MIN. MESSAGE EXCHANGE, JCG, TNL 90Z

Sex Advice

Better Orgasms	09065 505 310
Spicing Up Your Sex Life	09065 505 311
Oral Sex The Oriental Way	09065 505 312
Does Penis Size Matter?	09065 505 313
Anal Sex	09065 505 314
Performing Better Oral Sex on Him	09065 505 315
Performing Better Oral Sex on Her	09065 505 316
Solo Sex For Him	09065 505 317
Solo Sex For Her	09065 505 318
Advanced Masturbation For Her	09065 505 319

Calls cost £1/min AIS Cambs CB2 5LR

GIRLS 18+ ONLINE NOW

0374 559302

0906 736 7131

GAY CHAT/DATE 09068 244200

All 0906 calls cost £1/min at all times continuously recorded. NA Box 56. GU14 FXL
All 09068 calls cost 60p/min

SPEAK TO ME NOW LIVE

0374 556176

£2.99/min

ADULTS ONLY TALK TO US LIVE

0374 509 976

£2.99/min

INTERACT

0374 556 178

£2.99/min

TV DISCLOSURES

CALL 09065 505

Discovered By My Girl	270
Identity Crisis	271
Only Girls Do This	272
Tight Fit	273
Maiden Dress	274
Feminine Thrills	275
TV Forefeit	276
Dressed To Impress	277
Blushing Bride	278

Uncensored Adult Chat

CHAT WITH ME

0374 556 567

£2.99/min

STRICTLY ADULTS ONLY

Miss Behaviour
 Jane's knickers
 down to her knees
09090 663 517
 Bend over Tracey
09090 663 518
 Naughty Suzy
 called to the office
09090 663 519
 Sam stripsearched
 by matron
09090 663 520

COLLEGE CONFESSIONS
 Shaven Havens
09090 663 468
 Lusty Librarians
09090 663 469
 Juicy Lucy
09090 663 470
 Naked Nymphettes
09090 663 471
INSTANT RELIEF!!
09090 663 472

Readers Recordings
 Double Entry!!
09090 663 655
 Horny Divorcees
09090 663 656
 TV & TS Erotica
09090 663 657
 30 Second Quickie
09090 663 658

Horny Housewives
 Nympho Neighbour
09090 663 395
 Busty Bitch
09090 663 396
 Maid to Bend Over
09090 663 397
 Quick Relief Line
09090 663 398

PO BOX ADULT FUN PO.1334, LONDON N7 4YU. 09090 CALLS COST £1.00 PER MIN ALL TIMES.

MARRIED & CHEATING

Bored housewives waiting to take calls from ADULTS ONLY
09066 409 201

E.A PO box 2208 W1A 1WJ calls cost £1 / min all times

call **KATIE**
 and listen now
 to my daily
 fun & games
DIRECT DIAL
09066 409 202

E.A PO box 2208 W1A 1WJ calls cost £1 / min

ADULTS LIVE ONLY
00 569 05296

CALLS COST £1.10 TERMINATE CHILE OPM 213 M601ST

CHAT & DATE
 GIRLS READY & WILLING
090 66 44 44 44

CALLS COST £1/MIN PO BOX 4489 PCL London WC1N 3XX

PRIVATE FANTASIES **HOT stories**
 BORED HOUSEWIFE
 Loves doing it over the phone, she'll give you all the talk like you've never heard before
00 569 052 97

calls charged at £1.10/min cheapall other times

OVER 18 ADULT CHAT
 Live 1 to 1 adult chat with loads of girls on line
00 569 052 96

COME LISTEN TO ME
00 569 05893
THEY DO NOT KNOW YOU'RE LISTENING
EAVESDROP SECRETLY
 Listen secretly to FUN & GAMES GIRLS talking to men on special 1-2-1 chatlines
00 569 052 98

calls charged at £1.10/min cheap £1.32 all other times OPM PO Box 125 B334 21P

LIVE WOMEN ON-LINE
090 66 44 44 41
LIVE LIVE LIVE

CALLS COST £1/MIN PO BOX 4489 PCL London WC1N 3XX

Quickie SEX Stories
 SHEER SATISFACTION
 CALL NOW FOR FORBIDDEN PLEASURES
00 569 05883
00 569 05299

calls charged at £1.10/min cheap £1.32 all other times OPM PO Box 125 B334 21P

30 SEC ANNA
020 7814 1005
HAVE IT INSTANTLY

CREDIT CARD DISCREETLY BILLED £1.99 OTHER SERVICES MAY BE ADVERTISED

I NEED A BOYFRIEND
 CALL ME AT HOME NOW
09066 409 203

E.A PO box 2208 W1A 1WJ calls cost £1 / min

LET'S DO IT LIVE
ADULT QUICKIE
00 569 05297

CALLS COST £1.10 TERMINATE CHILE OPM 213 M601ST

QUICKIE
 SEX STORIES
020 7814 1008

CREDIT CARD DISCREETLY BILLED £1.99 OTHER SERVICES MAY BE ADVERTISED

PRIVATE FANTASIES **VERY DISCREET**
 FOR VERY PRIVATE
121
020 7814 1007

STUNNING GIRLS
 They're real at home and waiting for your call
LIVE 1-2-1
0906 736 7263
BORED HOUSEWIVES
0906 959 7197

WWW.SEXYHOUSEWIVES.COM
 Call to 559 Nos cost 75p/min & 736 Nos cost £1/min @ all times
 All Live calls recorded - D&S Mkt Box 87 Exeter EX2 8WE

The Love Line
 Private Live Chat
09067 36 33 32

Secret stories
 Housewives...
09069 188 025
 Natalie...
09069 188 026
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09069 188 027
 Voyeurs...
09069 188 028
 Dressing up...
09069 188 029

Advertisers Warning
 Hot + Hot + Hot
 Hot Afro Nympho
 THREE SOME
 PRIVATE SCHOOL
 Executive Boss
 Black Undies +
 Adult Duo wow!
 Raunchy Housewife
 Shaven and Wet
 THE Party!!!
 Lesbian Wife
0909 977 0250
0909 977 0253
0909 977 0256
0909 977 0259
0909 977 0262
0909 977 0265
0909 977 0268
0909 977 0271
0909 977 0274
0909 977 0277
NAUGHTY LIVE ACTION
09091 090153

RU Up 4 It?
09068 69 62 46
 Gay Men
 call 09068 75 75 18
Girls wanting 1on1

EXTRA HOT STORIES
 Eastern Slut
09069 177 073
 Topless Babes
09069 177 074
 Wild Sex Party
09069 177 075
 She Can't Get Enough
09069 177 076
 She Wants It ALL
09069 177 077

V-TRA XHOT
18+
1-2-1
0906 734 5947

ONE 2 ONE
 NO LONG INTRO'S
 NO CREDIT CARDS
0906 734 3196

ASIAN 1-2-1
0906 734 3197
GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS
0906 734 3198
BLONDE & BORED
0906 734 3198

PRIVATE
 INTIMATE 1-2-1
 NO PLASTIC NEEDED
0906 734 3199

18yrs QUICKIE
0906 734 5900
QUICKIE
ONE 2 ONE
0906 734 3130

30 SECS TIL YOU SMILE - GUARANTEED
0906 734 3132
 CALLS COST £1/MIN ALL TIMES TRN PO BOX 5767 C09

FUNNY, FUNNY HOW?



PHOTO: IMAGE BANK

THE KINDERGARTEN CLASS...

had a homework assignment to find out about something exciting and tell it to the class the next day. When the time came for the kids to give their reports, the teacher called on them one at a time. She was reluctant to call upon little Johnnie, knowing that he could be a bit crude sometimes. But eventually his turn came.

Little Johnnie walked up to the front of the class, and with a piece of chalk, made a small white dot on the blackboard, then sat back down. The teacher couldn't work out what Johnnie meant by his report on something exciting, so she asked him what he was on about.

'It's a period,' Johnnie reported.

'Well, I can see that,' the teacher said. 'But what's so exciting about a period?'

'Damned if I know,' said Johnnie, 'but this morning my sister said she missed one. Then Daddy had a heart attack, Mummy fainted and the man next door shot himself.'

Toby Brown, Puddletown [again]

AN ENGLISHMAN, IRISHMAN...

and an accountant, go into a pub and order three pints. When the beer is served, they notice a fly floating on the top of each pint. Disgusted, the Englishman pushes away his beer, refusing to drink it. The Irishman, not quite as worried about it as the Englishman, picks out the fly and proceeds to drink the beer.

The accountant, however, looks furious and grabs the fly out of the beer, going, 'Spit it out you fucker, spit it out...'

David Northrop, Halifax

HOW MANY MEN...

does it take to fix a vacuum cleaner?

Why the fuck should we fix it? We don't even use the damn thing.

Ian Hurn, Manchester

ONE NIGHT A BLOKE...

takes his girlfriend home. While they are kissing goodnight in the porch, the bloke starts to feel a bit horny. So, he rests his hand against the wall and, smiling, says to his bird, 'Will you give me a blow job?'

'Are you totally nuts?' she hisses. 'My parents will see me!'

'Come on,' he says, 'don't be silly. They won't

be able to see us at this hour, in the dark, neither will anyone else.'

Her: 'No, please. What if we get caught?'

Him: 'But everyone's asleep!'

Her: 'No chance, it's just too risky!'

Him: 'I'm begging you...'

Suddenly, the light above the door goes on, and the girl's little sister appears in her pyjamas, hair dishevelled, and in a sleepy voice says, 'Dad says to give the bastard a blow job. Otherwise I can try it. Or if need be, he'll send mum down to do it, but for God's sake tell the stupid twat to take his hand off the intercom or none of us is going to get any sleep tonight!'

Paul Reilly, God knows

THREE MEN, AN...

Englishman, a Frenchman and an American, are out walking along the beach together one day. They see a lantern and a genie pops out of it, saying, 'I will give each of you one wish.'

'Oh boy,' says the Yank. 'I want me a pick-up.'

In a blink of the genie's eye, a brand-new pick-up appears before them, with a gold-plated grill, alligator-hide seats and flames down the sides.

The Frenchman, amazed, says, 'I want a wall around France, so no-one can enter our country.'

Suddenly, a huge wall appears around the

Come and have a go if you think you're funny enough - that's our challenge to you, our hilarious readers. Nick them off your mates, plagiarise them from those cheapo crackers, we don't give a toss. Just send them in, either by e-mail to frontjokes@cabalcomm.com or to our usual address. Do it, we need a laugh.

Frenchman's precious country. The Englishman says, 'I'm curious. Tell me more about this wall.'

'Well,' Genie explains, 'it goes all around France, it's about 150ft high, 50ft thick, and nothing can get in or out.'

'Right,' says the Englishman. 'I want you to fill it up with water.'

Charles Hirst, Welwyn Garden City

WHAT DO YOU CALL...

a dog with five dicks?

Mariah Carey and Westlife.

James Whittaker, Chester

THIS LUNATIC WAS...

jumping up and down on a manhole cover, yelling at the top of his lungs, 'Seventeen! Seventeen!'

Intrigued by his odd behaviour, another man walks over to him and asks why he's doing it. The crazy man responded, 'It's a laugh. You have to try it! Jump as high as you can and scream "Seventeen!" as loud as you can.'

Reluctantly, the other man gets on the manhole cover, gives a little hop and says, 'Seventeen?'

The insane man says, 'No, no, no! You're doing it wrong. Jump higher. Yell louder.'

So, the second man begins jumping a little higher and says, 'Hey, I am getting a bit of a rush. Seventeen! Seventeen!'

At the height of his jumping, the nutter whips the manhole cover off, causing the other man to fall to his death. Replacing the cover, he begins jumping and screaming, 'Eighteen! Eighteen!'

Lady Di, Paris

IT'S THE REDNECK...

Who Wants To Be A Millionaire. The presenter says to the contestants, 'Okay, fastest finger first. Put these four films into the order in which they came out, earliest first - Rocky IV, Rocky III, Rocky II...'

Bubba Ray, Mississippi

A MAN IS DRIVING...

happily along in his car when he's pulled over by the police. The copper approaches him and asks, 'Have you been drinking, Sir?'

'Why?' asks the man. 'Was I all over the road?'

'No,' replies the policeman. 'You were driving splendidly. It was the ugly, fat bird in the passenger seat that made me suspicious.'

Kenneth, Euston

A BLOKE WITH A LONG...

thin tail poking out of the back of his trousers goes into a bar and orders a pint of lager. 'I'm not serving you,' says the barman. 'You're rat-arsed.'

Peter Bacanin, Stoke-on-Trent

WHY DON'T BLIND...

people skydive?

Because it scares the shit out of the dog.

Michael Jones, Cardiff

Compiled by Fast Eddie

Just drink it!



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